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LOWER, FRUIT, AND THORN PIECES.

A TRUE THORN-PIECE.

CHAPTER I.

Wedding-Day after the Day of Respite. The Two Likenesses. Dish-Quintett in two Parts. Six Arms and Hands.

SIEBENKÄS, advocate of the poor in the little imperial market-town of Kuhschnappel, had spent the whole day at his garret-window looking out for his bride, who was to arrive from Augsburg a little before the daily church-service, that she might have time just to take something warm before the hour of prayers and the commencement of the marriage-ceremony.

The Schulrath * of the place, who happened to be coming back from Augsburg, had promised to bring the betrothed with him as a return-load, and to fasten her trousseau on his trunk behind.

She was by birth a citizen of Augsburg, only daughter of the late Lutheran clerk of the senate, Egelkraut, and resided in the Fuggery, in a spacious house, which was probably larger than many a saloon. Nor was she without fortune, for, unlike pensioned court-soubrettes, she lived by her own labour, and not on that of others.

* Member of the Board of Education. It is usual in Germany to address people by their professional and official titles—*Tr.*

She was in possession of the newest head-dresses sooner even than the richest young ladies of the place, but so fashioned that no duck could put them on; and after these Liliputian models she made up the prettiest caps on a large scale, if they were but ordered a few days beforehand.

While he was waiting, all Siebenkäs did was to swear once or twice that *seeking* was invented by the devil, and *waiting* by his grandmother. At length, while it was yet early, there came, instead of his bride, a night-courier with a letter from the Schulrath, saying that he and the betrothed could not possibly arrive before Tuesday. She was still working at her wedding-dress; and he was engaged in the libraries of the ex-jesuits, of the privy-councillor Zopf, and the brother Veith, and in some of the city-gates. (In these latter as is well known, the Roman antiquities are preserved.)

But, to the butterfly-proboscis of Siebenkäs, enough honey-cells were still open in every blue thistle-blossom of destiny. Now, on this leisure Monday he could file and plane, and put the finishing touches to his room. He could brush with his pens the writing-sand and dust from his table—could rout out the nest of papers from behind the mirror—with inexpressible labour rub the porcelain inkstand whiter—and arrange in more prominent order, and with better effect, the butter-bowl and coffee-cups on the throne of his cupboard. He could likewise scour the brass nails on his grandfather's armchair, until they shone as bright and yellow as buttercups.

Ennui was his only motive for undertaking this additional temple-purification; for all that a scholar considers to be such, is the arrangement of his books and

papers. The advocate also maintained that the love of order, properly explained, meant nothing but a person's talent for putting a thing twenty years in the same place—the place itself might be any where.

Not only had he hired the pretty room, but a long red dining-table, which he had pushed alongside a lower one, likewise little high-backed arm-chairs. He had besides invited for his blue Monday the proprietors of the furniture and of the room, who all dwelt in the same house; and as they were chiefly artisans and consequently their blue Monday and his fell on the same day, it would have gone off beautifully. The landlord alone was of a somewhat higher rank, viz. a hair-dresser.

I should be ashamed of painting, with my precious historical colours, an advocate of the poor who was in want of one himself, if such were really the case; but from the accounts relating to the guardianship of my hero, which have been in my hands, I can prove at any hour that he was a man worth at least 1200 florins, exclusive of accumulated interest. But, unluckily, the study of the ancients had strengthened his own natural and undeniable propensity to despise money—this metal wheel-work of human activity, this dial-plate of our value; while, on the other hand, reasonable people, such as tradesmen, esteem the man who acquires it as highly as the man who gives it away: as the head of a person who is electrified is equally surrounded by a halo; whether the ether flow into him or out of him. Siebenkäs even said (and he once acted upon his opinion), that we should sometimes assume the beggar's scrip in jest, if it were only to accustom the back to it, against the time when it might be needed in earnest; and he considered it a compliment to himself

when he added, that it was easier to bear poverty like Epictetus, than to choose it like Antoninus; just as it was easier for a man to hold out his own leg to be cut off, than to leave the legs of his slaves untouched, if he wielded a yard-long sceptre. Thus Siebenkäs managed to support himself for ten years in foreign parts, and for half a year in the imperial market-town, without calling upon his guardian for one farthing of the interest of his capital; but now that he was about to introduce his orphaned and moneyless bride into his ready-worked silver mine (for such he esteemed his 1200 florins with interest in arrears), he took a pleasure, whilst he was in Augsburg, in making her believe that he had nothing but his bare bread, and that the little he could earn by the sweat of his brow went from hand to mouth and stomach: but he could work, he said, as well as any one, and troubled himself little about an upper or lower house of parliament. "May I be hanged," he used to say long ago, "if I ever marry a woman who knows what my income is! Women, as it is, often look upon a husband as the devil in person, to whom they make over their souls, and often their children, that they may get from the evil one in return nest-dollars and things to eat."

Upon the longest summer-day and Monday followed the longest winter night (which is only astronomically impossible). Early in the morning the Schulrath Stiefel drove up, and handed out of the carriage (for good manners are doubly becoming in a scholar), instead of the bride, a cap-block, and gave orders that the rest of her things, which were comprised in a white tinned trunk, should be unloaded, while he ran up with the block under his arm to the advocate.

"Your worthy betrothed," said he, "will follow immediately. She is preparing herself for the sacred rite in a farmhouse outside the town, and begged me to drive on before, lest you should become impatient. A true woman, in Solomon's sense: and I congratulate you heartily."

"Mr. Advocate Siebenkäs, my pretty one? I can conduct you to him. He lodges with me, best one; and I will wait upon you this minute," said the hair-dresser at the door: and he offered his hand to lead her up stairs. But she, seeing her second cap-block in the carriage, took it like a child on her left arm—the hair-dresser in vain offering to carry it—and followed him tottering into the advocate's apartment. With a profound curtsy and a gentle greeting, she proffered her right hand only to the bridegroom; while, on her little full round face (all was round in it—forehead, eyes, mouth, and chin), the roses bloomed far above the lilies; but they looked so much the prettier under her large black silk bonnet; and the snowy muslin dress, with a many-coloured nosegay of artificial flowers, together with the white points of her shoes, added charm upon charm to her bashful figure. As there was now no time before the marriage-ceremony to have her hair dressed, she immediately untied her bonnet, and laid the myrtle-wreath, which she had hidden beneath it at the farm, on account of the people, upon the table, in order that her head might be put to rights, and powdered for the occasion by the landlord, who was so conveniently at hand.

Thou dear Lenette! A bride is indeed for many days, to every one who does not marry her,—and especially to me,—a poor meagre shewbread; but I except

one hour, the hour on the morning of the wedding-day, when the hitherto free girl, trembling in her finery, overgrown with flowers and feathers, soon with like ones to be plucked out by destiny; with anxious pious eyes, which for the last time, and the loveliest, shed their tears on the mother's bosom; when standing adorned on the scaffolding of joy, she celebrates so many partings and one sole meeting; and when the mother turns away from her and goes to her other children, abandoning the anxious girl to a stranger;—this hour, I say, touches me. Thou joyfully-throbbing heart, I then think, not always wilt thou beat thus in the sultry years of married life; but often wilt thou shed thine own blood, that thou mayest more firmly step down the path that leads to old age, even as the chamois-hunters support themselves by the blood of their own heels. Then do I feel tempted to go out to the virgins who stand by the way-side that leads to the church, looking on with envious eyes, and say to them, "Do not grudge the poor girl so much the rapture of a perhaps fleeting delusion. Ah! like her ye see to-day the beauty and strife-apple of marriage hanging only on the sunny side of love, so red and so soft; but the green sour side, hidden by the shade, no one sees. And if ye have ever pitied from the bottom of your hearts an unfortunate wife who chanced, ten years after marriage, to pull out of a drawer her old bridal dress, while all the tears which she had shed in those ten years over her sweet delusions pressed into her eyes at once, do ye then know so surely that it will be otherwise with the envied one who now flits past you so gaily and so brightly?"

But I should not have passed unexpectedly into this

new key of emotions, had I not too vividly pictured to myself Lenette's myrtle-wreath under her bonnet (I would not say any thing of my emotion before), and her utter loneliness without a mother, and her little white powdered flower-face, and especially the readiness with which she put her young soft arms (for she was scarcely more than nineteen) into the polished hand-cuffs and chain-rings of marriage, without even looking to see whither she would be led by them.

I could here lift up my hand and take oath that the bridegroom was as much affected as myself, if not more so; especially when he brushed the auricula powder softly from her blooming cheeks, and left the flowers to blossom there alone in their purity. But he had to put great restraint on his heart, full as it was to overflowing with draughts of love and tears of joy, lest to his shame it should run over in the presence of the merry hair-dresser and the grave Schulrath: besides, he was averse to any effusion of the heart. He concealed and even hardened himself against the purest emotions of tenderness, because he always thought of the poets and actors who allow the water-works of their feelings to play as a spectacle to others; and in general he never laughed at any one so much as at himself. To-day, therefore, his face was drawn up and puckered into a curious expression of smiling embarrassment, which only received the better interpretation from his most beaming eyes. Soon perceiving that he could not sufficiently hide his feelings, if he merely acted the part of purveyor of the breakfast and barber's assistant, he adopted a stronger measure, and began to shew himself off to Lenette, and hold up to her his personal property in a favourable light. "Is not my room pret-

tily situated, Mademoiselle?" he asked. "I can look from hence into the windows of the senate-house, right upon the tables, and into their inkstands. Many of these chairs were bought in the spring for a third of their value, and are they not neat? But my good old grandfather's chair,"—he sat down in it, and stretched out his own meagre arms on its cushioned elbows,—"this methinks takes the lead in the grandfather-dance of chairs; how softly the arms rest on one another! The flowers embroidered on my table-cloth are pretty; but I understand the coffee-tray is preferred on account of its japanned Flora; at any rate both offer you what they have to give on flowers. My Leyser's Meditations, in its pig-skin binding, is an ornament to the room; but the kitchen looks still prettier, —one pot neatly arranged alongside the other, and every utensil at hand, even a hare-spit, for which my father formerly shot the hares."

The bride smiled on him, looking so pleased that I am almost inclined to believe she must have heard through twenty speaking and listening tubes, ranged together and reaching to her Fuggery, all about the 1200 florins and their interest. I can more easily understand that the world is impatient for the hour when he shall put them into her hands.

It will not be displeasing to my female readers to learn that the bridegroom now put on a liver-coloured dress-coat; and that without neck-cloth or queue he proceeded with the dress-maker to the early church-service. On the way it gave him a satirical pleasure to exhibit himself to the slandering eyes of the ladies of Kuhschnappel, as they followed the good stranger across the market-place to the altar on which she was

about to sacrifice her parental name. He had long been wont to say, that a moderate degree of backbiting should rather be encouraged than thought ill of in a married woman, as a slight compensation for the flattery she had lost. Stiefel remained in the wedding-chamber, and employed himself at the writing-table in briefly reviewing a school-programme.

And now I behold the beloved pair kneeling at the rails of the altar; and I could again overwhelm them with my wishes as with flowers, especially with the wish that they may both resemble the married in heaven, who, according to Swedenborg's vision, always melt into one angel. True it is that on our earth too they are often cooked up by heat into an angel, and moreover into a fallen one, in whom the woman's head, the husband, represents the horned head of the evil one. I could still wish, I repeat—but my attention, like that of all who witness the ceremony, is roused by a singular occurrence, and attracted to a strange figure standing behind the hymn-board in the choir.

From that place looks down, and all in the church look up, the ghost of Siebenkäs, as the people say; that is, his body, as they should say. If the bridegroom chance to look up, he may well grow pale, and fancy he beholds himself. The world was in error: he only grew red. His friend Leibgeber stood up there, who many years ago had sworn to be present at his wedding, if only to laugh at him for twelve hours. So singular an alliance between two singular souls is not often seen. The same contempt for the ennobled childish nonsense of life; the same enmity to the mean, with every indulgence to the little; the same indignation against dishonest selfishness; the

same love of laughing in the beautiful madhouse of earth; the same deafness to the voice of the world, but not of honour;—these were but the more superficial traits of resemblance that constituted them one soul assigned to two bodies. Neither do I take much into account that they were foster-brothers in their studies, and were nursed by the same sciences, including even the law; inasmuch as similarity of studies is often the best dissolvent and precipitant of friendship. Nor was it simply the want of resemblance, which, as an opposite pole, decided their attraction. Siebenkäs was more ready to forgive, Leibgeber to punish; the former was more to be compared to a satire of Horace, the latter to a ballad of Aristophanes, with its unpoetical and poetical dissonances; but like girls who, when they become friends, love to wear the same dress, so did their souls wear exactly the same frock-coat and morning-dress of life; I mean, two bodies, with the same cuffs and collars, of the same colour, button-holes, trimmings, and cut. Both had the same brightness of eye, the same sallowness of face, the same height, and the same meagreness; for the phenomenon of similarity of feature is more common than is generally believed, being only remarked when some prince or great man casts a bodily reflection. I wish, therefore, that Leibgeber had not limped, which somewhat distinguished him from Siebenkäs, especially as the latter had cleverly scratched and burnt away, by means of a living toad which he had caused to die on the spot, a mark which, on his side, might have distinguished him from Leibgeber. This mark was a pyramidal mole near the left ear, in the shape of a triangle, or of the zodiacal light, or of a turned-up comet's tail,

or more correctly still, of an ass's ear. Partly from attachment, partly from a relish of the humorous scenes to which, in every-day life, the confounding of their persons gave rise, they wished to carry on their algebraical equation still further, by bearing the same Christian and surnames. But on this point they could not agree. Each desired to be the name-sake of the other, until at length they settled the dispute by exchanging names; imitating in this the inhabitants of Otaheite, where lovers exchange names together with their hearts. As, however, many years have elapsed since by this name-theft of friendship my hero lost his own honest name, and got the other honest name in its stead, I cannot now alter it in my chapters, but must continue to call him Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs, as he has been introduced at the threshold; although no connoisseur need tell me that the more comic name of Siebenkäs would be better suited to the more humorous new-comer, with whom the world shall one day be better acquainted than with myself.

When the two likenesses beheld each other in the church, their blushing faces puckered and curled so strangely that the spectator could not but smile, until he compared them with the eyes which swam in liquid fire of the tenderest affection. During the exchange of rings, Leibgeber drew out of his pocket a pair of scissors and a quarto sheet of black paper, and cut out the profile of the bride. He gave out that the art of taking profiles was his bakehouse, on his never-ending journeys; and as this singular man will not, it seems, reveal on what mountain-heights the springs accumulate which bubble up for him in the valleys, I will at once, good-naturedly and believingly, mention

what he himself used often to say of his art: "If in the cutting of white paper, slices of bread fall off with the scraps, for the bookbinder, the letter-writer, and the advocate, how much more is that the case with every scrap of black paper that falls, whether it be from profiles or white mourning letters with black borders; and, moreover, if a person understands the liberal art of painting his neighbour black, with more members than one,—for instance, with the tongue,—then Fortune, the Babylonian harlot, will ring herself lame at the dinner-bell and reputation-bell of such a man."

While the deacon was laying on hands, Leibgeber came down, and approached the red velvet steps of the altar; and when the ceremony was concluded, he celebrated such a meeting, after half a year's separation, by the following somewhat long speech: "Good morning, Siebenkäs!" Even after years of absence, they never said more to one another; and so at the resurrection of the dead, Siebenkäs will answer just as he did this day, "Good morning, Leibgeber!" But the twelve hours' mockery, with which friends often lightly threaten one another in absence, was in this case impossible, though the mirth might be tempered with the greatest delicacy, because of the emotion we must all feel in beholding a friend enter the forecourt of a new labyrinthical structure of our subterranean existence.

I have now the long wedding-feast table placed before my writing-table; and it is much to be regretted that there is no representation of it on the vases buried with Herculaneum, since it would then have been dug up, and faintly copied in the Herculaneum

drawings, and I could here have inserted the copy, in lieu of any thing else.

Few have a better opinion of the power of my pen than myself; but I see clearly that it is quite beyond the power either of mine or any other man's to shew, by ever so rude a sketch, how the guests, who were almost as numerous as the chairs, relished their dinner; how, besides, there was not a single rogue at table among the honest people,—for the bridegroom's guardian, the Heimlicher* von Blaise, had sent an excuse, saying he was sick; how the landlord, a merry consumptive Saxon, was powdering and drinking himself out of the world; how the company struck their glasses with their forks, and their plates with the marrow-bones, that the former might be filled, and the latter emptied; how in all the house, no one, not even the cobbler or the bookbinder, was at work, except at eating; how even old Sabel, who squatted under the mouse-coloured gateway, to-day shut up her stall, not with the gate, but before; and how not one course only was dished up, but a second.

To those, indeed, who have sat at the tables of the great, and where there are two courses, have seen how five dishes must be duly arranged in order of precedence, to such it will be nothing unheard of, or particularly splendid, that Siebenkäs, by the help of the barber's wife, who had officiated as cook, for the first course, placed on the table—

1st. In the centre: the soup-tub or pond of broth, in which craw-fish could be caught with the spöon, although, like the beavers, the craw-fish had

* Chief magistrate of the town.

nothing in this water but what Robespierre once had in the Convention, *i. e.* the tail.

2d. In the first quarter of the globe: a fine beef torso, or cube of meat, serving as pedestal to the whole culinary work of art.

3d. In the second: a hash, a real pattern-paper of the butcher's shop,—treated sweetly.

4th. In the third: a behemoth pond-carp, which could have swallowed the prophet Jonas, but which itself shared the fate of the prophet.

5th. In the fourth: the baked hen-house of a pasty, to which the fowls, like the people to a parliament, had sent their best members.

I cannot now deny myself, or my lady-readers, the pleasure of sketching only a faint kitchen-piece of the second course.

1st. In the middle: like a garden flower-basket, stood a pile of Capuchin salad.

2d. Then the four syllogistic figures, or the four faculties, arranged themselves respectively in their four corners. In the first corner, as principal figure and faculty, sat a hare,—which, contrary to the fashion of a bare-footed friar, had kept on his natural fur-boots in the pan; and, as Leibgeber justly observed, had, notwithstanding the enemy's guns, unlike the infantry, come out of the field into the dish with sound legs. The second syllogistic figure consisted of a tongue, which was black—not from disputation, but from having been smoked. The third, crisped colewort without the stalks, formerly the food of the two above-mentioned faculties, but now eaten with them as a vegetable; so it is in the world—one rises, while another falls. The concluding figure was composed of the

three figures of the bridal pair and a peradventure baby, baked in butter; these three transfigured bodies, which, like the three men, came out of the fiery furnace uninjured, and which had raisins instead of souls, were eaten up by the cannibals of the company, like subjects—skin, hair, and all; some little arms of the infant excepted, who, like the Phœnix bird, was personified before it existed.

The picture inspires me, but it ought to be coloured; and, as regards the luxury of the table, it would not have suffered even by comparison with one of the electorate of Saxony, by which I might have illustrated it. True, the electors of this state have need of much (therefore in former times they were annually weighed), and I am fully aware that in the beginning of the sixteenth century, a Saxon comptroller entered the following item in his account-book: "To-day our gracious elector has been with his court to drink wine, for which I have had to pay fifteen florins; that I call banqueting." But what would not the Saxon comptroller have written, how would he not have lifted up his hands in astonishment, if he had seen, in my first chapter, that an advocate of the poor had actually spent three florins and seven groschen more than his elector!

The fountains of pleasure, like many springs in nature, which stop in the day-time, bubbled up in the bosoms of the guests towards evening ever higher and higher. The two advocates, indeed, informed the company, what was familiar to them from the University, that the privilege of a German to drink himself full had been much curtailed by emperor and state, and that by the imperial decrees of 1512, 1531, 1548, and 1577, no drunkenness was permitted. At the same time, they did not conceal from them that Kuh-

schnappel, like every other imperial state, had the right of rejecting imperial laws, which affect the individual in his private capacity, on its own territory. The Schulrath alone could not comprehend, and he shook his head at it internally at least twenty times, how it was that two scholars, or at any rate two advocates, could go on seriously laughing and talking about the veriest trifles with such untutored plebeians, ignoramuses, and empty heads, as sat here with their elbows on the table. More than once he attempted to interweave threads of learned discourse, concerning the latest and most polished school-speeches, and the partiality of their reviewers; but the advocates took no notice of his threads, but made the bookbinder repeat the apprentice-speech he had held before he became a master; upon which the shoemaker, of his own accord, sewed and cobbled the shoe-boy's speech.

Siebenkäs here observed, before the whole table, that in high life people are much more serious, tedious, and empty than in the lower circles. In the former, it was matter of conversation for a week if a festival happened to go off without any one dying of ennui, while in the latter every one contributed so much to the merry picnic of conversation, that there was seldom any thing wanting but beer. "Oh," he continued, "that every one of our class did but consider, and then he would indeed envy those below him, how truly that holds good in a figurative sense which has long been known to be true in a literal one, viz. that coarse linen keeps the body warmer than fine linen or silken stuffs, even as a wooden house is warmed easier than a stone one,—it cools also less rapidly in summer; or again, how much more nourishing, according to phy-

sicians, is coarse black rye-meal than fine white meal. Neither am I at all convinced," added he, "that the ladies in Paris, who wear diamond hair-pins, spend their days as merrily as the women who support themselves by picking up bad hair-pins out of the street-rubbish: many a one, too, who heats his stove with dried fir-cones, which he himself has brought in, as a substituto for fire-wood (here the wood-economising company felt the words brought home to themselves), may often fare as well as those who eat green cones preserved in sugar."

"Friend, advocate of the poor," responded Leibgeber, "you hit the nail on the head. In a public-house every one is lucky enough to get all his misfortunes at first,—blows, kicks, and abuse; while pleasure grows with the bill. In palaces it is otherwise. In a 'palais' for the 'palais'* all take in pleasure at one and the same moment into their mouths; and as the vinefretters, at a given signal, all emit their honey together, so they just as simultaneously and socially receive it: while, on the other hand, ennui, vexation, and disgust, are all ingeniously distributed among the several pleasures to be administered and partaken of in the course of a long party; just as a dog is rubbed all over with an emetic, that, by licking it slowly off, he may be brought to vomit."

Of such sort was the conversation. Whenever pleasure has once reached a certain height, it naturally rises still higher. Many of the sitting members of the lower order availed themselves of the privilege of wine, and this special inquisition, to say "thou" to one another. Yes, even the gentleman in the red-plush coat

* A play on the French word *palais:* a palace for the palate.

(the Schulrath was fond of wearing it in the dog-day holydays) screwed up his mouth, and smiling killingly —like ancient maidens in the presence of antique bachelors— gave by winks to understand that he had at home two bottles of real Horatian champagne. "Then you are sure they are 'non mousseux?'" returned Leibgeber, interrogatively. The Schulrath, who mistook the best champagne for the worst, answered, with some self-conceit, "Well, if it should not foam up, I swear I will drink it all up myself." The bottles appeared; with great care Leibgeber filed off from the first the chain-barrier of the fruit-barrier,* drew out the cork, and opened it like a last will and testament.

I maintain my assertion, that when the two balsam-poplars of life, wit and benevolence, are withered up to the very top, they can still be revived by a good sprinkling from the watering-pot of the above-mentioned bottles, and in three minutes they will give out shoots. As the foil of the liquid, the silver foam, mounted into their heads, building castles in the air, how every brain sparkled and fermented! What bright-coloured floating bubbles were there not launched by the ideas of the Schulrath, simple as well as composite, innate and fixed! Can it ever be forgotten that he made no more learned criticisms, save upon Lenette's charms, and that he told Siebenkäs in confidence that he himself should like to marry, not indeed the tenth Muse, or fourth Grace, or second Venus, for he knew very well who already possessed her, but at least a step-sister goddess or distant relation of

* Alluding to the barrier where the tax (octroi) is levied on the provisions brought into the town.

hers. He "had sat in the carriage," he said, "during the whole journey as in a pulpit, and had pictured to the bride the happiness of the married state in every possible way, and in such lively colours, that he had ended by creating a real longing for it in himself; and," he added, "the bridegroom would have thanked him had he seen the look of gratitude with which she —the bride—had regarded him." In truth, the bride was this evening charming; it became her particularly that on such a day of honour she preferred waiting on others to being waited upon herself; that she had put on a light household dress; that, so late in the day, she took lessons in cooking of her female guests, who read her their own recipes; and that she already took thought for the morrow. In his enthusiasm, Stiefel did things which would be thought impossible. Placing his left arm under the right, as a prop, he held out the latter, with all the weight of the plush-sleeve, in a horizontal position, and snuffed the candle before the whole company; and this not awkwardly, but like a gardener, who, holding up the garden-shears on a pole, cuts off the upper shoots by pulling gently from below. He also asked Leibgeber, straight out, for a profile of Lenette; and afterwards, on taking leave, he even attempted (but this was the only undertaking which was beyond his power) to seize her hand and kiss it.

At length all the joy-fires of the little cheerful company burnt down like the candles, and night drained off one Eden river after the other. The guests and the lights diminished in number; at last but one remained, the Schulrath Stiefel (for Leibgeber could not be called a guest), and one long candle.

It is a sweet and touching moment when the last noisy peals of the festive board have died away, still with some few to sit there, and more silent, and often sadder, to lose one's self in the after-tones of joy. At last, the Schulrath broke up the only remaining tent but one of this camp of pleasure, and departed; but he would not suffer that the fingers, which his lips, despite their snapping, could not reach, should embrace a brass candlestick to light him down stairs, therefore Leibgeber was obliged to do service as link-boy. And now, for the first time, the married pair sat together in the dark near one another, hand in hand. . . . . .

Beautiful hour! when in every cloud stood a smiling angel, who, instead of rain-drops, showered down flowers. May thy reflection extend even to my paper, and there still be visible!

The bridegroom had never yet kissed his bride. He knew, or believed, that his face was more intelligent, stretched, angular, and sharp, than smooth and handsome; and besides, as he was always laughing at his own appearance, he thought others must find it ridiculous too; consequently he had never yet mustered up courage enough,—he who at other times raised himself above the eyes and tongues of a whole street, —to kiss, except in the dithyrambic moments of friendship, even his Leibgeber, much less Lenette. He now pressed her hand more warmly and boldly, turned his face to hers,—especially as he could not see any thing,—and wished the stairs had as many steps as the minster-tower, that Leibgeber might not come back so soon with the light. All of a sudden a softly-gliding trembling kiss hopped over his mouth; and now that

the ashes were blown away, all the flames of his love shot up; for Lenette, innocent as a child, had thought it was the duty of the bride to give this kiss. He encircled the timid giver with awakened yet bashful boldness, and glowing with all the fervour that love, wine, and joy could give, he pressed his lips on hers; but she, so singular is the sex, turned away her imprisoned mouth from his burning one, and offered her cheek to his favoured lips. On it the humble husband imprinted a long kiss; and only expressed his rapture by unutterably sweet tears, which, like gleaming drops of naphtha, fell upon Lenette's cheeks, and thence into her trembling heart. She drew back her face further and further; but, agreeably surprised by his love, she but drew him the closer to her. He quitted her side before his friend came. The treacherous powder-snow which had fallen upon the bridegroom,—this butterfly-dust which even after the most delicate handling of these white butterflies remains sticking to the fingers (therefore, in 1795, Pitt considerately imposed a tax upon powder),—this did not betray much; but the moist beaming eyes of his friend and the bride told him all. The two friends looked at each other for some time with an embarrassed smile, and Lenette cast down her eyes. Leibgeber said twice, "Hem! hem!" and observed at last, from very awkwardness, "Our evening was very pleasant." Then, in order not to be seen, he placed himself behind the bridegroom's chair, laid his hands upon his shoulders, and pressed them right heartily. But now the happy man could contain himself no longer. He stood up, resigned the hand of his bride, and the two friends, united by angels, surrounded by heavens, as if now first celebrating

the moment of this day's meeting, after the long desire of the whole day, clasped one another in a silent manly embrace. In the rising ebullition of the moment, the husband wished to enlarge the holy bond, by drawing his beloved into the embrace of his loved friend; but bride and friend stood apart, and embraced him alone: and three pure heavens opened, beaming in three pure hearts, and nothing was in them but God, love, and joy, and the little tear-drop of earth, which hangs upon all our flowers of bliss.

The happy ones, overcome by unwonted emotions, and scarcely knowing one another, had not even courage to meet each other's weeping eyes; and the friend of the married pair silently left the room, neither giving utterance to a wish, nor saying "Good night."

CHAPTER II.

Household Jests. Going to Visit. The Newspaper Article. A Love-Quarrel, together with some Abuse. Antipathetic Ink on the Wall. Friendship of the Satirists.

MANY a life is as pleasant to write as to lead; the present, especially, like turned rosewood, yields the most agreeable odour at the turning-lathe. Siebenkäs rose on the Wednesday; but he made up his mind to wait until the Sunday following before he put into the hands of his diligent partner—who had this morning placed a cap on the block, before she put one on herself—the silver bars* in his guardian's trust, rolled up in blotting-paper, to serve as props in the tempests of life; indeed he could not do otherwise, for his

* Rouleaux of coin.

guardian had left the country, that is to say, the town, until Saturday.

"I can't tell you, old Leibgeber," said Siebenkäs, "how much I already enjoy, in anticipation, the delight of my wife; verily, to give her pleasure, I should like to possess 30,000 dollars. The good creature has hitherto lived from cap to cap; but what a made-woman she will consider herself when she finds herself able to execute a hundred household plans, which I perceive are already running in her head. And then, too, with the silver, old fellow, immediately after the vesper sermon, my silver wedding shall commence at once; at least half a florin's worth of beer shall be distributed to every room. Tell me, why should not the dove or sparrow of my Hymen sprinkle upon the people as much beer as the two-headed eagle in Frankfort, on the coronation-day, spouts out wine?"

"For this reason," answered Leibgeber, "because his prey is from an altogether different sort of wine-press, inasmuch as the sour wine, which is properly nothing but the skins of the grapes, is only the wool and hair of his victims, which no eagle would keep."

Since at least a hundred Kuhschnapplers would start up, in the "Imperial Intelligencer," to correct me, it would be useless for me to tell a lie, as I here feel inclined to do, by declaring that the two advocates had spent the short week of their re-union with that propriety and gravity, which, if it become man in general, is more especially necessary to secure to the scholar the respect of the commonest souls, not to speak of those of Kuhschnappel. But, alas, I have to sing in quite another tune. In Kuhschnappel, as in every other imperial and country town, Leibgeber's

behaviour was any thing but decorous. The first thing he did was to get introduced to the club as a stranger-artist, that he might stretch himself out in a corner of the sofa, and publicly, before the whole company in the Relaxation—so the club was called—compose himself to sleep, without exchanging a syllable with any one. It was his pleasure, he said, to do so in every town provided with clubs, casinos, harmonies, and museums, for he was seldom able to get a proper, reasonable nap at night in a solitary, deserted bedstead, on account of the struggle of thoughts in his brain, and the processions of pictures, which, like fireworks, shot through one another with such a racket, that it was impossible for any one to hear and see his own self. But while seated, leaning back upon the sofa in a club-house, all this vanished, and a truce between his thoughts was established. The delightful confusion arising from every body's speaking at once—the political, and other conversational pic-nic of well-selected, appropriately-spoken words, of which he now heard an ultima, now a penultima—this was already a good precursor of sleep; but when they went to work more systematically still, and a proposition was discussed on all sides with true logical acumen, and most closely investigated by a universal screaming hubbub, then indeed he fell asleep as soundly as a flower which is rocked, but not awakened, by the storm, and his quicksilver was quite stationary.

There are towns that I am acquainted with, which cannot fail to call to mind a stranger who always fell asleep in their clubs and harmonies; how cheerfully he gazed around, when, on rising from his sofa, he took

up his hat, as much as to say—"I thank you for my refreshment."

However, I can the more easily pardon in Leibgeber all this waking and sleeping in Kuhschnappel, inasmuch as he is soon about to go forth again into the wide world. But it cannot be a matter of equal indifference to me, that my own hero, who, with his wife, is about to establish himself in the place, and whose practical jokes, as well as the hits he gets in return, it is my duty to describe, should conduct himself just as if he were called Leibgeber, which is not the case, seeing he had already informed his guardian that he had changed his name for that of Siebenkäs. What, for instance, was it but a wicked jest, when, just as the poor children of the charity-school were beginning to sing their usual begging-hymn, in front of the most saintly houses on the opposite side of the street, Leibgeber, who could not exist without a great dog, made his "Saufinder" poke his head out of the window, most tastefully attired in a lady's nightcap? And can it be said that the behaviour of Siebenkäs was expressive of more sobriety, when, in face of the whole school, he suddenly bit into a lemon, thereby opening all their saliva-glands? The effect sufficiently proved the malice of the intention. As little were the singers able to screw up their lips to sing properly in presence of Saufinder in his *coiffure*, as a person can whistle at the same time that he is laughing: and the opened sluices of their mouths put all their singing instruments under water, so that every tone had to wade painfully through a flood! Was it not, in fact, the object of the two advocates to disturb the street-musicians by this ridiculous behaviour?

True, Siebenkäs had but lately returned from college, accustomed to all the license of academic life, and may therefore, in some degree, be excused. Besides, I consider the exuberant life of youthful academicians as the fatty substance, which, according to Reaumur, Bonnet, and Cuvier, is required by the grub to give nourishment to the butterfly in its chrysalis state.

The liberty of the man must draw for support on that of the youth; and a creeping son of the Muses can never become other than a cringing official on all fours.

However, the following days were spent by the two friends—not quite out of order—in writing visiting-cards, on which, of course, there was nothing but the words —"The Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs, with his wife, born Egelkraut, present their compliments." With these cards, and with the lady, they were on Saturday to drive about the town; and it was to be Leibgeber's office to jump out at every respectable house, and carry in a card. No bad custom this of such towns as know how to enjoy life!

Yet it seemed as if the brothers Siebenkäs and Leibgeber only trod in the footsteps of the most rational imperial-town and village customs from satirical malice. It is true that they imitated the fine city-manners, but only in jest; each was at the same time his own acting buffoon, and his front box. It would be an insult to the town of Kuhschnappel to suppose that it did not see through the affected readiness of Siebenkäs to join in the processions of this little state, into churches and out of churches, to march with them to the Römer, and to the shooting-ground; and that it was quite blind to

the pleasure he took in spoiling and disfiguring, by the negligence of his dress and his ridiculous behaviour, rather than in really adorning a well-equipped and significant procession. Even his real zeal to become a member of the Kuhschnappel shooting-club was ascribed rather to his love of fun than to his descent from a huntsman. As to Leibgeber's behaviour on such occasions, I can only say, he is now full of the devil, being ready to start on his travels, and some years younger than his friend.

On Saturday accordingly they drove about the town. They stopped before the house of every city-grandee, and after delivering the list of passengers, drove on, behaving with due decorum. Many ladies and gentlemen, indeed, made the mistake of confounding the card-carrier with the young husband sitting below; but the former was serious, knowing that there was a proper season for jesting. The cards were delivered according to the court-guide and address-book; first, to the members of the government, both in the great and little council,—to the seventy of the great, and the thirteen of the little council; consequently, as constituting the latter, the judge, the treasurer, or minister of finance, the two Venners, that is, councillors of finance, the Heimlicher, so to say, tribune of the people, and each of the eight remaining senators, received his card. Thereupon the carriage drove down lower, and provided the lesser state-officials in their different offices and committee-rooms with cards: there was the office of the woods and forests, the game-commissioners' office, the office of reform, which latter was directed against luxury, and the meat-tax commission, which

office was filled by a single good old man—a master butcher.

I fear I have got myself into a scrape with the learned and statistical world, in having neglected to draw up for them any thing in the way of tables relating to the constitution of the imperial town of Kuhschnappel, which is properly a small imperial town, but was a large one,—no conspectus, no ground-plan, nothing at all. However, I cannot possibly stop here, in the full swing of the chapter, but must wait until we all come to the end, where I can open my statistical warehouse more conveniently.

But the wheel of fortune soon began to creak, and throw up dirt; for when Leibgeber carried his eighth part of an advertisement-sheet, announcing the marriage of Siebenkäs, to the house of his guardian, the Heimlicher v. Blaise, he was received by the Heimlicher's wife (a long meagre scarecrow of a woman, wrapped up in calico clouts), warmly enough indeed, but with the kind of warmth usually exhibited in giving a man a thrashing. The words she uttered were of dubious import: "My husband is Heimlicher in the town, and he is not at home. He knows nothing about seven cheeses,* but is guardian to the noblest patricians. You had better take yourself off, for you will find that you have addressed yourself to the wrong person."

"That indeed I am inclined to believe," said Leibgeber.

The ward himself, Siebenkäs, attempted somewhat to appease his letter or card-carrier, by observing that, like all good dogs, the woman was only barking at the

* Literal meaning of the word Siebenkäs.

stranger, before she fetched and carried for him. And when his more anxious friend inquired whether he had taken all proper legal precautions against the poisonous objections to the payment of his money, which his guardian might extract from his change of name, he was enabled to console him with the answer, that before he had established himself under the name of Siebenkäs, he had received in writing the opinion and approval of his guardian, which letter or document he would shew him when they got home.

But at home the letter of Blaise was no where to be found. Neither in any box, nor among his academical, nor even among unwritten, papers. It was gone. "But what a fool I am!" said the ward, at length; "do I want it?"

Suddenly his friend, who had been looking over the Saturday's papers, said, in a deeper tone of voice, as he thrust them into his pocket, "Come and take a run in the fields."

When they were out of the town, he handed him, with an embarrassed air, the "Schaffhausen Intelligencer," the "Suabian Mercury," the Stuttgard and Erlangen "Gazettes," and said, "Now see what a rascal your guardian is."

In all these papers stood the following parallel passages:

"Whereas Hoseas Henry Leibgeber, now in his nine and twentieth year, betook himself, anno 1774, to the Academy of Leipzig, but since the above date has never been heard of; and whereas his cousin Mr. Heimlicher von Blaise has made application to account for, and deliver over to him, the property which he, as guardian, held for him in trust, consisting of

1200 florins, and inasmuch as the term of such trust is expired, therefore the said Hoseas Henry Leibgeber is hereby cited *edictaliter*, and invited, he, or the lawful heirs of his body, to appear within six months from the present date (whereof two months are appointed for the first term, two for the second, and two for the last peremptory term), and properly establish his legal claim before the Inheritance-office of this place, or failing thereof to expect that said property (according to the decree in council of 24th July, de anno 1699, which declares every person absent for the space of two years to be as dead) be delivered over and assigned to his above-mentioned cousin and guardian Mr. von Blaise.

Kuhschnappel, in Suabia, 20th August, 1785.
Inheritance-office of the imperial town Kuhschnappel."

I need not inform the legal reader, that this decree of council was not in accordance with the law of Bohemia, where thirty-one years is the term which must expire; but with the old law in France, where ten years are deemed sufficient. When the advocate had finished reading, and was still staring at the last line motionless, his soul's brother, agitated by sympathy, took his hand, and said: "Alas, dear friend! it is I who am to blame for this, on account of our exchange of names."

"You! you! no; the devil only is to blame. But the letter must be found," returned Siebenkäs; and again they searched every receptacle of letters. At last, after an hour's hunt, Leibgeber burst into the room with a letter bearing the guardian's seal, broken. The coarseness of the paper, the usual broad fold, without

even an envelope, sufficiently betrayed that its address had neither been written by a lady, nor a courtier, nor a merchant, but by a quill from a very different species of bird. On the letter itself, however, there was nothing but the name of Siebenkäs, written by his own hand—not another word, outside or inside. This was natural; for the advocate had the bad habit of writing his own or others' names on the covers of letters, in order to try his pen and his hand.

The inside of the letter, too, had once been written upon; but the Heimlicher Blaise, unwilling to make such an extravagant waste of paper, had written his acknowledgment of the exchanged name with an ink which disappears of itself, and on evaporation leaves the paper in its pristine whiteness.

I shall perhaps be conferring a favour on many individuals of the upper classes, who have now more than ever occasion to inscribe bills of exchange and other obligations, if I communicate to them, from a book of established authority, a faithful recipe for the preparation of the above-mentioned ink, which, on becoming dry, evaporates and disappears. Let any man of rank scrape the surface off a fine black cloth,—such, for instance, as he is accustomed to wear at court; let him next grind the shavings finer still on marble, levigate the fine cloth-dust several times with water, and with this liquid let him write his bill of exchange. He will find that, as soon as the moisture has entirely evaporated, every letter of the bill of exchange will have flown after it in the form of dust. The white star, as it were, has burst through the darkness of the ink.

But I fancy that, by communicating the above recipe, I shall likewise have done service to the holders of such bills, as well as to those who draw them, since in future they will probably take care not to accept a bond before it has been exposed for a certain time to the sun.

In a former edition of this work I had confounded the cloth-ink with the sympathetic ink. The latter also becomes pale and vanishes after a time, and is usually employed by princes in their preliminary and standing treaties; but this ink is red. A truce of peace, of three years' duration, is no longer legible, not even to a man in the prime of life; because red ink, the *encaustum* with which, in former times, none but the Roman emperors were permitted to write, too easily becomes pale, if, from a mean economy in such dye-stuffs, too few human beings, from whom, like cochineal from insects, such ink is made, have been employed in its preparation. Therefore the treaty must be engraved and etched anew into the land, with good instruments, —the so-called instruments of peace, at the end of the musket.

The friends both disguised from the young wife this first muttering of the storm that threatened her married life. On Sunday forenoon, during the church-service, they went to pay the Heimlicher a friendly visit; but unluckily he was at church. This pleasant visit was therefore deferred until the afternoon; but then he was at the chapel of the orphan-asylum, the whole blooming harvest of orphans, boys and girls, having previously paid a visit to him, as overseer of the orphan-asylum, and been admitted to the honour of kissing his hand; for the stewardship of the orphan-

asylum, as he himself was wont modestly but truly to observe, had been committed to his unworthy hands. After the evening service he held his own private service; in short, the two advocates found themselves separated from him by a threefold spiritual altar-railing. He nobly permitted the members of his household, not indeed to eat, but to pray at the same table with him. He preferred passing the Sunday with them, as a day of labour, in chanting; because by such devotional means he best preserved them from the sin of sabbath-breaking, which consisted in working on their *own account*, in sewing, cobbling, &c. Besides, this was the best mode of spending the day, as a day of preparation and exercise for the ensuing week; like actors, who, in towns where they are prohibited from exhibiting on the Sunday, appoint that day for their theatrical rehearsals.

However, I counsel sick persons not to approach too near, or to smell these sky-blue plants which adorn the vineyard of the church, as an English garden is ornamented with the beautiful sky or Jesuit-blue poisonous blossoms of the napellus (*Aconitum nap.*), which grow up, like a pyramid, to man's height.*

Such people as Blaise ascend Mount Sinai and the place of skulls, not only in order that, like the goats, they may feed while mounting; but they seek the holy mountain-tops that they may thence make sallies, as a

* Sky-blue is the colour of the order of the Jesuits, as likewise that of Krisna, and of anger. The hypothesis of Marat, the natural philosopher, that blue and red in combination produce black, should be tested by mixing the Cardinals' red with the Jesuits' blue. Marat himself afterwards produced, in the revolution, from blue, red, and white, the most beautiful ivory black, or the so-called Indian ink, with which, in later times, Napoleon used to paint.

good general always occupies the heights, especially the gallows' hills. The Heimlicher ascends from earth into the sky even oftener than Blanchard, though for the same reason; he is even able to maintain his soul in such a flight for half a day at a time; but in this he cannot come up to the flying dragon of the king of Siam, which is sustained in the air by the mandarins in turn for two months together. Neither does he ascend, like the lark to make music; but like the noble falcon, to dart down upon his prey. If I see him praying on a Mount of Olives, he is about to build an oil-mill up there; does he weep by the brook Kedron, he is about to fish for crabs, or to throw some one into it. He prays that he may allure the *ignes fatui* of sin to himself; he kneels, like the first rank in a regiment, only that he may take better aim at some one who stands opposed to him. He stretches out his arms, kindly and warmly, to clasp some one, a ward for example, in the closest embrace, but only, like the heated Moloch, that he may burn him to ashes; or he piously crosses his arms in prayer, that, like the so-called iron virgins, he may cut into the flesh of his victims.

At length the disquieted friends became sensible that there are certain persons to whom it is easiest to gain admittance after the fashion of thieves, without being announced. On Sunday evening therefore, at eight o'clock, they marched without ceremony into the house of Mr. von Blaise. All was still and deserted. They crossed an empty hall, entered an empty saloon, and through the half-open folding-doors they peeped into the private chapel of the house. Through the crevice they could only see six stools, upon each of

which lay an open hymn-book, turned on its face; and on a table, covered with oil-cloth, lay Müller's "Heavenly Kiss of the Spirit," and Schlichthober's "Five-fold Considerations for all Sundays and Holy-days." They pressed through the opening, and lo! the Heimlicher sat alone at the head of the table, and continued his devotions, sleeping, with his night-cap under his arm; for the servants of his household and church had read aloud to him (and the same happened every Sunday) until he had become hardened by sleep into a petrifaction, or a pillar of salt; because what he had eaten and drunk, in addition to his spiritual nourishment, had made his eyes as heavy as his head; or because, like all other hearers, he was accustomed to close his eyes during the scattering of the divine seed, as people do while their heads are powdered; or because private chapels and churches are like the old temples, in which oracular revelations were received in sleep. The servants then read in a lower tone, in order gradually to accustom him to silence; and afterwards they all crept off quietly, piously leaving him alone in his posture of prayer, leaning against his chair-bed until ten o'clock, when Mrs. Heimlicher returned from visiting. The domestic sacristan, with the help of the watchman, then awoke him suddenly out of his sleep by a shrill "amen," and he again covered his cold head.

But this day it happened otherwise. Leibgeber knocked several times loudly on the table with the knuckle of his forefinger, to rouse the father of the town out of his first sleep. Beholding at his levee the two meagre parodies and copies of each other, and bewildered by sleep and beer, instead of his fallen cap

he took down a glass wig from the block, and put it on his head. His ward addressed him with civility, and said he wished to introduce to him the friend with whom he had exchanged names; he also called him "gracious cousin and guardian." Leibgeber, who was more excited and angry, because he was a few years younger, and because the injustice did not affect himself, fired off, three uncivil steps nearer, this question at his ears, "Pray, which of us two has your grace declared *pro mortuo*, in order the better to cite him as a dead man? Here two ghosts appear at once."

Blaise turned away proudly from Leibgeber to Siebenkäs, and said, "If you, sir, have not changed your dress with your name, you are the worthy person with whom I have several times had the honour to speak. Or are you perhaps the gentleman?" said he, turning to Leibgeber, who shook his head like one possessed. "Well, then," continued he, in a more friendly manner, "I must confess to you, Mr. Siebenkäs, that hitherto I really have been of opinion that you were the same person who, ten years ago, entered the academy, and whose small inheritance I took in tutelage, or rather curatorship. What most conduced to my error is the resemblance which you, sir, appear to bear, *præter propter*, with my lost pupil; for, *tertiâ comparationis*, there are several discrepancies; for instance, a mole near the ear."

"That foolish mole," interrupted Leibgeber, "he obliterated, for my sake, with a toad; because it looked like an ass's ear, and because he could not have supposed that, with the ear, he would at the same time lose a relative."

"It may be so," replied the guardian, coldly; "you must bear witness for me, Mr. Advocate, that it had been my intention to pay over to you the inheritance to-day; for knowing your jocose disposition, I could easily believe that the assertion of your having changed your parental for a strange name was a jest. But during the preceding week I have learnt that you really have been proclaimed and married under the name of Siebenkäs, and so forth: now, I have spoken on the subject with my son-in-law, Mr. von Knärnschilder, president of the Inheritance-office, and he tells me I should incur a great risk were I to give the property out of my hands. 'What could you object,' observed he, very justly, 'if, at any time, a third possessor of the name should appear, and claim from you a re-delivery of the trust-money?' And, indeed, it would be too hard upon a man who, in the multiplicity of his business, has undertaken the troublesome curatorship prescribed by the laws, entirely out of love to his relations, and brotherly love towards his fellow-creatures* in general—it would be too hard upon him, I repeat, if, as a reward for so much trouble, he should be obliged to pay the sum over again out of his own purse. At any rate, Mr. Advocate Siebenkäs, as I am perhaps more willing than you suppose, in my private capacity, to admit the justice of your claim, but since an individual conviction, as you, a lawyer, must be well aware, is no legal evidence, and I must act here as guardian, not as man,—I would suggest that you

* He calls mankind his brethren, after the fashion of Moravians, monks, and princes; but perhaps not without reason, since he treats them quite as well as an eastern prince treats his brothers,—yes, even with somewhat more leniency, without the bodily beheading, blinding, and maiming, in addition to the spiritual.

should leave the decision of your case to a third party, who would be less partial to my wishes, viz. to the Inheritance-office. Give me the pleasure, Mr. Advocate Siebenkäs," concluded he, smiling, and laying his hand upon his ward's shoulder, "of receiving a legal proof of that which I cannot but desire—that you are my long-unheard-of cousin, Leibgeber."

"Is not, then, the trifling resemblance which Mr. Siebenkäs yonder bears to himself, that is to say, to your ward, of equal value as evidence as a similar resemblance in the case of *comparatio literarum?*" said Leibgeber, with grim composure, performing various runs and fugues on the colour-piano of his face.

"By all means," replied von Blaise, "something, but not every thing; for there were many pseudo-Neros, and in Portugal three or four pseudo-Sebastians; and you yourself might be my cousin, Mr. Leibgeber."

The latter sprang forward, with a changed and joyful tone, and exclaimed, "And so I am, my dearest guardian; it was only a trial,—pray pardon my friend and myself this trifling deception."

"Very well," replied he, more haughtily; "but you must now be convinced, gentlemen, by your own shiftings, of the necessity of a judicial inquiry."

This quite overpowered the Advocate of the Poor: he squeezed the hand of his friend in order to restrain him, and with a voice really broken under the sentiment of a fellow-creature's hatred, he inquired, "Did you never write to me at Leipzig?"

"If you are my ward," returned Blaise, "I certainly did several times; if you are not, you have procured my letters by some other means."

With a still more gentle and broken voice Sieben-

käs added, "Do you not recollect having written a letter in which you assured me that I might, without hazard, change my name? Do you not?"

"That is really too absurd," answered Blaise; "in such a case the question at issue were at an end."

Here Leibgeber riveted his ten fingers into the father of the town, seized each shoulder like a saddle-bow, and cramping him with his hands, firmly to the chair, he rolled out the words, "No letter?—none—none?—old honest hoary villain! Don't grunt, or I'll throttle thee!—none—O thou true God! Move not, guardian, or my dog will fly at your throat. Answer softly, hast thou received no letter, sayest thou?"

"I am quite content to say nothing," lisped Blaise; "more especially as under coercion no evidence is of any value."

Siebenkäs now drew his friend away, but the latter called Saufinder, "Mordax! hah! Sau!" took off the glass wig from the servant of the state, and breaking out its principal locks, said to Siebenkäs, while the dog lay ready for a spring, "Screw him down yourself, if the dog is not to do it, that he may listen quietly whilst I whisper a few sweet flatteries into his ear, and don't let him say 'pap.' Mr. Heimlicher, born von Blaise, my object here is not to abuse you, or to utter before you an improvised pasquinade; on the contrary, I will call you an old rogue, a robber of orphans, a varnished villain, and whatever else there is of the same sort, as for instance, a Polish bear, whose track looks like that of a human being.* Such titles as I now bestow,—such as villain, Judas, rascal,"—and at every word he struck

* The same robbing and murderous paw is concealed in both under the semblance of a human footstep.

the glass turban against the other hand, like a basin in Janissary music,—"scoundrel, blood-leech, tear-leech, such nominal definitions cannot be called abuse, and cannot give offence; first, because, according to lib. xv. § 38 *de injur.*, the greatest insults may be spoken in jest, and I am now jesting; and secondly, because, in defence of one's rights, abuse is always permissible, vide Leyser. Yes, according to Quistorp's penal code, a person may be accused of the greatest misdemeanour without *injuriandi animus*, provided such have not been proved and punished. And is thy honesty already proved and punished, thou hoary-headed, dishonest rogue? have you not,—like the Heimlicher in Freiburg,* who is, however, a better man,—the privilege of being exempt from prosecution for a certain number of years? but I'll persecute you to-day.—Mumbler! Mordax!" the dog looked up for orders.

"Now leave off," said Siebenkäs, who felt sorry for the humbled sinner.

"This minute; but don't make me savage," said Leibgeber. He let fall the shorn wig, and standing upon it, drew out his scissors and black paper. "I must first quietly cut out the bolstered face of this praying nightcap, and take it with me as a '*gage d'amour.*' I can then carry this *ecce homunculus* about the world with me, and entreat the folks to beat him. Blessed is he, who, before his death, thrashes the Heimlicher Blasius of Kuhschnappel! I was myself too strong to do it. I shall be unable to inform that bald fawning sharper," continued he, turning to Siebenkäs, and completing a good profile, "of my success, in person, until

* The Heimlicher in Freiburg is inviolable for five years while his office lasts, and for three years after his resignation.

after the lapse of a year, when the small offence I may possibly have been guilty of against the villain will have become antiquated, and we shall be as good friends as before."

He then unexpectedly requested Siebenkäs to remain with Saufinder, whom, by a sign, he had posted as a *corps d'observation* against the Heimlicher, while he went away for a moment. During his late visit to Blaise's state saloon, where he received the great and middle world of Kuhschnappel, he had been much struck with the paper, and with a peculiarly significant stove, in the form of the Goddess Themis, who certainly singes as often as she warms: he had, in consequence, brought with him, for this visit, a camel-hair paint-brush, and a little bottle of ink, made of cobalt dissolved in aqua-fortis, to which are added a few drops of some volatile salt. Unlike the black-cloth ink, which is visible at first and invisible afterwards, this sympathetic ink does not at first appear at all, but comes out in green when the paper is warmed. Leibgeber now took his brush and painted on the paper nearest the stove or Themis the following invisible wall-hornbook:

"In presence of all the assembled guests, the Goddess of Justice herewith enters her protest, that, worse even than being hung in effigy, she is here stuck up to be heated and cooled at the good pleasure of the Minister of Injustice, the Heimlicher von Blaise, long since condemned at the bar of the inner secret tribunal. —THEMIS."

Leibgeber left the silent seed of this green Priestley's matter on the wall, pleased with the conviction that, on some future day, in winter, when the saloon of the Goddess should be well warmed for a grand

party, the whole green market would all of a sudden shoot up merrily, in sight of the assembled company.

On returning to the oratory, he found his Saufinder still engaged in his official contemplation, and his friend, acccording to command, contemplating the dog. They all took a polite leave of the Heimlicher, and Leibgeber even begged him not to accompany them to the street, as it might there be difficult to restrain Mordax from a little bite or so.

In the street, he said to his friend, "Now don't pull a long face at it; I shall always be able to fly in and out to you. Accompany me now beyond the gate; for this very day I must pass the border. Let us run, that in six minutes we may find ourselves on the prince's territory."

Beyond the gate, that is, its un-Palmyrian ruins, the crystal light-reflecting grotto of an August night spread its illuminated vault over the dark-green earth, and the ocean-calm of nature rebuked the storm of the human breast. Night drew up, over the earth and down beneath it, the curtain of heaven, full of silent suns, without the stirring of a breeze; the reaped corn stood in sheaves without a rustle; while the monotonous cricket, and a harmless old man gathering snails, seemed to dwell alone in the spacious darkness.

The fires of anger were suddenly burnt down in both. In a tone lower by two octaves, Leibgeber said, "God be praised! this again writes a verse of peace round the inner storm-bell. It seems as if Night with her black robe had muffled my noisy drum, and subdued it to funereal music; and I find myself with pleasure somewhat sad after so much scolding."

"I only wish your humorous rage against the shorn sinner had not been on my account, old Henry," responded Siebenkäs.

"Had you been in my place," said Leibgeber, "you would have stormed still worse, though you cannot fling a satire into people's faces as readily as I can. It is easy enough for a man, especially one so gentle and mild as myself, to bear ill treatment on his own account, but not to see a friend ill-treated, and you, alas! are the martyr of my name, and at the same time blood and eye-witness of it this day; and in a general way when I am ridden by the devil of anger, or rather when I ride it, I prefer to ride the brute half dead, till he fall down, that I may not have to mount him again for a quarter of a year at the least; but I have crumbled bread into a famous soup for you, and leave you sitting with the spoon."

Siebenkäs certainly did fear that he should lose the 1200 florins, the baptismal fee of his new baptism; he therefore said as cheerfully and unconcernedly as his heart, oppressed by the sudden separation of the night, would allow: "I and my wife have provisions enough in our fortress of Königstein, and we can sow and reap in it. God grant us sometimes a hard nut to crack, for after such nuts the table-wine of our smoked life tastes most delightfully. I shall bring on my action to-morrow."

As the hour of departure was about to strike, they both concealed their emotion under the guise of comic phrases.

On arriving at a column built by the Princess of—— to commemorate a meeting with her sister, who descended the Alps, while she came from England,—and

as this joyful memento of a meeting was this day to be the memento of something very opposite,—Leibgeber said, "Now march back—your wife is anxious—it is already past 11 o'clock. There is your boundary, the Rabenstein,* your border-fortress. I shall go into the territory of Baireuth and Saxony for a while, and there cut my rye, *i. e.* strangers' faces, and sometimes my own foolish one besides. I shall probably see you again, just for fun, in a year and a day, when my verbal offence shall have become antiquated. *En passant*," added he quickly, "give me your word of honour to do me a favour." Siebenkäs gave it too hastily. "Do not send my *depositum* after me.** A prosecutor requires money to meet expenses. So farewell, dearest!"

These last words he uttered, rapidly, and after a hasty embrace ran at full speed down the hill. The bewildered forsaken friend gazed after him without accompanying his departure by so much as a tone. In the valley the runaway stopped, stooped down low, and loosened his garters. "Could you not have done that up here?" cried Siebenkäs, and he ran down after him, and said, "We will remain together till we reach the Rabenstein."

The sandbath and reverberating fire of a noble anger made all their softer feelings warmer, as a warm climate adds strength to poisons and spices. The first leave-taking having already made their eyes overflow, all they could now command was voice and expression.

* Lit. Raven-stone, place of execution.—*Tr.*

** Consisting of money—five vicariat dollars, &c.

"You are not unwell, after so much vexation?" said Siebenkäs.

"If, as the saying goes, the death of the domestic animals foretels the death of the master of the house," returned Leibgeber," I shall live for ever; for in my menagerie all the animals are alive and kicking."*

They stopped at last before the refuse-heap of the market-town,—the place of execution. "Now only up to the top," said Siebenkäs.

When they had ascended this boundary-hill of so many a wrecked existence, Siebenkäs looked down upon the stone-altar, partly overgrown with green, of so many an innocent sacrifice, and pictured to himself in that darkened moment what heavy blood-drops of agony, what burning tears had flowed from child-murderesses —themselves murdered by the state and their lovers—on this last and shortest scaffold of torture, on this field of blood: and when he lifted up his eyes from this last fog-bank of life, and gazed over the wide earth, around the boundaries and above the brooks of which the mists of night were steaming, he took the hand of his friend, and looked, weeping, into the free starry heaven, and said, "There aloft the fogs of our days must one day be resolved into stars, even as the mist of the milky way parts into suns. Henry, dost thou not yet believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Friend," responded Leibgeber, "it won't yet do. Blaise scarcely deserves to live once, not to speak of twice, and several times. True, it sometimes seems to

* It is well known that Plato compares our lower passions to a troop of beasts kicking in the belly.

me as if a piece of the other world should be painted into this, in order to round it off, and make it a whole in itself,—just as I have often seen portions of foreign objects introduced at the sides of pictures, to detach the principal group from the frame, and give it unity; but at this moment human beings seem to me rather to resemble the crabs which the priests formerly furnished with little torches, and turned adrift to creep about the churchyards, to represent the souls of the departed; thus we too, with our torches of souls, with the masks of immortal beings, creep over the graves: they will perhaps some day go out."

His friend clasped him to his heart, and said, "We never go out. Farewell, a thousand times. We shall meet again. By my soul, we do not go out—farewell, farewell!"

And thus they parted. Henry proceeded slowly with drooping arms, along the footpath between the stubble, and did not so much as lift his hand to his overflowing eyes, lest he should give token of his grief. But great pain came over his orphaned friend: for men who seldom break out into tears pour them forth on occasions the more immoderately; and so he came back and laid his exhausted and softened heart to rest on the peaceful bosom of his wife, whom not even a dream disturbed. But far into the forecourt of dreams was he accompanied by pictures of Lenette's future days, and of his friend's night-walk beneath the stars, to which the latter looked up in his loneliness, without a hope of ever approaching nearer to them; and it was for his friend that unseen he wept the longest.

Oh, ye friends! thou who wanderest abroad, and

thou at home! But, why then have I always to repress the sentiment which the thought of you has again so strongly awakened in my bosom; the feeling with which, as it were by stealth, I was so deeply penetrated and refreshed in my youth, when I read in their letters of the friendship between a Swift, an Arbuthnot, and a Pope? Have not many others felt themselves, like me, warmed and encouraged by the touching quiet love of these manly hearts, which though cold, cutting, and sharp, to the outer world, yet laboured and throbbed in their common inner world warmly and tenderly for one another; as it were, lofty palm-trees armed with long thorns against all that lies below, but on their summits filled with precious palm-wine of the most vigorous friendship?

And if this be so, may I not likewise, though in a lower degree, find in our two friends something similar to awaken the echoes of our love? Do not inquire too scrupulously why they became attached by such brotherly ties. It is only hatred, not love, that requires explanation. The source of the best and holiest, from the universe up to God, is hidden behind a night, full of too-distant stars. In the green juicy period of youth, at college, they both looked through the breast into one another's heart, but they were attracted by their opposite poles. Siebenkäs especially admired Leibgeber's vigorous firmness, yes, even his power of anger; his superiority to, and ridicule of, every kind of pretension, aristocratic, sentimental, and even learned; for, like the condor, he laid the egg of his act, or deep saying, without any nest, on the naked rock, and preferring to live without a name, was continually assuming a new one. The Advocate of the Poor, therefore, used

to relate to him over and over again two anecdotes, for the sake of enjoying his vexation. The first was concerning a German professor in Dorpat, who suddenly checked himself in the midst of a panegyrical discourse on the reigning Grand Duke Alexander, and was silent; and, after gazing a long time at his bust, at length said, "The silent heart hath spoken." His second anecdote was that of Klopstock's having sent the splendid edition of his Messiah to the gate of the school where he was educated, begging the worthy porter to strew spring-flowers on the grave of his teacher, Stubel, and thereupon whisper in a low tone the giver's name, Klopstock. When Leibgeber waxed angry, Siebenkäs continued, that the poet had called upon four porters in succession, and invited them each to deliver three reading lectures from his Messiah, promising them in return a gold medal, presented by a friend; and here Siebenkäs would wait to see Leibgeber storm and rave against a person who, to speak after his own fashion, worshipped himself as his own *reliquarium*, full of holy bones and limbs.

Leibgeber, on the other hand (somewhat resembling the Morlacks, who, according to Towinson and Forlis, while they have but one word (osveta) for revenge and consecration, are yet as friends betrothed and blessed at the altar), Leibgeber, I say, especially admired and loved, in his satirical foster-brother, the diamond pin which united poetry and mildness with a world-braving stoicism. And lastly, they enjoyed the unusual pleasure of mutually understanding each other, both in their jests and in earnest. It is not every one who meets with such a friend!

CHAPTER III.

Lenette's Honeymoon. Book-brewing. Schulrath Stiefel. Mr. Everard. The Day before the Wake. The Red Cow. St. Michael's Wake. The Beggar's Opera. Temptation of the Devil in the Wilderness, or the Little Man of Ton. Autumn Joys. New Labyrinth.

THE public could not fall into a greater error, than in expecting to meet our hero on Monday in a mourning-coach, with mourning-cloak, and ruffles, and black buckles, weeping over the apparent corpse of his good fortune and his capital. Good heavens! how can the world blunder so egregiously! The Advocate was not even in quarter, not to speak of half, mourning, but as merry as if this third chapter lay spread open before him, and he were about to begin it, as I am.

The reason was, he had drawn up an impeachment against his guardian Blaise, adorned it with sundry satirical touches, which nobody but himself understood, and presented it to the Inheritance-office.

It is some gain, at least, if we are only able to act at all in the hour of need. Let Fortune send us ever so unfriendly and frosty an autumn-wind, so long as it does not break our uppermost wing-joint, like the swan's, the very fluttering we make, though it may not bear us into a milder climate, will at least help to warm us a little. From affectionate consideration, Firmian concealed from his wife the delay in receiving his inheritance, as well as the ancient bartering of names; he took it for granted, that the obscure wife of an advocate would never have to look into the genealogical tree of a patrician.

What, indeed, could a man require, who, out of the still moon of singleness, had all at once passed into the honeymoon of double blessedness? Now, for the

first time, he embraced his Lenette comfortably with both arms—for he had previously held his friend, ever fluttering to and fro, firmly in his left; and Lenette had now room to stretch herself out more at ease in the chambers of his heart. The bashful wife availed herself of it, as much as she dared; she confessed to him, timidly, that she was almost glad there was no longer the unmanageable Saufinder to peep out so terribly from underneath the table; whether or not her feelings for his wild master were the same, the submissive wife would never confess. She appeared to the Advocate like a daughter; and could never exhibit too many little peculiarities to the fullgrown father. It was nothing that she gazed after him, when he went out, the whole length of the street; nothing at all to her running after him out of the house-door, when, from the window above, she spied so much street-pavement sticking to him, that she was positively obliged to pull him back into the house, and brush the skirts of his coat as clean as if, in Kuhschnappel, the paving-tax were really paid for a pavement. He would then take hold of the brush, and say, with a kiss, "Inside there is still much of all sorts, but no one sees it; and when I come back, we will scratch and scrape it out upstairs in our room together." Lenette not only listened to his every wish like a maiden, but obeyed and served him like a daughter. Though not too much for the love it awakened in return, this was far more than he either expected or exacted. "Senate-clerk's daughter," said he, "be not too obedient to me I am not thy father, clerk of the senate, but only an advocate of the poor; and I have married thee, and sign myself simply Siebenkäs, as far as I know."

"My late father," answered she "also composed and wrote in private many a thing with his own hand, which he afterwards spoke well and fluently."

Such singularly-crooked answers were, nevertheless, far from unpleasing to the Advocate: and even though, from the great veneration in which she held him, she could never understand a single jest that he made upon himself; whether it was that her heart contradicted his ironical self-abasement, or that she entirely agreed in his ironical self-exaltation, whatever it might be, it is certain that these mental provincialisms of his wife were not at all disagreeable to him. She was in the habit of using many old-fashioned words, religious antiquities out of Luther's Bible; and all this added to the original and peculiar charm of her sentiments and of his honeymoon. Once, when he put on her own little head a very pretty cap—which, in her joy, she had successively tried on the three cap-blocks, that she sometimes even gently kissed—and drew her to the mirror, saying, "Put it on, and look at yourself; your own head may, perhaps, be as good as one of wood;" she looked exceedingly pleased, and said, smiling, "Ah! you are always trying to flatter one." Believe me, this *naïve* misunderstanding so touched him, that he swore he would never again be guilty of such jokes, but keep them to himself and for himself.

This, however, was nothing to another honeymoon delight; namely, that on the next fast and penance day, his Lenette—looking ten times prettier in her headgear of black lace, her face, a white and red blossom of youth, peeping out of the dark foliage of her dress —positively would not allow him to kiss her. "Such worldly thoughts," she said, "were not at all proper

before church, when people were already dressed in their fast-day attire—one could very well wait."

"So I will," said he to himself; "but, like the North American squaw,* I will stick a spoon five inches long and three inches broad through my under-lip, and carry it about with me, if ever again I think of courting and kissing such a pious soul when she is dressed in black and the bells are ringing." And though he was no especial church-goer, he kept his word to her and to himself. So it is with us men in marriage, ye brides!

The reader may also easily imagine how very happy the Advocate was in his honeymoon, now that Lenette so beautifully performed what he had hitherto always done himself miserably enough and against the grain; that is to say, when, by her untiring labour in sweeping and brushing, she made his dithyrambic chartreuse as clean, straight, and smooth as a billiard-table. She planted whole honey-trees, full of buns, in his honeymoon, when she thus buzzed about him in the morning like a busy bee, carrying in wax, building and cleaning out cells, casting out foreign bodies, and stopping up chinks, while he was quietly involved in acts, and building up his juridical wasp's nest; and when he chanced to look out of his wasp's nest, and cast a glance upon her neat little figure in the tidiest of household dresses, how often did he not put his pen into his mouth, and holding out his opened hand to her over the inkstand, say, from behind his pen, "For

* On the N.W. coast of America, between the 50th and 60th degrees N. latitude, the women carry, in their bored under-lip, a wooden soup-spoon, which increases in length according to their rank. One woman wore a spoon five inches long and three broad.—*Langsdorf's Remarks on a Voyage round the World.*

heaven's sake, only have patience until the afternoon, when you sit and sew, and then I will reward and kiss you enough, while I am walking up and down the room."

But to relieve any female reader, who may suffer anxiety lest such a honeymoon should have been soured by the disinheriting rogue Blaise, I must ask but this one question: Was not the Advocate in possession of a silver mine, full of pure veins of silver, and a stamping-mill, in seven law-suits that were in progress? and had not his good friend Leibgeber sent after him a military treasure-chest upon the four wheels of Fortune, on which were loaded—two spectacle-dollars of Julius duke of Brunswick, one Waiwode trinity-dollar of 1679, one tail or queue-ducat, one gnat or wasp-dollar, five vicariat-ducats, and a number of Ephraimites? This cabinet of coins he calcined and evaporated without hesitation, for his friend had put it into his pocket merely as a quiz upon those who purchase one dollar with a hundred. Indeed, they both lived in a community of possessions, material and immaterial, such as few understand; their sentiments were already so elevated, that they felt no difference between the giver and receiver of a benefit; and they stepped, united, over the clefts of life, like the crystal-seekers of the Alps, who, by binding themselves together, ensure themselves against falling into the chasms of ice.

But, besides this, on the evening of St. Mary's day, he stumbled on a thought, which cannot fail to relieve the anxiety of every lady who may read his history, and which made him happier than the largest bread-basket, fruit-baskets, or a basket of wine could have done. Indeed, he had a presentiment that he would have such a

thought; for whenever he was in distress, he used to say—"I wonder what sort of a remedy I shall spin again now; for, that I shall hit upon one is as sure as that I have four chambers in my brain." The happy-making thought, in question, was to do what I am now doing, viz. to write a book,—only it was to be a satirical one.* Hereupon a powerful stream gushed from the opened sluices of his heart upon the wheel and mill-work of his ideas, and the whole spiritual machine rattled and clattered, and made such a dust and ringing, that in a moment several pecks were ready ground for his work.

I know of no greater mental excitement, and scarcely of a sweeter one, than when a young man strides up and down his room, and boldly resolves to take a quire of writing-paper and turn it into a manuscript. It is to be doubted whether the Conrector Winkelmann himself, or General Hannibal, paced up and down the room more hastily, when, with a like boldness of conception, they both made up their minds to go to Rome.

As soon as he had decided on writing a "Selection from the Devil's Papers," Siebenkäs was obliged to run out of the house, and three times round the market-place, before he could shake his rolling movable ideas back into their right joints, and fix them there by tired legs. He returned, fatigued with his inward fire, looked to see if there was sufficient white paper for his MSS., and then ran up to his tranquil cap-maker, and kissed her so suddenly, that she had scarcely time to take

* The book was published by Beckman in Gera, in 1789, under the title of "Selections from the Devil's Papers." I shall hereafter venture to express my opinion of these satirical writings. [It was one of the earliest works of the author.—*Tr.*]

the pin out of her mouth (the last thorn on this rose).

While he was kissing her, she looked down askant, and with her needle quietly fastened a ribbon upon the wing of a cap.

"Rejoice," said he, "dance about with me; to-morrow I am going to write an *opus*, a book! Roast the calf's-head this evening, though it *is* against our twelve eating-rules!" viz. on the first Wednesday, he and she had sat on a committee of provision-laws; and among the thirty-nine articles of an economical table-government, it had been carried and decreed, that, like the Brahmins, they would manage without meat in the evening, badly enough, and only with the equivalent of meat.

But it cost him the greatest trouble to make his Lenette understand, that with one sheet of his "Selection from the Devil's Papers," he might reasonably hope to recover his calf's-head, and therefore that it was not without good grounds that he granted himself a dispensation from fasting. Lenette, like the common man, or pirate printer, thought that a written book was paid like a printed one, and even that the compositor got more than the author. Never in her life had she heard of the enormous salaries which German authors obtain at the present day. She was like Racine's wife, who did not know what a verse or a drama meant, but nevertheless kept house upon them. For my part, I would not lead a woman to the altar and into my home, who could not at the very least, under my firm, complete a period in my work, which death, with his hour-glass, might have caused me to stumble over; or whom it would not inexpressibly delight to

hear me read the learned reviews of Göttingen, or the Universal German Library, when they sounded my praise, though it might be, in some degree, exaggerated.

The pleasure of writing had this evening set all our hero's little globules of blood into such a commotion, and made such a whirlwind of all his ideas, that in his vivacity, which often bore the appearance of temper, he would have gone off, like detonating powder, against every slow-going thing that came in his way,—such, for instance, as the dawdling step of the errand-girl, or her manner of drumming out her words,—had he not immediately taken a cooling draught to temper his exuberant excitability.

It is easier to give a fall, and a quicker current, to the slow creeping motion of a sluggish thick blood, than to break the waves of a tempestuous flood of joy. But Siebenkäs, even in his greatest joy, knew how to allay excitement, by thinking of the inexhaustible Hand which gave it, and by that gentle emotion beneath which the eye is cast down before the unseen eternal Benefactor of all hearts. The heart that is at once softened by gratitude and the tear of joy, will shew its thankfulness in this at least, that it will be milder towards others. This feeling of gratitude it is which best tames that wild delight punished by Nemesis; and if those who have died of joy had but been softened by thankfully gazing aloft, they would either not have died at all, or at least would have died of a sweeter rapture.

The first and best thanks he offered up for the new straight and beautiful banks between which the current of his life was now made to flow, was the

devoting all his energies in endeavouring to save from torture a woman accused of infanticide, whose defence he had undertaken. The physician of the town had condemned her by the lung-trial, by which women are brought to the scaffold with about as much justice as by the water-ordeal.

Calm solitary days of the spring-time of marriage spread a carpet of flowers over the path of these two beings. Nothing particular occurred, save that a gentleman, dressed in flesh-coloured silk, appeared once or twice beneath the window in the morning, while Lenette stretched herself and her white arm out to fasten back the window-shutters.

"I am quite ashamed," said she, "of leaning out of the window? a fine gentleman is always standing below, who takes off his hat, and marks me down, as if he were the meat-appraiser."

On the Saturday's vacation, the Schulrath Stiefel fulfilled the promise he had solemnly made on the wedding-day, to come very often, and at any rate not to remain absent in the weekly holydays. I shall henceforth call him Pelzstiefel, to refresh the ear by variety, and because he is already so nicknamed by the whole place, from the grey minever hair-skin covering which he carries about on his legs, as a portable wood-economising stove.

On first entering the room, Pelzstiefel made up a nosegay of joy-flowers, which he stuck into the Advocate's button-hole. He elected him on the spot a fellow-labourer in the "Kuhschnappel Advertiser, Messenger of the Gods, and Review of all German Programmes," a work which he desired should become better known, that the school-books it recommended

might become so likewise. This writing-agreement is very satisfactory to me, because it will bring my hero now and then a review-penny for his evening soup.

The Schulrath, who was editor of the "Advertiser," did not heedlessly nominate to the judicial bench of critic; but Siebenkäs was raised in his estimation to the only being who overtops even a reviewer, viz. an author;—for he had learnt from Lenette, on the way to church, that her husband was about to publish a thick book. The Schulrath looked upon the "Salzburg Literary Gazette" of that period as the apocryphal, and that of Jena as the canonical scriptures. The solitary voice of a single reviewer was always multiplied in his ears into a thousand voices, by the echo in a learned court of justice; and out of one reviewing-head he conjured up several Lernean heads, just as the devil was formerly believed to invest the head of a poor sinner with many false ones, that the executioner might strike awry. The anonymous character of a reviewer gives to the judgment of an individual the weight of a college; but if the name of a candidate, XYZ, were written at the close of it, instead of "New Universal German Library," the learned observations of the candidate would be considerably weakened. The Schulrath enlisted my hero into the service on account of his satirical talent; for he himself, a lamb in every-day life, was suddenly transformed into a wolf on the reviewing-sheet: a common case with mild men who write, especially when they write about the *humaniora*, and so forth; like the mild Gessnerian pastoral tribes, who, according to Gibbon, love to make war, and wage it well; and even like the idyl-painter Gessner

himself, who was at the same time a cutting caricaturist.

Our hero, and newly-enlisted critic, in his turn also gave pleasure to Stiefel this evening, and opened to him the prospect of more, by giving him, out of the cabinet of coins bequeathed by Leibgeber, a gnat or wasp-dollar; not as a *douceur* in acknowledgment of his appointment to the critical wasp's nest, but that he might change it for him into small coin. The Schulrath, who was a diligent servant of his own cabinet of coins, and would have been glad if money only existed for cabinets (he meant numismatic, not political, cabinets), brightened up, and reddened with delight, at sight of the dollar, assuring the Advocate, who only required its natural, not its artistic, value, that he considered it a real token of friendship.

"No," said Siebenkäs; "it was I who received the favour from Leibgeber, when he presented me with the dollar."

"But if you would only demand it, I would willingly give three times the value to possess it," said Stiefel.

"But," interrupted Lenette, delighted at Stiefel's friendly manner and his pleasure, and nudging her husband secretly to remain firm, "but my husband," said she, with wonderful assurance, "will not have it otherwise; and a dollar is a dollar."

"But," said Siebenkäs, "I ought rather to require from you in future three times less, if I sell you my little cabinet piece by piece."

Ye dear souls! would that all human "yes's" were such "buts" as yours!

On such an agreeable evening the bachelor Stiefel

did not neglect to shew due politeness to the female sex, especially towards a woman to whom he had already become attached when he drove her as bride in his carriage, and who had since become doubly dear to him as the wife of such a friend—not to speak of her own kindly manner towards himself. With tolerable address, therefore, he engaged her in the conversation, which had hitherto been too learned for her, using her three cap-blocks as stepping-stones in making a transition to the "Journal des Modes;" but, unluckily, he too quickly slipped back upon an older "Journal des Modes," viz. upon that of Rubenius, concerning the dress of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

He also offered to lend her his sermons every Sunday; and this the more readily, since advocates, like bad Christians, possess no theological works: yes, he even went so far as to hold down the candle for her while she was seeking the fallen snuffers at his feet.

For the whole house, or rather apartment of Siebenkäs, important was the Sunday on which a grander gentleman than any hitherto introduced made his appearance. This gentleman was the Venner,* Monsieur Everard Rosa von Meyern, a young patrician, who was in the habit of going daily in and out of the house of the Heimlicher von Blaise, in order to accustom himself to official routine. He was also the bridegroom elect of a poor niece of the Heimlicher, who was educated for his heart in a distant country.

The Venner was therefore an important character, both in the town and in our thorn-piece; and indeed, in a political point of view, in every respect, for physically he was of much less consequence. His

* Councillor of finance.—*Tr.*

body was stuck through his flowery dress, much like a stick through a village-nosegay. Beneath the glittering wing-shell of a waistcoat, embroidered all over with animals,* throbbed a straight, if not concave, belly, and his legs were endowed with the quantity of calf usually allotted to the wooden stockings set up by weavers in their windows, as an advertisement of their trade.

The Venner informed the advocate, in a cold and rudely-polite manner, that he had only come to relieve him of the burden of conducting the defence of the woman accused of infanticide, knowing that he had so much other business on his hands. But Siebenkäs easily saw through this pretence. It was well known that the commercial-traveller, whom the accused had adopted as the father of the child which had flown so speedily beyond the earth, was one whose name neither she nor the deeds could discover; but it was equally well known that the other father of the child, who, from modesty—like a young author—did not wish to attach his name to his *pièce fugitive* and introductory essay, was no other than the meagre Venner, Everard Rosa von Meyern himself.

„ There are facts of which a whole town will sometimes pretend to be ignorant, and among such was that of Rosa's authorship. The Heimlicher von Blaise, aware, therefore, that Firmian, who was her counsel, was also acquainted with this fact, feared lest he should revenge himself on his relative, for the robbery of his inheritance, by purposely conducting the poor criminal's defence ill, in order that Meyern might

* It was then the fashion to wear waistcoats covered with representations of flowers and animals.

have to endure the obloquy of her execution. Horrible, mean suspicion! And yet the purest soul is sometimes obliged to entertain such a suspicion.

Siebenkäs had fortunately completed the forging and erecting of the poor mother's lightning-conductor; and when he shewed it to the bridegroom apparent of the child-murderess apparent, the Venner was forced to confess that the lovely Magdalen could not have found, among all the advocates in the town, a more able protecting saint: at any rate not a more pious one, adds the writer and his readers, who know that by this defence of innocence Firmian wished to express his gratitude to Heaven for his first conception of the "Devil's Papers."

The Advocate's wife now suddenly returned from a hasty visit she had been paying in the neighbouring apartment of the book-binder. The Venner sprang to the door with a politeness which, for the moment, he could not carry further; since, of necessity, she must open the door before he could approach to meet her.

He took the hand which, with deferential timidity, she had half offered, bowed low, and kissing it, said, with up-turned eyes, "Med-dem, for several days I have had this lovely hand in mine;" thus betraying that he was the flesh-coloured gentleman who, with his pencil, had stolen her hand from below, as she stretched it out of the window; because he was distressed, he said, for a lovely Dolce's hand to grace the portrait of his absent bride, whose head only he had undertaken to draw from memory. He now pulled off his gloves, in which alone he had ventured to touch her,—from the same feeling of reverence which caused many of the early Christians thus to receive the sacra-

ment of the Lord's Supper,—but now he pulled them off his ring-covered fingers and white skin; for in order to preserve the latter from the sun he seldom took off his gloves, unless it might be in winter, when the sun tans but little.

The patricians of Kuhschnappel, at least the young, willingly keep the commandment given by Christ to his disciples, to greet no one on the way. The Venner too observed the proper degree of incivility towards the men; but to a woman his condescension was unlimited. The satirical disposition of Siebenkäs inclined him to be too polite and familiar with the common people, and too forward towards those of higher rank. From want of polish, he did not know how to describe with his back the exact curve towards the classics of the city; and therefore, in opposition to the voice of his friendly heart, he stood bolt upright.

Another cause, besides his want of polish, was his profession of advocate. The warlike nature of this profession inspires a certain degree of boldness. An advocate, moreover, has always this particular advantage, that he never requires one himself, and can therefore stand on high ground with the most influential personages, if they be not his patrimonial judges or clients, both of whom he has to serve with his humble gifts. In Siebenkäs, however, benevolence in secret generally pushed the movable bridge so far down beneath his tightly stretched strings, that, in the end, they only gave out soft low tones. But at this moment it was much more difficult to be polite than rude towards the Venner, to whose designs upon Lenette he could not be blind.

Besides, he had an innate disgust to dandies (though

quite a contrary feeling towards finely-dressed women), so that he often looked at the flugelman of dress in the "Journal des Modes" with the sole view of rousing his bile against them; and he assured the Kuhschnapplers that there was nobody in the world he should so much like to play a trick upon, insult, or injure, even to thrashing, as such a little man. It had always pleased him in Socrates and Plato, that they had gone to the market barefoot, compared with which to walk bareheaded (*chapeau bas*) was as nothing to him.

Before he could express himself in any other way than by his physiognomy, the Venner, stroking his half-grown beard, offered his services as Cardinal-Protector, or mediator in the inheritance-quarrel with Blaise; partly to deceive the Advocate, partly to humiliate him. But the latter, disgusted at the idea of such a gnome acting the part of his house-spirit and Paraclete, answered hastily, but in Latin, "In the first place, I insist upon it that my wife shall not hear a word about this insignificant potato-war; and, secondly, in an affair of justice, I scorn to employ any other than a legal friend, which latter I represent in my own person. I fill my station in Kuhschnappel, though certainly the station does not fill me." This last play upon words he expressed with such facility of language, by its counterpart in Latin, that I am almost tempted to insert it; but the Venner, who could neither translate to himself the play upon words, nor even the rest so clearly as we have here read it, immediately replied in the same language, in order to get off without exposing his ignorance, "Imo, immo," by which he meant to say "Yes."

Firmian continued, in German, "It is true that

guardian and ward, cousin and cousin, are nearly related to one another in every sense; but have not people come to blows even in the best councils, in that of Ephesus for instance, in the fifth century? Yes, the Abbot Barsumus, and Dioscurus bishop of Alexandria, both men of rank, beat the good Flavian, as is well known, until he was half-dead,* and the affair; moreover, occurred on a Sunday; but the religious truce which in those old foolish days was preserved on Sundays and feast-days, when people abandoned their feuds, is now on the contrary broken, and in the public-houses (bells and mugs ringing it out) people fight and quarrel, that courts of justice may interfere and punish. Indeed, in the olden time the number of feast-days was increased in order to decrease the number of feuds; in the present day, people who, like you and me, Monsieur von Meyern, belong to the courts, and must live upon something, should rather petition for the abolition of a few peaceful work-days, and for the substitution of new Apostles' and St. Mary's days, in order that, with the increase of quarrelling, fines and fees might multiply in the same ratio. But who thinks of such things now-a-days, most excellent Venner?"

All this he was able to say before Lenette, who had long ago become accustomed to understand only the half, the quarter, the eighth part, of what he said; and as to the whole Venner, she did not trouble herself about him at all.

When Meyern, with cold condescension, had taken his leave, Siebenkäs endeavoured to prepossess his wife, whose hand the Venner had kissed, still more in his favour, by acquainting her with his undivided love to

* Mosheim's Eccles. Hist.

the whole female sex, notwithstanding his being a betrothed bridegroom, and by lauding to the best of his ability his previous love to his now imprisoned and capitally accused mistress. But instead of prepossessing her in favour of the Venner, he prejudiced her against him. "Be ever thus faithful to thyself and to me, thou good creature," said he, pressing her to his heart; but she, who was quite unconscious of having remained faithful, asked, "To whom, then, should I be unfaithful?"

From this day forth until St. Michael's day, on which fell the church-dedication feast, or town-wake, Fortune seems to have spread our way, *i. e.* mine and the reader's, with no particular flower-beds, but simply with a smooth green lawn. It would almost appear as if she purposed to make St. Michael's day itself stand out in fuller relief before us, like a bright coloured glittering town rising out of a valley. Little indeed happened; at least, my pen, which only employs itself on important events, does not willingly record such trifles as that the Venner Meyern called several times on the bookbinder who dwelt under the same roof-latitude with Siebenkäs. He only called to inquire whether the "Liaisons Dangereuses" were bound.

But St. Michael's day! Verily the world shall remember it: and is not even the day of preparation sufficiently select, and rich enough to bear description without fear?

Let the public read the description of this day of preparation, and then give its vote.

On this day, or sabbath-eve of the wake, all Kuhschnappel, like every other place, was a workhouse and house of correction for women. A sitting, peaceful,

or cleanly dressed woman was not to be found in the whole place. The most studious opened no papers except thread-papers to take silk out of them; and the only leaves they turned over were leaves of paste for pie-crust. No one dined—the wake tarts and cakes were the real wheel-work of the female machines and of their future enjoyment.

At a wake, women must have their exhibition, and cakes are their altar-pieces. Every one nibbles at and examines these baked silhouette boards, and escutcheons of another's nobility. A pie hangs upon every one like a medal, or like the pieces of lead tacked upon cloth as marks of its value. They eat and drink next to nothing; but thick coffee is their consecrated communion-wine, and transparent thin pie-crust their holy wafer. But in the house of their friend and hostess, the latter is most palatable to them when it is as hard as a stone, shot-proof and dagger-proof, or burnt bone-black to a cinder, or in any other way wretched. Willingly do they acknowledge the errors committed by their most intimate friends, and then endeavour to grind out the notches by inviting them to their own houses, and treating them very differently.

With respect to Lenette, my dear lady-reader, she had been in the habit of baking from time immemorial, so that male connoisseurs preferred her crust, female connoisseurs her crumb; and all were agreed that no one but you, my dear, could at all equal her in baking. The kitchen-fire was the second element of this female salamander, for water was the first element of this good nymph.

To bathe as it were in sand, to splash, scrape, and cackle, in such a rich establishment as that of Sieben-

käs—for he had devoted all Leibgeber's Ephraimites to the church-dedication feast,—was her vocation.

No kiss could this day be applied to her glowing face; but, in good sooth, the woman had enough to do, for at ten o'clock another work followed upon another workman—the butcher.

I am sure the public will, in the end, thank me for a brief account of this affair: and who but myself could give it?

At the beginning of the summer, all the four householders clubbed together for the purchase of a fine dry cow, which was turned out to be fattened. The bookbinder, the cobbler, the advocate of the poor, and the hairdresser (who only differed from the others in being their landlord, as they all equally dwelt with their creditors), these four had an authentic instrument drawn up by an able hand (it was appended to the arm of Siebenkäs), concerning the life and death of the cow, wherein the respective contracting parties, who all stood round the empty document, with the exception of the one who sat down to write it, bound themselves to the following agreement:

1. That each of the four parties interested in the cow might and should in turns milk the said cow.

2. That the members of this fattening *cuisiné* should defray, out of a common war-chest, the eating expenses, carriage of victuals, in short every thing appertaining to the support and maintenance of said cow; and

3. That the allies should not only slaughter the above-mentioned fattened beast the day before St. Michael's day, Sept. 28, 1785, but should again subdivide each quatter of the same into four parts, according to

the *lex agraria*, to be distributed to the four parties in question, share and share alike.

Siebenkäs drew up four correct copies of this contract, one for each party; and he never wrote any thing with more serious pleasure in his life. The third article was all that now remained to be fulfilled by the peaceful house-confederacy of the four evangelists, who assumed but one animal as crest of the company, and that one, moreover, was the female of that of Luke.

All this time, however, the learned are languishing for my wake; and therefore I must content myself with a hasty sketch of my man and animal-piece. The Septembriseur, the butcher, even at the close of Fructidor, did his duty well. The four convivial princes stood by during the whole operation; and even old Sabel assisted, and got something. The quadruple alliance treated themselves, like the slaughtered beast, with a pic-nic, to which each contributed for the purpose of bringing in the butcher gratis; and it is undeniable, that one member of the league, whom I shall hereafter mention, appeared at the table in a condition and in a dress scarcely serious enough even for the slaughtering. The battle-Hanse then proceeded to the partition according to the number of the company; and the golden-calf, round which they danced, was correctly sliced by different heraldic cuts—of which I will only mention the wave-cut, the clover-cut, the head-cut, the tooth-cut, the step-cut—and then it was all over. I do not think there is any thing more that I can communicate worthy of notice in the whole zootomic division, save an observation of one of the shareholders. "It were to be desired," said Siebenkäs, "that the

twelve tribes, and, at a later period, the Roman empire itself, had been as honestly or as manifoldly divided as our cow, and Poland."

Sufficient justice will have been done to the *embonpoint* of the cow, when I have quoted the following panegyric of the cobbler Fecht:

"May legions of devils take thee, thou miserable, scraggy brute!" (then suddenly, in a subdued pious voice)—"Now God Almighty has shewn favour to the good beast, and blessed us poor unworthy sinners beyond measure."

He was a careless, merry grig, who had shut himself up in the heavy coach of pietism, and was always obliged to sweeten his old curses with new sighs; and it was to the not over-dignified condition and dress of this very Fecht that I before alluded: the whole day of the slaughtering he had on, alas! no breeches, but strode up and down the slaughter-house in a white gown of his wife's, thus representing his conjugal half. But the society did not take it ill, for he could not do otherwise, since all the time he was appearing in the *demi-négligée* of an Amazon, and looked like an hermaphrodite, his black leather leg-bags were in the dye-pot to be reprinted.

The Advocate had begged Lenette to come and sit down quietly with him at half-past four o'clock, and not to give herself any further trouble even with the supper, for he would this evening economise, he said, and content himself with half a dollar's worth of pie.

The busy one ran about and swept; and truly as early as six o'clock both reposed within the wide leathern arms of the grandfather's large elbow-chair—for

he had no flesh, she had no bones; and tranquil and happy as children, while eating, they gazed at the room artistically arranged for the wake, and at the all-pervading brightness, at the moon-sickles of cakes in their hands, and the liquid burnished gold, or rather gold-foil, of the setting sun, which, creeping up ever higher, illuminated the sparkling tin utensils; and their rest was like the sleep of a cradled infant, surrounded by the twelve screaming, clattering, Herculean evening-labours of the other people in the house. The clear sky and the newly washed windows added half an hour to the day, and the tuning-hammer of the evening-bells softly harmonised their melodious wishes, until they became dreams. At ten they awoke, and went to bed.

I take pleasure myself in this little starry night-piece, which my head has reflected as gleaming and awry as does the gilded hemisphere of my watch when held against the setting sun.

In the evening, the hunted, wearied man desires to be at rest. For the evening of a day, for the evening of a year (autumn), and for the evening of his life, he carries home his wearisome harvests, and hopes so much.

But hast thou never seen thine image on the stubble-fields?—the autumn-flower, or daisy, which spares her blossoms for the after-summer, and, without fruit, is snowed over by the winter, and bears none until the next spring?

But hark! how the roaring, swelling flood of the morning of the wake breaks against the bed-posts of our hero! He steps forth into the dazzling white room, which Lenette—who had slyly got up during his first

sleep before midnight—had washed and sanded, or powdered, to an Arabia; thus she had her will, and he his.

On the morning of a wake I should advise every one to do as Siebenkäs did, *i. e.* open the window, and, leaning out, look upon the rapid building and hiring of the little wooden exchanges, and watch the falling of the first drops of the human waterspout: but observe, that it was not by my advice that Siebenkäs, in the arrogance of his wealth (for samples of all the tarts in the house lay behind him), called to many a green patrician-caterpillar which crawled about below even more haughty than himself, and whose natural history he was desirous of reading out of its own face, "I pray you look at yonder house; don't you see any thing?"

When the little grub lifted up its physiognomy and stretched it out backwards, so that he was enabled to study its countenance at his leisure, which was his object, he asked, "Do you see nothing at all?" Then, upon the little animal shaking its head, he agreed with it, and added, "Naturally enough! for neither can I, though I have been looking out for a year and a day, see any thing particular; but I did not like to trust my own eyes."

Thoughtless Firmian! sow easily may the fermenting foam of your delight subside again, as on the Saturday when you delivered your visiting-cards! But first the drop of must, which he had pressed out of his forenoon hours, frothed up—all was fresh and sparkling. The bustling landlord, with his powder-sowing machine, scattered his seed upon a good soil. The bookbinder carried his wares, consisting of blank

copybooks, novelties, and almanacks, on an axletree to market; and was obliged to make two journeys with the wheelbarrow, but in the evening he only made one back again, because he had disposed of his almanacks (which are indeed the greatest novelties or news, inasmuch as in the whole course of time there is nothing so new as a new year). Old Sabel had opened her East-India house, her fruit-shop, and tin-ring cabinet beneath the gate. She would not have sold her warehouse to her own brother for six florins; and was, besides, a town and not a country shopkeeper.

The cobbler mended no one's shoes on this holy St. Michael's day except his wife's.

Enjoy untroubled, for the time being, O my hero, this refined sugar of life, and empty the dish of sweetmeats which the forenoon offers thee. Trouble not thyself about the devil and his grandmother, even though, in accordance with their nature, they should be reflecting how best to mix a cup of bitter medicine, or poison, to give thee to drink.

The greatest amusement of my hero, however, is yet to come, viz. the countless herd of beggars. I will, by describing the enjoyment, attempt to distribute it to others.

A wake is the fair annually visited by beggars of every rank. For many days previously every foot which has no other footing than tender hearts is directed, like a radius, to the place: but it is on the very morning of the wake itself that the annual mendicant corps and column of cripples first sets itself properly into motion. Those who may happen to have seen Fürth, or who have been in Elwangen under

the government of P. Gassner, may cut the following pages out of their copy, but no one else can form any idea of this matter until I shall have proceeded further, and have conducted him through the gate of Kuhschnappel.

The street-litanies and vocal serenades now commence. Like blinded finches the blind sing, better, but louder; the lame walk; the poor preach the gospel in person; the deaf and dumb make a terrible noise, and with little bells ring in the wake; one chimes into the air of another; a paternoster is gabbled before every door; and in the house no one can hear his own swearing. On the one hand whole cabinets of *hellers** are scattered abroad, and on the other are pocketed. The one-legged soldiery mingle oaths with their ejaculatory prayers, and curse terribly because they get so little: in short, the market-town, which had resolved to enjoy this day, was almost taken by storm by the army of beggars.

Now appear the cripples and sick. He who possesses a wooden substitute for a leg, and for whom a catholic place of pilgrimage is too distant, sets his imitation-limb, along with his third leg or co-operator —the crutch—in motion towards Kuhschnappel, and props and plants the pointed foot into moist ground in the neighbourhood of the gate, and there waits to see if the wood will thrive and bear fruit. He who possesses no arms, or at least hands, there stretches out both for a small gift. He on whom Heaven has bestowed, in ever so small a degree, the beggar's talent, sickness, or the beggar's "vapeurs," palsy, takes up his pound, and his body appertaining to the dis-

* Small coins.

ease, and therewith levies contributions from the healthy; in fine, whoever could stand as frontispiece to treatises on disease (as well as before the gate) now steps forth beneath the latter, and publishes what ails, or rather fails him, which, for the time being, is other people's money. There are many legs, noses, and arms to be had in Kuhschnappel, but yet more men. One extraordinary fellow, however, who cannot be rivalled, is an object of special admiration and envy to those waste-paper souls who cannot witness excellence in another without coveting it: this fellow is only half present, for his other half already moulders in the grave—all that goes by the name of thighs, &c. having been shot away from him. These shots have enabled him to usurp the primateship and generalship of the cripples, and authorise his being drawn about on a triumphal car, like a demigod, whose spirit, instead of a corporeal garment, has only got on a cape and short doublet.

"A soldier," said Siebenkäs, "who is still encumbered with one leg, and feels tempted in consequence to grumble at fate, and demand, 'Wherefore am I not shot to pieces, like this cripple, but only get a miserable pittance of alms?' should consider that, on the one hand, there are thousands of warriors near him who have not even one wooden leg, not to mention more, and are therefore quite destitute of this brand and beggars' mark; and on the other hand, that he might always ask, however many limbs he might have been deprived of by the bullet, 'Why not more?'"

Siebenkäs was amused by this misery because the wretched creatures amused themselves; but, on the other hand, he did not set up a politico-economical

hue-and-cry because the poor creatures eat and drank too much, or because the whole hospital wagon-load might chance to get out at a shepherd's hut, and there, laying aside blisters, martyr-crowns, girdles of thorns, hair-shirts, leave nothing behind but fresh human beings, who for a moment ceased sighing; or since all men work, not merely to live, but in order to live sometimes a little better, because the beggar too might occasionally receive something more than his daily bread, and because when the cripple got possession of the Goddess of Joy, who only visits our ball-rooms *en masque*, and dragged her as partner into his boarded dancing-barn, her warm mask in dancing sometimes fell off.

At eleven o'clock, as I prognosticated, the devil threw a handful of buzzing flies into Firmian's bridal soup, viz. a bridegroom in person, Mr. Rosa von Meyern, who, in his patrician character, had sent word that he should visit them in the afternoon, because he could better overlook the market-place from their window. Poor devils, who can command in no other house but their own, often make loop-holes for the purpose of firing upon the enemy who attacks them—from *within*. The Advocate had an incivility to throw at the Venner in both scales of his Themis-balance, and tried to choose the lightest; the one was, to send him word that he might remain where he was,—the other, to let him in, but in every other respect to act just as if the creature were in the moon. Siebenkäs selected the latter as the smallest.

'Poor women! they have always to carry and hold the Jacob's ladder by which we men ascend into the blue and sunset skies. This visit was a new load

piled upon the two poles of Lenette's arms. The watering of all the movable goods and chattels, and the holywater sprinkle was again put into requisition. Lenette hated Meyern—the bridegroom of the woman accused of infanticide—from the bottom of her heart; yet not the less did she apply all the polishing machines to the apartment. Verily, I believe women adorn themselves for their enemies even more than for their friends.

The Advocate paced up and down the room, hung all over with chains of argument, like a ghost, and endeavoured to inspire her with the resolution not to trouble herself about the hare.

It was of no avail. She said, "What would he think of me?"

But when she had ejected, as a crudity, from the chamber his old inkstand, in which he had just put powder to dissolve for his "Selection from the Devil's Papers," and was proceeding to attack the holy ark of his writing-table, *then* the marriage-lord arose, lifted himself up on his hind legs, and pointed with his fore-feet to the line of demarcation.

Rosa appeared! No soul in the least tender could absolutely curse the youth, or beat him to death: one rather liked him, on the contrary, in the intervals of his pranks. He had white hair on his head and on his chin; on the whole was gentle; and, like the insects, had almost milk instead of blood in his veins—as plants, too, which are poisonous, have for the most part a white milk-like sap. He forgave every one easily, except maidens; and, in the evening, at the theatre, often shed more tears than he had forced from many a seduced victim. His heart was neither

of stone nor *pietra infernale;* and when he prayed for any length of time together, he became pious, and sought out the oldest doctrines, that he might adopt them.

The thunder was for him the watchman's rattle, which woke him out of the light sleep of sin: he loved to take the poor by the hand, especially the lovely. All things considered, he may possibly find his salvation, particularly as he is not in the habit of paying his gambling debts, like the debtors of the great world, and treasures in his heart an innate commandment against the shooting and sabre-slashing of duelling.

To be sure, he has not yet learned to keep his word; and neither, were he poorer, would he have any hesitation in stealing. Like a lap-dog, he lays himself at the feet of people in power and wags his tail; but he pulls at the dress of women, or shews his teeth to defend himself.

Such pliant water-plants yield to every satirical blow; and however much they may be merited, it is impossible to give them, since the effect is in proportion to the resistance; and Siebenkäs wished Meyern were ruder and rougher; for it is just such supple, whining, weak, sapless creatures who steal away fortune, wealth, maiden-innocence, offices, and fame; and are exactly like ratsbane or arsenic, which, to be genuine, must look quite white, glittering, and transparent.

Rosa appeared, I say; but infinitely smart. His pocket-handkerchief was a great Molucca, and his two locks two little Moluccas full of perfume. Upon his waistcoat—according to the then prevailing fashion—was embroidered a whole menagerie, or Zimmerman's zoological map. His little trousers, and his little coat,

and all, salted the women in the house, by merely passing them, into Lot-pillars of salt; but I must confess that I myself am more dazzled by his six beringed fingers: profiles, pictures, stones, even beetles' wings, all were employed in the gold-shoeing of his fingers.

I may be allowed this expression in reference to the hand—"it is shod with rings like a hoof"—since the term has been long applied to the hoof of the horse itself, for Daubenton has proved by dissection that it possesses all the parts of the human hand. The use of these hand or finger rings is innocent, nay, they are even indispensable to those who need them in their noses; for, according to the received opinion, these metal coverings of the fingers were invented to disfigure beautiful hands—chains and nose-rings, as it were, to tame vanity; therefore the fist, which is ugly in itself, can easily dispense with this additional disfigurement.

I should like to know whether another similar thought of my own may not be equally well founded, and explain why a beautiful hand should be turned into a hunchback of rings (*sphæra armillaris*).

Pascal wore a great iron ring, provided with spikes, round his naked body, in order that, by slightly pressing upon it, he might punish himself for every vain thought. Are not the smaller and prettier rings, perhaps, intended to punish every vain thought in the same manner, by slighter, but more frequent, pains? At least this would seem to be their object, since vain people wear most of them, and play most with their ring-covered hands.

Unwelcome visits often pass off more pleasantly than others. To-day all were in spirits. Siebenkäs was in

his home, as if at home; and looked out upon the market-place with the Venner. His wife, according to her education, and the custom of the middle classes in little towns, had not the courage to be other than mute, or at most a listener, in the concert of a male conversation. She went to and fro, served them with cakes, &c., and spent most of the time with the women below. The polite, gallant Rosa in vain tried upon her his spell to fix a woman to one spot. He complained to her husband, that there was little real refinement in Kuhschnappel, and not one amateur-theatre where one could act, as in Ulm: the best fashions, too, and books, he said, he was obliged to procure from foreign parts.

Siebenkäs merely expressed to him his amusement at the beggars in the market-place. He pointed out to him the little boys blowing into their red-painted trumpets—if not loud enough to blow Jericho to pieces, at least the drum of the ear; but, with proper consideration he remarked, he should not quite overlook those other poor devils, who were collecting in their caps the gleanings of the split firewood, as building-surveyors collect the shavings. He asked him whether, like other councillors of the exchequer, he, too, disapproved of all lotteries; and if he thought the morals of the common people of Kuhschnappel were much injured by the old cask yonder, turned topsy-turvy, on the bottom of which an index, revolving round a dial-plate of gingerbread and nuts, was set into motion for a small compensation on the part of the shareholders, at the risk of the lottery-department—an old greedy woman-piece—inasmuch as many a youngster got a cake instead of a little nut.

Siebenkäs loved the little; because in his eyes it was a satirical, caricaturing, diminishing glass of all great civil pomp. The Venner took not the slightest interest in these double-meaning illustrations; but in sooth the Advocate never thought of dissipating any other person's ennui by such observations but his own. He once said—"I may surely speak aloud to myself what I please. Of what importance is it to me whether another listens behind my back or before my belly?"

At length he went down stairs, and mingled with the people in the market-place, much to the satisfaction of the Venner, who now hoped to speak a reasonable word with his wife. After Firmian's departure Everard was for the first time in his element—in his true pike-pond. By way of introduction, he built up before Lenette a model of her native town. He was acquainted, he said, with many streets and persons in Augsburg, and had often ridden past the Fuggery; and it was as present to him as if it had occurred to-day, that he had once seen her sewing a bonnet, near an extremely respectable-looking woman, who no doubt must have been her mother. Without the least scruple he took her hand in his, which, out of gratitude for such sweet recollections, she easily permitted; and, after pressing it, he suddenly relaxed his grasp, to see whether she had not, in the confusion of fingers, returned it a little, or did not at least seek to recover the lost pressure: but he might as well have pressed the iron hand of Götz with his thief's thumbs as her warm one. He next turned the conversation upon coiffure-fashions; and spoke about them like a man who understood the subject, and not like Siebenkäs, who mixed himself in

such matters without the slightest artistical knowledge; and he offered her two editions—one of Ulm fashions, another of Kuhschnappel customers. "I know some ladies," said he—and he shewed her in his pocket-book his list of engagements for the ensuing winter-balls—"whom I can oblige to deal with you. I will not dance with any one who does not wear something of your manufacture."

"It won't be quite so bad as that, either," answered Lenette, with more meanings than one.

At last he begged her to work a little before him, thereby hoping to divide the power of her war-forces, as she would then be obliged to post her eyes upon the pins, and only employ her ears against him. She blushed as she took two pins, and stuck one into the little round red pincushion of her mouth. That he could not possibly allow: he knew too well the danger of a woman being armed with prickles or thorns, against such hares as himself, whether she might happen to swallow the stiletto itself, or only the poisonous verdigris upon it. With his own hands he drew the weapon from the sheath of her lips; but scratched—so he asserted at least, with great lamentations—her cherry-mouth a little, or not at all. A righteous Venner, in such a case, considers himself bound to defray the healing expenses, and give compensation. Of his own accord Everard drew out of his pocket a patent English salve, rubbed a little on her left forefinger; and with this mortar-trowel—being obliged to grasp her whole hand, as handle of the finger, and sometimes involuntarily to squeeze it—he spread the salve-varnish on the invisible wound. The unlucky dagger itself he stuck in his shirt, giving her in exchange his own

elegant pin from the frill, and thereby exposing with pleasure his tender white breast to the cold.

I most earnestly request those who understand this service to judge my hero quite impartially, and, sitting on a court-martial, to point out to me what they consider to have been ill-judged plans and false moves.

He would not now permit the wounded Lenette to work any more, but requested her to shew him her finished head-dresses. He ordered a fac-simile of one for Madame von Blaise, which he begged her to try on; and he himself arranged the cap in the manner Madame Blaise was accustomed to wear it. By heaven! it became her better than he could have supposed; and he swore it would be equally becoming to Madame Heimlicher, especially as she was just of a height with Madame. This was a lie, for Lenette was shorter by a whole half nose at the least: having seen the lady at church, she said so. Rosa maintained his assertion, and staked his soul and salvation—for on such occasions he spoke impiously—upon his opinion, that the gracious lady was not taller; he would take the sacrament upon it; he had measured himself with her a hundred times, and she was half an inch taller than himself.

"By heaven!" said he, suddenly jumping up, "why, I carry her measure about me, like her tailor. I have only to measure myself with you."

I will not withhold, in this place, from little maidens a golden rule of war, which I have made myself. Never dispute long with a man on any subject whatsoever: warmth in argument is, in itself, warmth. People forget themselves, and at last come to proving by syllogistical figures, which is what the enemy aims at; and these

are then translated into poetic, and even into plastic figures.

Lenette, made giddy by the quick whirl of events, placed herself good-humouredly against the recruit-measure—her recruit Rosa. He leaned his back against hers. "That won't do," said he, "I can't see so at all;" and unbuckling his fingers, which, with his arms, were bent back, and buttoned just over her chest, he turned round quickly and placed himself before her, embracing her slightly, and balancing himself against her, in order to judge by the levelling-machine of the eye, whether both their foreheads were in one plane. His rose above hers by a whole inch. He clasped her yet more tightly, and said, blushing, "You were right; but my mistake was in adding your beauty to your height:" and in such close neighbourhood he pressed his red mouth, like sealing-wax on the document of truth, upon hers.

She was ashamed, embarrassed, ready to weep, and indignant; but had not the courage to let her anger break out against a patrician; however, she did not speak another word. Seating himself with her at the window, he said he would read her some songs, very different from those which were bawled about for sale below; that is to say, he himself was one of the greatest poets in Kuhschnappel; although hitherto he had himself made known his verses, rather than been made known by them. His poems, like most poems of the present day, resembled the Muses—for they were genuine children of memory.

Every ancient Frank town has at least its new-fashioned dandy, who does the honours; and every cold prosaic town, which can boast of an imperial

judicature, possesses its genius, its poet and sentimentalist, both which situations, as in the case before us, are oftentimes filled by one and the same person. The great and little senate styled their Rosa a powerful genius, affected by the genius-epidemic. This disease is analogous to the elephantiasis, which Troil, in his journey through Iceland, correctly describes in his 24th letter; the characteristic features of which are, that in hair, cracks, colour, boils on the skin, and in every other respect, the patient exactly resembles an elephant, excepting only that he is not gifted with its strength, and dwells in a cold climate.

Everard drew a touching elegy from his left pocket, in which (I mean, in the elegy) a noble gentleman, who was heartbroken by love, sung himself to death. Rosa prefaced by the remark, that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to read it to her, if his emotion would but permit him to bring it to a conclusion. But the poem soon forced more than one tear of emotion from the author; and to his honour be it spoken, he afforded another example of the fact, that however well he, and poets of his description, preserve their self-possession at the greatest miseries of humanity, they are nevertheless unable to control their feelings altogether at those of love, but must needs weep. Rosa, however, who, like dishonest gamblers, always placed himself near some reflecting surface, whether of water, a window-pane, or polished steel, in order that he might catch at any moment the image of the female physiognomy, now perceived in a little ring-mirror on his left hand, which held the elegy, but very slight traces of tragic dew drawn from Lenette's eyes by his poem. He therefore took from his second pocket a ballad (it must surely

have been printed long ago), in which an innocent woman, condemned for infanticide, takes an affecting farewell of her lover previous to her execution. This ballad, very unlike his other poetic offspring, possessed real poetical merit, since, luckily at least for the poem, he himself represented such a lover, and consequently was enabled to speak from the heart to the heart. It is difficult to paint the emotion, the melting tears, which appeared in Lenette's face: her whole heart was dissolved in her blinded eyes—for she was not used to be thus agitated by reality and fiction at once. Then the Venner, in the fire of his enthusiasm, suddenly cast away the ballad, and throwing himself on Lenette's neck, exclaimed—"Sympathising, noble, *holy* one!"

To depict the astonishment with which Lenette, not in the least comprehending this sudden transition from weeping to kissing, pushed him away from her, would be impossibe: but it was of no avail; he was *in furore;* he demanded a souvenir of this "holy, enchanting moment"—only a little lock of her hair.

Her low station, the grand epithet, in short, the impossibility of understanding what he wanted to do with her black fur, even if she had cut off for him whole tassels and bed-flocks,—all this together put the silly notion into her head, that he wanted a lock of her hair to bewitch her, perhaps to charm her into loving him.

He might now have stabbed himself before her on the spot, cut himself into slices with a sabre, impaled himself alive,—she would have looked on with perfect coolness; she might, perhaps, have

given her blood to save him, but not one single little hair.

One last resource he had kept *in petto;* indeed, such an occurrence had never happened to him before. Lifting up his hand in the air, he took a solemn oath that he would procure for her, from Monsieur de Blaise, the inheritance of her husband, and the acknowledgment of his relationship as cousin,—to obtain which he had only to threaten that he would break off the engagement with his niece,—if she would only take the scissors and cut him off a lock of her hair as a *souvenir*, were it only so much as the fourth part of a moustache.

She knew nothing of the quarrel, and he was therefore obliged, much to the prejudice of his enthusiasm, to give a prosaic circumstantial narrative of the *species facti* of the whole proceeding. By good luck he had still in his pocket the newspaper in which the Inheritance-office had advertised for information concerning the existence of the Advocate, and this he was enabled to shew her. The poor plundered woman then began to weep bitterly, not at the loss of the inheritance, but at her husband's long silence, and most of all at the uncertainty of her present name, not knowing whether she were married to Siebenkäs or Leibgeber. Her tears flowed faster and faster; and in the delirium of her grief she would have given the seducer before her all her beautiful locks, if, while he was begging for *one* on his knees, an accident had not occurred to snap asunder the whole chain of these minutes.

But previously let us look after her husband in his wanderings. At first, he strolled among the stalls; for

the many-voiced tumult, the cheap enjoyments, and the outspread pattern-sheet of rags, out of which we clothes-moths patch up our dresses and cells,—all these filled his spirit with humorously melancholy reflections upon the mosaic picture of our life, composed, as it is, of variegated minutes, grains of dust, drops, vapours, and little points. He laughed, and listened with feelings which few of my readers will understand, to a bawling ballad-singer, who, with his rhapsody-staff in one hand, pointed to a large outstretched representation of a most horrible murder, and in the other offered for sale smaller printed papers, wherein the misfortune and the murderer were depicted to the German in no brighter colours than those of poetry. Siebenkäs took two copies of these, which he put into his pocket to read in the evening.

This melancholy murder-piece sketched on the back-ground of his soul the accused woman he had defended, and the Rabenstein, on which the warm tears had fallen from his bleeding heart the last time it had been wounded,—that heart which one other alone understood.

He abandoned the noisy market-place, and sought the silence of nature, and that *isolatorium* devoted at once to friendship and to crime.

It is a strange soothing feeling that comes over us when from the tumult of a market-place we go forth at once into the serene expanse of the soberly clad creation,—into her silent dark cathedral.

With a heavy heart he ascended the well-known spot, whose hateful name I will omit; and from this ruin he looked around him on the creation, as though he were the last living man. Neither in the blue of

heaven, nor on the green of earth, did he find a second voice; only a lost grasshopper chattered in monosyllables in the exposed furrows, from the stubble of the cleared forest of corn-ears. The birds trooped together, screeching dissonantly, and flew into the thickly strewn green nets, instead of into the distant green spring. Over the meadows without flowers, over the fields without corn flitted pale, ghost-like figures of the past;—and over the grand everlasting objects, over woods and mountains, hung a gnawing fog, as though all nature, trembling and crumbling, were about to melt into its murky vapour. But a bright thought pierced the dark drizzle of nature and of the soul, and resolved it into a white mist, and the mist again into glittering dew, and the dew fell upon flowers. He gazed to the north-east on the mountains which concealed from him his second heart, and behind which his friend, a pale image, arose like the earlier coming autumn moon; and the spring, when he would again visit and see his Henry, already began to strew for him a broad path thither with green and with flowers. How man plays with the world around him, and quickly dresses it anew with the spun webs of his own spirit!

The spotless blue heaven now descended nearer to the dun-coloured earth. Did not the future spring already send its music from afar, across a whole winter, in the evening-bells of pasturing cattle, in the wild wood-notes of birds, and the unchecked murmur of the brooks, which flowed into the future carpet of flowers? And when he saw a quivering chrysalis near him, still hanging in her half-shrivelled-up caterpillar-case, and sleeping towards her future blossom-cups,

and when, with the spirit-eye of imagination, he looked beyond the hay-cocks of the aftermath into the evening glory of June, and every many-coloured tree bloomed, as it were, for him a second time,—their gaudy tops, like magnified tulips, painting a rainbow on the vapours of autumn,—oh, then, it was only earlier breezes of May that chased the fluttering leaves, and fanned our friend with their buoyant billows, and arose with him, and held him floating above the autumn and above the mountains, and he could look over the mountains and far countries, and, lo! he beheld all the springs of his life, which lay for him still in bud, strung together like gardens, and in every spring stood his friend!

He left the place, but wandered long in the meadows, where at this season there is no occasion to look out anxiously for the path, chiefly in order that his eyes might not betray on whom he had been thinking, especially to-day, when he was met by so many market-people, But it was of little avail: in certain moods the wounded soul, like injured trees, pours forth its tears unceasingly, and on the slightest touch.

He avoided eye-witnesses, particularly such as Rosa, because, I am sorry to say, in such moments, when his feelings were excited, whether it were from shame or from quickness of temper, he was most liable to spoil his mood by irritability. At last a weapon for self-conquest fell in his way,—the thought, namely, that he had to apologise and make amends to his guest for his impoliteness in absenting himself so long.

When he arrived, what a strange sight met his

eyes! The old guest away, a new one in his place, and near him his wife in tears! At his entrance, Lenette went to the window, and a fresh gush of tears streamed down her face. "Mistress Advocate of the Poor," continued the Schulrath, still holding her hand, "for Heaven's sake, submit to the will of God. The matter is easily put to rights. I am willing to concede you a sorrow of the heart, but it must be a subdued one."

Lenette did not even look at her husband, but continued to gaze through the window. The Schulrath now related, first, all that I have already related; while Firmian listening, and looking at him, took the burning hand of Lenette, who turned away from him. The Schulrath then continued:

"When I entered the room, merciful Heaven! his worship was on his knees before the Mistress Advocate with carnal tears, and I must fear with the intention of robbing her of her precious honour. But I pulled him up, and asked him quite unceremoniously, with Paul-like undauntedness, for which I am ready to answer before God and man, 'Are these the doctrines which I gave your worship when I was your private tutor? Shall a Christian fall on his knees after such a fashion? Fie, Monsieur von Meyern! fie, Monsieur von Meyern!' And hereupon the Schulrath worked himself up again into the most terrible wrath, and strode up and down the room with his hands stuck deep into his plush-coat pockets.

"Against such a hare it is easy enough to find a scare-crow and garden-hedge," said Firmian; "but how does this concern you, love, and why do you weep so bitterly?"

Her tears only flowed the faster; whereupon the Schulrath stuck his hands into his sides, and said to her angrily, "So, Mrs. Advocate of the Poor, do my consolations to-day take such bad root in you? I could never have believed it. It seems, then, I have represented to you all in vain, when I had the honour of driving you over here in my carriage from Augsburg, the great blessedness of the marriage-state, and that too before you had enjoyed it. All my fiery description was spoken to the winds, and all I said to you in the carriage, as to how blessed a spouse is in a husband, how she must oftentimes weep for very joy in the possession of him, how both are only one heart and one body, and divide every thing with one another, joy and sorrow, every mouthful of food, every wish, yes, even the smallest secret—all this is as if blown away, from you, and Schulrath Stiefel, as I perceive, has made a fool of himself, Mistress Advocate!"

Lenette put her handkerchief to her face, wiped her eyes violently once or twice, cast on him with forced cheerfulness the most friendly glance, and said with a deep-drawn sigh, softly but not with pain, nothing but "Ah!"

The Schulrath laid the tips of his fingers, like a priest, on the hand which hung by her side, and said, "The Lord be your Physician and Helper in all your afflictions!" (he himself could now add little else for coming tears): "Amen,—that means verily, verily, so it shall be."

He then embraced and kissed her husband with great warmth, and said, "Send to me should your endeavours be unavailing to comfort your dear wife: and God sustain you both! But what brought me here?

The review of the Easter programme must be completed by Wednesday: I am also eight or more lines in your debt for the clever hits in your last review."

But when he was gone, Lenette did not remain as much consoled as might have been expected. She leaned against the window, lost in amazement and in deep but desponding thought.

In vain Firmian represented to her that he should never again change his or her present name; and that her honour, and marriage, and love, did not depend on the miserable letters of a name, but on his person and his heart. She repressed her tears, but remained the whole evening sad and silent.

Let no one call our good Firmian too suspicious, if, having but just got rid of one shipwrecked sacrilegious robber of marriage-faith, the Venner, he should now think of a volcanic eruption which might easily cover a wide extent of his life with stones and ashes, should his friend Stiefel, as it would appear, have really fallen in love, though innocently, with his Lenette. His whole conduct, beginning with his politeness on the wedding-day, his frequent visits, his wrath to-day against the Venner, and his emotion, all made up a connected picture of a heart-felt, growing, though righteous and unconscious attachment. Whether or not a spark had flown off from it, and was smouldering in the heart of Lenette, he could not yet ascertain; but notwithstanding the uprightness of his friend and of his wife, his fear, under the present circumstances, could not but be as strong as his hope.

Dear hero!—do but remain one!—Fate, as I ever more clearly perceive, intends by degrees to fit together the separate pieces into a good drilling machine for

boring the diamond of thy stoicism; or rather will construct cleverly, little by little, out of poverty, domestic sorrow, law-suits, and jealousy, a British scraping and singeing machine, in order to cut and burn away every little false thread, as on the finest English cloth. If such be the case, then come out of the press as glorious an English stuff as has ever been offered for sale in the Leipzic cloth- and book-fair, and thou wilt shine!—

CHAPTER IV.

Conjugal *Partie à la Guerre.* Letter to the Hair-fond Venner. Self-delusions. Adam's Wedding-Oration. Shadow-tracing and Over-shadowing.

THERE is nothing I observe and note down with greater precision than the two equinoxes—the conjugal equinox, when, after the honeymoon, the sun enters into the balance, and the meteorological equinox of nature; because from the state of the weather in both at this season, I am enabled to prophesy in a wonderful manner what it will be for a long period.

The most important (to my mind) is the first storm, both in the spring and in the married state: all the others come from the same quarter.

As soon as the Schulrath had quitted the house, the Advocate embraced his angry goddess, and overwhelmed her with all the arguments in his power,—arguments founded on eternal truths, half-arguments by evidence, solemn oaths, and logical deductions; in short, with every thing likely to harden a man's own tenderness and soften another. It was without effect. As well might he have fallen on the neck of the cold

stone baptismal angel in the principal church: it could not have been more cold and silent than his own angel.

Pelzstiefel was the blood-staunching tourniquet to Lenette's open streaming arteries. By going away, he had taken the plaster* of his tongue from her eyes, and they now overflowed without measure.

Siebenkäs went several times to the window and into his bed-chamber, to conceal from her that he was imitating her, and that he sympathised with her grief in spite of its unreasonableness. It is easier to bear and forgive pain of which we ourselves have been the cause, than that which has been occasioned by another. The following day the atmosphere of the room was oppressive from an unendurable stillness. As this was the first bed in the nursery-garden of marriage in which were strewn the pips of strife-apples, no rustling of the seed was as yet heard in the sowing. Not in the first quarrel, but only in the fourth, tenth, and ten-thousandth, can a woman be silent with the tongue, and at the same time make a noise with the *torso*, turn every chair which she pushes away, and every yarn-winder which she upsets, into a speaking-machine and language-wheel, and thus make up by the loudness of the instrumental music for the pause in the vocal. Lenette Wendeline did every thing and said every thing as softly as if her liege lord had the *podagra*, and were writhing with his swollen feet against the trembling foot-board of his bed.

On the third day the liege lord was vexed, and not without reason. For my own part, I candidly

* In the original "German tinder," which is used for stopping the flow of blood from small wounds.—*Tr.*

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acknowledge that I should not mind quarrelling violently with my wife, if I had one, and be as willing to interchange words (dispute) with her, as letters; but one thing would be a matter of life and death to me, —a long, gloomy, tearful after-sulking, which, like a sirocco-wind, at last blows out all a man's lights, thoughts, and joys, and, in the end, the light of life itself. Thus a violent storm in summer is not unpleasant to us, on the contrary rather refreshing; but we cannot but rail at it on account of the wretched, gloomy, wet weather that follows it, and lasts for some days.

Siebenkäs was the more out of humour now, because it was the rarest thing in the world for him to be so. Like the rest of his profession who class themselves among the torture-free, he had, by means of Epictetus, long defended himself against the torture of the soul, grief, in the same manner as he had defended the woman accused of infanticide against another kind of torture. The Jews believe that, after the coming of the Messias, hell will be pushed along-side of paradise, in order that there may be a larger dancing saloon.* Siebenkäs did nothing during the whole year but build and fit his torture-chambers and schools of the cross to the pleasure-house of his bagatelle, in order to dance finer ballets in them. He often said, a small medal should be given to that citizen of the state who for three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty-five seconds, has neither snarled nor grumbled.

In the year 1785 *he* certainly would not have won the medal. On the third day, Saturday, he was so mad

* In the original follows; "and God will lead the dance."

with his silent wife, that he was madder still with the peace-breaker, Everard. Indeed, this troubadour and love-hireling might at any moment come again into the house, and introduce the Goddess Discord (who in Voltaire's Henriade is of the greatest poetical service as directress and ambassadress) into the domestic ballad of an advocate, in the character of machine-goddess, to untie the conjugal knot, and to tie a new one with the Venner. Siebenkäs therefore wrote him the following controversial paper:

"I make bold to offer in this little memorial the following petition to your highborn lordship.

"That your lordship would be pleased to stay at home, and no longer favour me with your visits.

"Should your lordship be in very great need of a few of my wife's curls, undersigned offers to deliver them, and will cut them off. If your lordship desires to establish a *jus compascui*, and to practise venery in my house, and will come in person, I shall be happy to seize the opportunity of pulling out by the roots (like monthly radishes) as many hairs from your head with my own hands as will serve for a souvenir. At Nuremberg I often went out to dine in the neighbouring villages with an old noble cudgeller,* that is, with an *informator*, who by tugging and plucking had collected out of the silken hair of three young patricians, during their lessons, a pretty mouse-coloured bag-wig, which he probably still wears. He attended thus to

* So were styled, formerly, the overseers of the gymnastic exercises, of whom some few private tutors in noblemen's families are still faint representatives. At that time the tutors of the young nobility were called *Bubenzuchtmeister* (boy-disciplinarians); and many wish that ours, both in and out of the gymnasia, at a time when every good remnant of the spirit of chivalry is eagerly sought after, might at least deserve the name, if they do not bear it.

the cultivation of silk, or rather, he took off the outer leaves of these little heads that his beams might penetrate better, to ripen the fruits within,—for the same reason as we take the leaves off vines in August.

"I remain, &c."

It will vex me if I should fail to convince the reader that the Advocate wrote this biting letter without the least bitterness of feeling. He had so often read himself into the spirit of the still brilliant satires of the three merry sages of London, Butler, Swift, and Sterne, these three bodies of the satirical giant Geryon, or these three Parcæ of fools, that the new member of their society, writing in their style, was not conscious whether his letter were biting or not. In his enjoyment of satire as a work of art, he forgot its meaning; yes, he even pardoned the longest thorns of a stinging speech directed against himself, in consideration of its shape and form. I appeal to his "Selection from the Devil's Papers," the satirical poison-bubbles and poisonous thorns of which were only in his inkstand and his pen, *i. e.* in his head, but not in his heart.

In this place I must beg my readers to infuse the spirit of mildness into their every tone, for our words offend more than our deeds; but still more into every sheet of paper; for verily, though your correspondents may long since have forgiven you a written "*pereat*," yet if perchance the sorrel-leaf fall again into their hands, the old leaven of hatred rises up anew: on the other hand, you may equally count upon the eternity of a written warmth. Truly though a long cutting December wind had made my heart stiff and unbending towards another, who in former times had written me real St. John's letters, true shepherd and shepherdess's

letters, it would be of little moment; for as soon as I chanced to draw these pastoral letters out of my letter-store full of pocket-books and letter-cases, the sight of the beloved handwriting, of the welcome seal, and of the sweet words, and the paper pleasure-ground of so many a rapture, would cast again upon the frozen heart the sunshine of old love: like a flower-cup when shone on, it would open to the days of "auld lang syne," and even though it were but yesterday that I had been offended, all my thoughts would say, "Ah! I have heretofore been too hard on the author (authoress)." Thus many saints of the first century ejected devils from the possessed simply by means of letters.

On the Saturday, Pelzstiefel, like a Jewish sabbath, came as if called for. I have frequently remarked that a guest has become the paste and cement of two quarrelling married halves, because shame and necessity have obliged them to speak and be friendly to one another, at least as long as the guest was listening. Every married lord should be provided with one or two guests, who might come in to relieve his sufferings when the mistress of the house happened to have the devil of dumbness in her body; for she must talk at least as long as the gentlemen are present, and take out of her mouth the iron thief-apple of silence, which grows on the same stalk as the apple of discord.

The Schulrath placed himself right before Lenette Wendeline, as though she were his scholar, and asked her if she had borne the first cross of her married life as patiently as a sister-sufferer of Job.

She cast down her large eyes, and wound a piece of thread the length of her finger on a thread snowball, and breathed deeper. Her husband spoke for her:

"I was her brother of the cross," said he, "and bore the cross-bar of the burthen: I without grumbling, she without grumbling. In the twelfth century the heap of ashes on which Job had suffered was still exhibited; behold, our two chairs are such heaps, and are still to be seen."

"Good woman!" said Stiefel, in the softest *pianissimo* of the hoarse creaking works of the man's breast; and he laid his great white hand on the dark raven hair that flowed from her forehead.

Siebenkäs heard a manifold sympathetic echo of these words in his own soul; and he placed his arm round Lenette's shoulders, who was blushing with delight at the condescending friendliness of the man in office. Siebenkäs pressed her softly to his right side, and said,

"Verily she *is* good; she is gentle, and still, and patient, and but too industrious. If the whole *arrière ban* of hell had not marched against our summer-house of bliss, in the shape of the Venner, to unroof it, Mr. Schulrath, we had long lived in it with joy, until far into the winter of our years; for my Lenette is good, too good for me and many others."

Here Stiefel, much moved, encircled her hand, which contained the ball of thread, at the seat of the pulse, with his five fingers—for her husband held the empty one; and as the balsam for our griefs, whose great drops she could not wipe away on account of her imprisoned hands, trickled quivering from her down-cast eyes upon her cheeks, it made the hearts of the men infinitely soft; besides which, her husband could never praise any one long without overflowing eyes.

"Oh! she should live so comfortably with me," continued he more hastily, "but my mother's property has been taken from me so cruelly; and even without the inheritance I could still have made her happy. We had no quarrel, not a single sad moment—had we, Lenette?—nothing but peace and love until the Venner came! He has taken much from us."

The Schulrath lifted up his fist in wrath, and said, striking the air, "Thou child of hell! thou robber-chief and pirate! thou silken Catiline, and plotter of mischief! does it ever cross thy mind that thou wilt have to answer for this and thy other tricks?—Mr. Advocate of the Poor, so much at least I demand of you, that if ever again he should solicit hair, you will drag him out by his own, or strike this fur-maggot, as you call him, with a boot-jack over the shoulders, and squeeze his hand with pincers; in a word, I will not endure him any longer here."

In order to cool his own and the other's feelings, Siebenkäs took this opportunity of informing him that he had already taken the proper steps, and had forwarded to the Venner the requisite *inhibitoriales*. Pelzstiefel chuckled joyfully, and nodded approvingly with his head; for though, in his estimation, a high and mighty government was Christ's viceroy, a count a demigod, and an emperor a whole god,—yet a single deadly sin committed by any one of them was sufficient to cost him all his veneration and friendship; and against a blunder in Latin, even though it had come out of a crowned and golden head, he would without hesitation have girded up his loins for warfare on the battle-field of a whole Easter programme. The man of the world maintains an upright carriage and a

crooked soul; the scholar often possesses neither the one nor the other.

The last clouds cleared away from Lenette's soul as soon as she heard that a paper-barrier and *chevaux de frise* had been set up at her chamber-door against the Venner. "Now then he fleeth from me,—God the Saviour be praised! He lieth and deceiveth every where," said Lenette. (In saying this, Lenette again used the old Lutheran forms now in disuse.*)

"That is a blundering manner of speaking, Mrs. Advocate of the Poor; for the irregular verbs, which, as *verba anomala*, do not follow the usual rule in the *imperfecto*, are yet by all good German grammarians regularly inflected in the *præsens;* only poets make exceptions, as they do, alas! in every thing."

"Do leave my good Augsburger her Lutheran inflections," said Siebenkäs. "She really touches me with her irregular verbs; they are the *Schmalcaldian* articles of the Augsburg confession."

Lenette drew down her husband's ear in a friendly manner to her mouth, and said, "What shall I cook for supper to-night? But you might as well have told the gentleman that I meant well in speaking so. And do ask the clerical gentleman, my dear Firmian, when I am out of the room, whether our marriage is really sanctioned by the holy Scriptures."

He asked immediately. Pelzstiefel answered slowly: "If one were simply to consider the example of Leah, who, under the false name of Rachel, was introduced to Jacob even on the marriage-night, and whose marriage

* Lenette's old expressions for 'fleeth,' 'lieth,' 'deceiveth'—*fleucht, leugt, treugt*, instead of *fliegt, liegt, trügt*—cannot be rendered into English.—*Tr.*

nevertheless is looked upon as valid in the Bible, that in itself would be sufficient authority; but is it *names* or bodies that exchange rings? and can the object of marriage be attained by a name?"

A face glowing with mildness was lifted up to him, and an eye beaming with modest cheerfulness was Lenette's answer to his question, and her thanks for his consistorial decision.

She went into the kitchen, but continually returned to the table where the two men were sitting to snuff the candle, which no one in the room except the Advocate and myself will interpret into an attraction and feeling of gratitude towards Stiefel; but the Schulrath always took away the snuffers from her, maintaining that it was his duty, not hers.

Siebenkäs clearly perceived that the two satellites or eyeballs of Stiefel continually revolved round his Uranus (Lenette); but he did not grudge the Latin knight this age of chivalry sweetened by a Dulcinea; and, like the generality of men, more easily forgave a rival than a faithless woman—unlike women, who always hate the female rival more than the faithless lover. He was well aware, besides, that Stiefel himself did not know what he desired, or whom he loved, and that he reviewed scholiasts and authors much more readily than himself. For instance, the Schulrath considered his anger official zeal, his pride official dignity, his life a daily dying, his passions weaknesses; and at this very moment he mistook his love for Lenette for a general love of humanity.

Lenette's fidelity was firmly arched by the key-stone of religion; nor had the sacred church-dome settled

in the least by the shock it had received from the Venner.

The postman now waddled up stairs, and with the following letter from Leibgeber hung a constellation in the peaceful family sky.

"Baireuth, 21st September, 1785.

"My dear brother, and cousin, and uncle, and father, and son,—The two ears and chambers of your heart are my whole genealogical tree; wherein you resemble Adam, who, when he went out walking, carried with him the whole future race of his relations, and his long line of successors (which even yet is not all drawn out and unwound), until he became a father, and his wife bore a child. Would to God I had been the first Adam! . . . Siebenkäs, I adjure you, let me follow up this thought as though I were crazed; and don't expect another word in this letter except such as may assist in painting my portrait as the first father of mankind.

"Those scholars misunderstand me greatly who may suppose that I wish to be Adam, because, according to Puffendorf and many others, the whole earth would then belong to me of right,—like an European possession in the India of the universe,—as my *patrimonium Petri, Pauli, Judæ*, inasmuch as I, the only Adam and man, consequently as the first and last universal monarch (though as yet without subjects), could and might lay claim to the whole earth. The pope, as holy father, though not as first father, may think of such things; or rather, he did think about them centuries ago, when he appointed himself guardian and heir of all the lands incorporated into the earth; nay, and did not even blush

to pile upon his earthly crown yet two others—a heavenly crown and a crown of hell.

"How little I desire! my sole motive for wishing to have been the old and oldest Adam, is, that on my marriage-evening I might have walked up and down with Eve outside the espalier of Paradise, in our green honey-moon aprons and skins, and have held a Hebrew wedding-oration to the mother of mankind.

"Before I begin my speech, I must preface with the remark, that before my fall the extraordinarily felicitous idea suggested itself to me of noting down the cream of my omniscience; for, in my state of innocence, I possessed a knowledge of all the arts and sciences, universal as wall as scholastic history, the several penal and other codes of law, and all the old dead languages, as well as the living: I was, as it were, a living Pindus and Pegasus, a movable lodge of sublime light, a royal literary society, a pocket-seat of the Muses, and a short golden *siècle de Louis XIV.* With the understanding I then possessed, it was therefore less to be wondered at, than to be considered as a piece of good luck, that in my leisure moments I consigned the best of my omniscience to paper; so that when I afterwards fell, and became silly, I had extracts, or a *resumé*, of my former knowledge at hand, to which I was enabled to refer.

"'Virgin,' thus, beyond the gates of Paradise, did I begin my discourse; 'Virgin, we are indeed the first parents, and have a mind to beget other parents; but you think of nothing, as long as you can only stick your spoon into a forbidden mess of apple sweetmeat.

"'I, as man and protoplast, reflect and ponder; and to-day, as I walk up and down, I will be the marriage-priest and preacher (I wish I had begotten another for this purpose) at our holy ceremony, and represent to you and myself, in a short wedding-discourse, the grounds of doubt and decision, the *rationes dubitandi* and *decidendi* of the protoplasts, or first married pair (*i. e.* myself and thee), in the act of reflecting and considering; and, moreover, *how* they consider, in the first Pars, the grounds and reasons *not* to fructify the earth, but this very day to emigrate, the one into the old, the other into the new world; and, in the second Pars, the reasons nevertheless to leave it alone, and to marry; whereupon a short elench, or *usus epanorthoticus*, shall appear and conclude the night.

PARS I.

"'Pious hearer! such as thou now beholdest me in my sheep-skin, full of earnest and deep thought, I am nevertheless full, not so much of follies as of fools, between whom a wise man is occasionally inserted by way of a parenthesis. It is true, I am small of stature,* and the ocean rose some way above my ankles, and wet my new wild-beast skin; but, by heaven! I walk up and down here, girded with a seed-bag, containing the seeds of all nations, and I carry the *repertorium* and treasury-chest of the whole human race, a little world, and an *orbis pictus*, before me, as pedlars carry their open warehouse on their stomach; for Bonnet,

* The French academician Nicolas Henrion stretched out Adam to the length of 123 feet, 9 inches; Heram, 118 feet, 9½ inches. The above is related by the Rabbis, viz. that Adam after the fall ran through the ocean: vide the 4th Bibl. Disc. of Saurin.

who lives within me, when he comes forth, will seat himself down at his writing-desk, and shew that all things are comprised one within the other, one parenthesis or box within the other; that the son is contained in the father, both in the grandfather, and consequently in the great grandfather both the grandfather and his insertions lie waiting; in the great-great-grandfather the great grandfather with the insertion of the insertion, and with all his episodes, and so on. Are not all religious sects,—for I cannot make myself too intelligible to thee, beloved bride,—incorporated in thy bridegroom here present, and with the exception of the Preadamites, even the Adamites,*—all giants, the great Christopher himself,—the people of all nations, all the ship-loads of negroes destined for America, and the red-marked packages, among which is the Anspach and Baireuth soldiery, bespoken by the English? When you contemplate my interior, Eve, do I not stand before you as a living street of Jews, a *Louvre* of governors and kings, all of whom I can beget if I please, supposing I am not decided to the contrary by this first Pars? You must admire me, though at the same time you may laugh, if you look at me attentively, and, placing your hand upon my shoulder, just consider: Here in this man and protoplast lie side by side, without quarrelling, all the faculties, and the whole race of man,—all the schools of philosophy, sewing-schools, and spinning-schools; the best and most ancient princely houses, though not yet cleanly picked out from the common ships' companies; the whole free imperial order of knighthood, though still packed up with their vassals, cottiers, and tenants; convents of nuns, bound

* The well-known sect which went naked to church.

up with convents of monks; barracks, and county-deputies, not to mention the ecclesiastical chapters of provosts, deacons, priors, sub-priors, and canons! What a man and Anak! wilt thou say. Right, dear one, so I am indeed! I am, in fact, the nest-dollar of the whole human cabinet of coins; the tribunal of all the courts of justice, which are, moreover, all full without the absence of a single member; the living *corpus juris* of all civilians, canonists, feudalists, and publicists. Have I not Meusel's learned Germany, and Jöcher's learned school-lexicon, complete within me? and, more than that, Jöcher and Meusel in person, not to speak of supplementary volumes?

"'I should like to shew you Cain. Supposing I am persuaded by the second Pars, he would be our first seedling and tendril, our prince of Wales, of Calabria, of Asturia, and of the Brazils. If he were transparent, as I believe, you would see how every thing fits in him, one within the other, like beer-glasses,—all ecumenic councils, and inquisitions, and propaganda, and the devil and his grandmother. But, lovely one, you did not note down any of your *scientia media* before your fall, as I did, and consequently you gaze into futurity as blind as a beetle; but I, who see through it quite clearly, perceive by my chrestomathy that if I really avail myself of my Blumenbach's *nisus formativus*, and cast to-day a few protoplastic glances into the *jus luxandæ coxæ*, or *primæ noctis*,* I shall not beget ten fools, like another person, but whole billions of tens, and the units besides, when one thinks of all the arrant Bohemians, Parisians, inhabitants of Vienna, Leipzic,

* Literally the "first night," because, according to many scholars, Eve became the fruit-thief on the very morning of her creation.

Baireuth, Hof, Dublin, Kuhschnappel (together with their wives and daughters), who will come into life through me; amongst whom there are always a million for every five hundred who neither listen to reason nor possess it. Duenna, as yet you know but little of mankind; you only know two, for the snake is not one; but I know what I am about, and that with my *limbus infantum* I shall at the same time open a bedlam. By heaven! I tremble and groan when I take but a cursory glance between the leaves of the course of centuries, and see nothing there but stains of blood and patchwork *quodlibets* of fools; when I think of the trouble it will cost before an age learns to write a legible hand as good as that of an elephant's trunk or of a minister —before poor humanity has passed through preparatory schools, and hedge-schools, and private French governesses, and can enter with honour the Latin lyceum, royal and jesuit schools—before it can attend the fencing school, the dancing floor, a drawing academy, and a *dogmaticum* and *clinicum*. The devil! it makes me hot only to think of it! It is true nobody will call *you* the brood-hen of the future flight of starlings, the cod-fish spawner, wherein Leuwenhock counts nine millions and a half of stock-fish eggs; it will not be laid at your door, my little Eye; but your husband will bear all the blame. He ought to have been wiser, people will say, and rather not have begotten any thing at all than such a rabble as the greater number of these robbers are; such, for instance, as the crowned emperors on the Roman throne, and also the vicegerents on the Roman chair; the former of whom will name themselves after Antoninus and Cæsar, the latter after Christ and Peter, and amongst whom may be found some

whose throne is a Lüneburg-chair of torture for humanity, and a birth-chair of the scaffold, if it be not indeed a *Place de Grêve* reversed, serving at one and the same time as a place of execution for the mass, and of pleasure for the individual.* I shall also have Borgia, Pizarro, St. Domenico, and Potemkin, brought up against me; and even granting that I could free myself from the reproach of these black exceptions, I must nevertheless concede (and anti-Adams will take hold of it *utiliter*) that my descendants and colonists cannot exist half an hour without either thinking or committing some folly; that in their giant war of passions they never establish a peace, seldom a truce; that the chief fault of man consists in his having so many *little* faults that his conscience scarcely serves him for anything else but to hate his neighbour, and to have a morbid sensitiveness for the faults of others; that he will never part with his evil habits until he is on his death-bed, alongside which is pushed a confessional, much as children are made to go to stool before they are put to bed; that he learns and loves the language of virtue, while he shews enmity to the virtuous—resembling in this the citizens of London, who hate the French, while they keep French masters to learn their language. Eve, Eve! we shall gain little honour by our marriage. According to the fundamental text, Adam signifies red earth; and verily my cheeks will

* It seems almost emblematic of the incorporation of the fierce earnest tiger and the playful ape, that the Place de Grêve in Paris is at once the place of execution for criminals, and the pleasure-ground for the public festivals; that on one and the same spot a king's assassin is torn asunder by horses, and a king's fête is celebrated by the citizens; and that the fire-wheels of the victims broken on the wheel and the fire-wheels of the fire-works play together in close fellowship. Horrible contrasts! which we must not accumulate, lest we fall into the error of those who have given occasion for this rebuke.

be entirely composed thereof, and blush when I think of the inexpressible and uninterrupted vanity and self-conceit of our great grandchildren,—a vanity growing with every century. No one will pull his own nose but he who shaves himself; the high nobility will burn the family-escutcheon at the door of their secret chambers, and interweave the cruppers of their horses into their initials; reviewers will set themselves above the authors, the latter above the former; the Heimlicher von Blaise will present his hand for the orphan's kiss; the ladies theirs, to every one; and the highest will kiss the hem of the embroidered garment. Eve, I had barely finished writing down my prophetic extracts of the world's history up to the sixth millennary, when you bit into the apple under the tree; and I, like an ass, followed your example, and then every thing escaped me. God knows what may be the semblance of the male and female fools of the other millennaries. Virgin! wilt thou now use the *sternocleidomastoideum*, as Sömmering calls the nod of the head, and therewith say thy yea, when I ask thee, Wilt thou have this marriage-preacher to thy wedded lord and husband?

"'You will answer, without doubt, We will at least listen to the second Pars, wherein the affair is considered from another point of view; and truly, pious reader, we had almost forgotten to proceed to

PARS II.

and together to weigh the grounds which induce protoplasts and first parents to be such, and to marry, serving Destiny in the capacity of sewing and spinning machines of linseed and hemp, of flax and tow, which she may wind in infinite coils and net-work round the earthly

sphere. My chief motive, and I hope thine also, is my conception of the last day; for in case we two become the *entrepreneurs* of the human race, I shall behold all my descendants steaming up on the last day from the calcined earth into the nearest neighbouring planet, and arranging themselves in order for the last review; and in this blessed harvest of children and grandchildren I shall meet some who are gifted with understanding, and with whom one can exchange a word or two—men whose whole life passed under a thunder-cloud, and who lost it in a storm, as, according to the belief of the Romans, the favourites of the gods were struck dead by lightning—men who, nevertheless, neither bound their eyes or their ears in the tempest. Furthermore, I behold there the four glorious heathen evangelists, Socrates, Cato, Epictetus, and Antoninus, who went about to every house applying their throats, like the pipes of fire-engines 200 feet in length, to every damnable conflagration of the passions, and extinguishing them with the best and purest alpine water. In short, we shall, if we so please, be—I the grand-papa, and you the grandmamma, of the most excellent people. I tell thee, Eve, it is noted down here in my tracts and *collectanea*, black upon white, that I shall be the forefather, the ancestor, the Bethlehem, and plastic nature of an Aristotle, a Plato, a Shakspeare, Newton, Rousseau, Goethe, Kant, and Leibnitz, besides others who are still cleverer than their protoplast himself. Eve! thou acting and important member of this present fruit-bearing society, or productive class in the state, consisting of you and the wedding-orator, I swear to you that I shall enjoy an hour of some blissful eternities when I stand upon the neighbouring planet, and

cast my eyes flightily over the circle of classic and new-born men, and then kneel down in rapture upon the satellite, and exclaim, 'Good morning, my children!'

"Ye Jews formerly had the habit of uttering an ejaculatory prayer when ye met a wise man; but what prayer can I utter long enough, when I behold at one glance all the wise men and members of faculties, all of them, moreover, my relations, who, in spite of the wolfish hunger of the passions, yet knew how to renounce the forbidden apple and pear and ananas, and who, in their thirst after truth, committed no garden-robbery from the tree of knowledge, like their first parents, who seized the forbidden fruit though they felt no hunger, and attacked the tree of knowledge although they already possessed all knowledge, excepting that of the snake's nature. Then I shall rise from the ground, and rush among the crowd of my descendants, and fall on the bosom of one chosen one, and throw my arms round him, and say, 'Thou true, good, contented, gentle son, if, in the second Pars of my wedding-discourse, I could have shewn my Eve, the queen-mother of the present swarm of bees around us, none other but thee, sitting in thy breeding-cell, verily the woman would have taken it to heart, and listened to reason:' and the true good son art thou, Siebenkäs; and thou wilt ever lie on the warm, hairy breast of "THY FRIEND.

"*Postscript and clausula salutaris.*

"I beg you will not take this, my merry ball and witches' dance on the rubbishy paper, amiss, in spite of your being, alas, an infinitesimal part of the German race! and as such, therefore, one who can neither

endure nor comprehend such a dance of ideas. This is my reason for not publishing any thing for the German unwieldiness; but I throw whole sheets spawned full of such little playful idea-fishes, not into the press, but into that place where such works only arrive in their old age, on account of their first exercising their right of transit through the bookseller's shop.

"I was eight days in Hof, and am now living privately at Baireuth; in both towns I cut out faces, that is, strangers' profiles: but most of the heads which sat or stood to my paper-scissors opined that all was not right in mine. Pray write me the truth of the thing, for it is not a matter of indifference to me; since, should it really be the case that, as I have said, I am not quite right in my mind, I should be impeded not only in executing testaments, but in other civil functions. I conclude with a thousand greetings and kisses to your pious and lovely Lenette, and compliments to Mr. Schulrath Stiefel, together with a query whether he be not distantly related to the Magister Stiefel, rector of Holzdorf and Lochau near Wittenberg, who prophesied (and methinks erroneously) that the end of the world would take place early, at eight o'clock on the first morning of the year 1533, and, after all, only lived to meet his own end. I also enclose for you both, and for the Advertiser, two programmes—one of Professor Lang, of this place, concerning the Superintendent-General of Baireuth; and the other of Dr. Frank of Pavia.

"A charming girl—full of power, and wit, and soul—dwells here in the Sun Hotel; she in the front rooms, I in the back. I and my face please her in-

expressibly, which I can readily believe, being so like you, and only distinguished by halting with one foot. With beauties, therefore, I only boast of my own weakness and of my resemblance to you. If I have been well informed, the lady is a poor niece of the old uncle with the broken glass wig, who has placed her out to be educated at his expense for a marriage with some Kuhschnappler of rank. It may be that the bill of lading will soon send her to you as bridegroom's ware. So far my oldest news; the newest may still be to come, viz. *yourself* to me at Baireuth, when I and the spring return there together (for the day after to-morrow I am going far away to meet it in Italy), and we, *i. e.* I and the spring, so beautify the world in common, that you will certainly be happy in Baireuth; so much to be admired are its houses and mountains. Fare thee somewhat well!"

Hereupon every one declared that the Kuhschnappler of rank, for whom the Heimlicher's niece was studying, could be no other than the Venner Rosa, who was about to use the little stump that was left of his burnt-down heart (which had hitherto burned to kindle the hearts of the whole female world, much in the same way as the general candle of the host serves to kindle the heads of a tobacco-smoking world) as a bridal torch, with which to conduct his bride to his home.

Since three heavens were contained in the letter—for the wife a compliment; for Pelzstiefel the programmes, and the letter itself for the Advocate—it would not at all have surprised me if the gifted trefoil and terzett had danced for joy. The Schulrath, intoxicated

with delight, for his joyous blood easily mounted into his sober head, spread the works out upon the table, on which the checked table-cloth was already laid, and cut up and greedily devoured the three printed dishes and literary *petits soupers* on his pewter plate, before prayers, until the request to stay reminded him to be gone. But on taking leave he begged for a new profile of Lenette—as the fee for his trouble in having been the tribunal and mediator between them, or the alkali serving to combine his oil and her water. He had unfortunately put the old portrait—cut out and presented to him by Leibgeber, and which the letter had recalled to his mind—into his dressing-gown pocket, and sent it together with the latter, which was of a similar hue, to the wash.

"It shall be launched from the stocks this very day," said Siebenkäs.

On taking leave of the married pair, the Schulrath, who saw in Lenette's face that she now wore a softer wedding-ring on her ring-finger, and who took credit to himself for having filed it so as to fit easier, and padded it with silk, said joyously as he shook her by the hand.

"It will give me pleasure to come as often as the least thing occurs, you charming people."

Lenette answered, "Yes, come very often;" but Siebenkäs added, "Still oftener."

But afterwards it almost seemed as if the ring pinched again; and it must surprise the pupils of the philosophical faculties, who study psychology, that at supper the Advocate spoke little to his wife, and she little to him. But the reason was, that Leibgeber's letter lay near the bread-plate in lieu of white bread;

and a warm friend beamed from Baireuth on his soul across the far foggy darkness. Their first meeting in the future floated enchantingly before his longing fancy. Hope let down her purifying light into the damp mephitic pit in which he was now panting and digging; and the future spring rose bright and high in the distance, like a minster-tower illuminated with lamps, and sent its beams through the murky night. . . . . At last he came again to himself, *i. e.* to his wife. The vigorous image of Leibgeber had also served to lift him over the sharp stony present of circumstances. The old friend who had cut out the portrait of his wife aloft in the choir, and who had afterwards spent the first week of the honeymoon with him, threw over him a chain of flowers, and drew him by it to the silent figure at his side.

"Well, dearest Lenette, how are you?" said he, waking up, and taking his pacified wife by the hand. But Lenette had the womanly foible, that is, habit, of disguising her reconciliation even after her anger was past—at least of deferring it, and proposing a re-examination of the acts after pardon has been solicited, and honourable amends made for a fault. Very few married women (maidens more readily) offer their hands at once to a man and say, "I am good again." Wendeline indeed offered hers, but too coldly, and drew it hastily back again to take the table-cloth, which she begged him to help her fold up for the press. He did so, smiling. She was very particular in seeing to the exact quartering of the white parallelogram. At length, at the last and thickest square, her husband held it fast; she pulled, and tried to look very grave; he looked at her lovingly; she was obliged

to smile, and then he snatched away the cloth from her, pressed it quickly on her bosom, and himself along with it.

"Rogue," said he, holding her in his arms, "how can you behave so to the old fellow Siebenkäs, or whatever he may be called?"

And now the rainbow of a brighter life arched over the ebbing deluge, which had already risen up to the hearts of the married pair; but in sooth, ye dear ones, rainbows at this season often denote the opposite of that which was promised by the first.

The reward he adjudged his queen for this rose-feast of the heart, was the humble request that she would allow him to take the profile of her sweet face, that he might give it to-morrow, and pleasure along with it, to Pelzstiefel.

It is now my intention to sketch a profile of his profile-making for persons of taste. But I make this condition—that they are not to expect a pen to be a paint-brush, or a paint-brush a graver's style, or a style a flower-stamen which creates one generation of lilies and roses after another. The Advocate borrowed a profile-board from the cobbler Fecht—that is to say, the façade of a new pigeon-house. The shoulder of Lenette fitted into the oval door-way like a knife into its sheath; and a sheet of white paper being nailed on the board as ground, her pretty glowing head was pressed against the stiff paper. With great forbearance he rested the pencil against the forehead; and difficult as it was to catch the shadow in such close propinquity to the reality, he drew it down the beautiful flowery declivity of roses and lilies. But he made but a poor job of it, though the back of the

head was said to be pretty well drawn; he was always looking askance at the bright breathing surface near his hand, and in consequence drew as ill as a work-box painter.

"Wendeline, your head is not still a moment," said he.

Sure enough her head, like the nerves of her brain, trembled from the quicker motion of her heart and breath; but, on the other hand, his pencil stumbled over the softly swelling bas-relief of her nose, fell into the cleft of the lip, and wrecked on the shallows of her chin. He kissed the lips which he could not copy, and which were always either too wide apart or too closely shut, and fetching a shaving-mirror he said to her, "There, look; have you not more faces than Janus or an Indian god? The Schulrath will think you were making faces, and that I had copied them. Look! there you moved, and I pursued you with a chamois-leap; and now the upper part of the face projects over the lower, like a half-mask: only think how the Schulrath will stare to-morrow!"

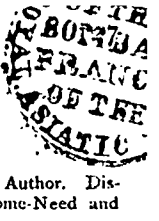
"Dear one, only try once more; I will do any thing that it may look pretty," said Lenette, blushing.

She now stiffened her neck, and pressed her soft face firmly against the board; but while her husband was gliding down the forehead with his instrument, he heard her endeavour tremblingly to repress her breathing, and perceived that her face was glowing with the effort. All at once a suspicion, like an exploding fireship, struck hard fragments of his joy against his heart,—the suspicion, "Ah, may she not perhaps really love him?" viz. the Schulrath. His pencil stuck fast in the obtuse angle between forehead

and nose, as if bewitched; he now plainly heard her trembling exhalation; his instrument drew sharp furrows down the edge of the profile; and when he paused at the closed mouth on which, up to this time, nothing warm had reposed but his own, and her morning prayers, and the thought arose in his mind, "This too will happen to me—this joy too will be taken from me—and shall I here with my own hands draw up my Uriah-letter or bill of divorce?" he could proceed no further, but, pushing away the board from her shoulder, fell upon her closed lips, kissed away the imprisoned sigh, pressed his suspicion to death between his own bosom and hers, and said again and again, "To-morrow, Lenette! Be not angry with me. Art thou no longer the same as at Augsburg? Dost thou understand me? Dost thou know what I mean?"

She answered innocently, "Ah! you will be vexed with me, Firmian, but I really don't know."

And the Goddess of Peace took the poppy-garland from the God of Sleep, and twined it into her olive-wreath, and led the crowned and reconciled pair, hand in hand, into the glistening ice-fields of dreams, into the magical sombre-painted back-ground of the bright-coloured day, into our camera-obscura, full of the moving pictures of a diminished world, where man, like his Creator, dwells alone with his creatures.



CHAPTER V.

Broom and Brush as Implements of Passion. Importance of an Author. Dispute about Candle-snuffing. The Pewter Cupboard. Home-Need and Home-Pleasure.

CATHOLICS reckon fifteen mysteries in the life of Christ; five joyful, five painful, and five glorious mysteries. I have carefully followed my hero through the five joyful ones, which the Linden honeymoon of marriage has to relate, and arrive with him now at the five painful ones by which, in most marriages, the train of mysteries is concluded. I hope his marriage may likewise present five glorious ones.

In the first edition of my work I commenced this chapter with the foregoing sentence with as little concern as though it were quite true; but a second revised edition requires that I should add, that the above-mentioned fifteen mysteries have not succeeded one another like steps and pedigree, but have become mixed up together, like good and bad cards; yet even in these shufflings of life pleasure overbalances pain at least in its duration, even as the earth itself has outlived many last days, and in consequence has thereafter enjoyed an equal number of springs, or lesser creation-days.

I mention this purposely, that I may relieve many a poor rogue of a reader from the fear that he is now about to have a whole volume of tears to wade through, part of which he reads, and part sheds himself. A different sort of a being from myself, is the author who, like a true rattle-snake, can look upon many thousand enchanted persons unquietly and

anxiously trembling before him, until he please to devour them.

When Siebenkäs awoke in the morning, he immediately banished the devil of matrimony and jealousy to all the other devils; for sleep soothes and arrests the fever-pulse of the soul, and its grains are the quinine for the cold fit of hate as well as for the hot fever of love.

He laid aside the profile-board, and with the pantograph took, on a smaller scale, a true copy of yesterday's free translation of the Egelkraut face, which he blackened *secundum artem*. When it was finished, a tender feeling to his wife prompted him to say:

"We will send him the profile to-day; it will be some time before he comes to fetch it himself."

"Yes," answered she, "not until Wednesday, and he will have forgotten it by that time."

"And yet," said Siebenkäs, "to bring him here sooner I have nothing to do but to send him the trinity-dollar of 1679 to purchase; and he will not *send* me a farthing, but will bring the money for the dollar in person, as he always has done for any of the coins in Leibgeber's cabinet."

"Or rather," said Lenette, "let us send him the dollar and the portrait together, and then he will have still more pleasure."

"More pleasure from which?" he asked.

She did not know how to reply to his silly question, as to whether it would give him most pleasure to receive the blackened or the stamped face, and answered in her dilemma: "Well, for the things, of course."

He forbore to ask her any further questions.

But the only answer the Schulrath returned was, that he could not contain himself for joy at the splendid presents, and would come at the close of the following week, at latest, to thank them in person, and to settle accounts with the Advocate. The little that was sour in the thoughtless answer of the careless and too joyful Schulrath was not sweetened by the entrance of the beadle of the Inheritance-office, who delivered to the Advocate the reply, or first link in the defence of the accused Heimlicher von Blaise, which was merely a petition for three weeks' postponement of the cause,—a favour which had been readily granted him.

As his own Advocate of the Poor, Siebenkäs indeed cherished the hope that the promised land of the inheritance, in which milk and honey would flow over his gold sand, would be conquered by his children long after he himself had died on his way thither—in the juridical wilderness—for justice loves to reward the children and the children's children for the virtues and rights of their fathers; but, in the mean time, it was certainly rather inconvenient to have nothing to live upon during his own life-time, for it was impossible that he could subsist any longer on the trinity-dollar (for which Stiefel had not even paid him), or upon the only remaining queue-ducat in the treasury-chest bequeathed to him by Leibgeber, for the purpose of carrying on operations of war against the Heimlicher: this gold piece, and the aforesaid silver piece, being, though I have hitherto refrained from mentioning it, all that was left of Leibgeber's Saviour's-purse, on which, indeed, no one but a follower of the Saviour could have managed to exist. My silence, up

to this moment, on the subject of the diminution of the cabinet of coins, must be again taken as a proof of my desire to spare my reader every thing disagreeable, whenever it is in my power to do so.

"Oh! I will soon manage matters," said Siebenkäs quite merrily; and he set himself to work to-day more diligently than usual at his writing-desk, in order that, by his "Selection from the Devil's Papers," he might the sooner direct a considerable stream of wealth into his house. But now another sort of purgatory-fire, which I have been unwilling to speak of before, was kindled and blown into a flame around him, and he had sat roasting in it since the day before yesterday. Lenette is the cook, and his writing-table the gridiron. During the mute quarrel of the preceding days, he had unfortunately become accustomed to listen attentively to Lenette while he was writing the "Selection from the Devil's Papers:" this confused his thoughts, and the slightest step, every little shock, affected him, as though he were suffering from chiragra or hydrophobia, and continually stifled one or two good young thoughts in their birth,—just as a louder noise causes the death of a brood of canary-birds and of silk-worms.

At first he kept his feelings under tolerable control; he reflected that his wife was obliged to move about, and so long as she had not an abstract body and abstract furniture to handle, it would be impossible for her to glide along the room as noiselessly as a sunbeam, or her invisible good and bad angels behind her; but whilst he was thus internally listening to this good *cours de morale* and *collegium pietatis*, he quite lost both his satirical conceptions and the context, and went on writing much more flatly.

However, on the morning after the profile-evening on which their souls had shaken hands with each other and renewed the royal alliance of love, he felt he could go to work more openly, and when, instead of profiles, he had nothing to paint black but originals, that is, when he was about to work in his satirical charcoal-hut, he previously observed to his wife: "If possible, Lenette, don't make much noise to-day; it disturbs me in my labours for the press."

"I thought you could scarcely hear me," answered she, "I glide about so gently."

After a man has sown his wild oats in the years of his youth, he has still every year to get over a few weeks and days of folly. Verily Siebenkäs made the above-mentioned request in a foolish moment; for he had now burdened himself with the task of watching, during the whole time he was thinking, what Lenette would do after receiving the petition.

She tripped over the boards of the room and the web of her household work with light spider's feet, for she had not contradicted with the intention of resisting, like other women, but simply for the sake of contradiction. Siebenkäs was forced to be very much on the alert to hear her hands or feet, but he succeeded nevertheless, and little of what passed escaped his attention. When we are not asleep we pay more attention to slight noises than to loud ones: the author now listened to her every movement, his ear and soul were linked to her, counted her steps, followed her wherever she went—in short, he was obliged to break off suddenly, jump up in the midst of the satire entitled "The Nobleman with the Ague," and call out to his creeping partner, "I have been listening for

hours to this tiresome tripping. I had rather you would trot about with two loud sandles shod with iron for beating time,* than walk so: pray go on as usual, best one."

She obeyed, and went about as much as possible in her usual manner. As he had abolished the loud walk and the quiet walk, so also it would have gratified him to have done away with the middle walk; but a man never likes to contradict himself twice on the same morning; he contented himself, therefore, with begging her in the evening to walk in stockings during the time he was engaged in writing, particularly as the floor was cooling to the feet. "Indeed, now that I am occupied all the forenoon in working for bread," added he, "it would be as well perhaps if you were to confine yourself to such household labours as are absolutely necessary."

On the morrow he sat in judgment on every thing that was going on behind him (continuing to write, however, at the same time, but always worse and worse), and examined one thing after the other, in order to decide whether or not it had the free-pass of necessity. The writing martyr endured much with tolerable fortitude; but when Wendeline went into the bedroom, and swept the straw under the green marriage *torus* with a long broom, this last cross was too heavy for his shoulders; besides, he had read yesterday in an old journal of natural history, that the theologian, Johann Pechmann, could not endure the sound of a broom, that the rustling of a broom almost took away his breath, and that he had once fairly taken to his heels and run away from a street-sweep

* The musicians of the ancients wore such sandals.

who chanced to push against him. Such reading had the effect of making him more attentive to a similar case, and at the same time more intolerant. Without rising from his seat, he called out to the domestic sweep in the bed-chamber—"Lenette, pray don't scratch and scrape with that broom; it prevents me from thinking. There was once an old clergyman, named Pechmann, who would rather have been condemned to sweep the streets of Vienna himself than to hear them swept; yes, who would even have preferred a flogging with the birch to its horrid whetting and grinding noise: and do you think I can have one sensible thought, fit to appear before the compositor and printer, in the neighbourhood of this house-broom? Only think a little of this, Lenette."

Lenette did now what every good wife and her lapdog would have done in her place. She became quiet *by degrees;* at last she even dismissed the broom, and only pushed three ears of straw and some flue under the bed with the whisk, while her husband was writing as loud as she swept. Quite beyond his hopes, the editor of the "Selection from the Devil's Papers" was fortunate enough to hear it; whereupon he got up, went to the bed-chamber door, and called out—"Dearest, the hellish torment is as great as ever, as long as I hear it at all. Even if you fan away the unfortunate sweepings under the bed with peacocks' tails and holy-water sprinkles, or blow them away with a pair of bellows, I and my book must pay for it, and must necessarily be crippled."

"I have done now," answered she.

Returning to his work quite cheerily, he resumed the thread of the third satire, "Concerning the Five

Monsters and their Receptacles, on which at first I had intended to subsist."

In the mean time Lenette slowly closed the door, upon which he concluded that there was again something in the wind against him in his Gehenna and penitentiary. He therefore laid down his pen, and called out across his writing-table; "Lenette, I can't exactly hear what it is, but if you are again doing any thing that I can't endure, I beseech you, for God's sake, to let it alone; put an end for to-day to my school of the cross and my sorrows of Werther; pray come out and shew yourself."

She answered, with a voice trembling from the violence of her exertions, "Nothing; I am not doing any thing."

He arose, and opened the door of his torture-chamber. His wife was rubbing away with a piece of grey flannel, scouring the green rails of the bed. The author of this history once lay ill of the small-pox in such a bed, and is consequently well acquainted with its appearance; but if the reader should not be as well informed, he must know that such a green slumber-cage looks like a canary-bird's breeding-cage magnified, with its two latticed folding-doors or portcullis; and that this dream-trellis or green-house is clumsier, but at the same time healthier, than our bastille-towers of sleep, thickly hung with curtains, by which we are swaddled up against every breath of fresh air.

The Advocate of the Poor just inhaled about half a pint of bedroom-air, and then began to speak slowly: "You are sweeping and brushing again, I perceive, and yet you know that I am sitting in the other room sweating and striving to work for both, and that I have

been writing almost without a word of sense for the last hour. Heavenly better-half! for God's sake, fire off all your cartridges at once, and don't quite destroy me with that rag."

Full of surprise, Lenette answered: "Impossible, old fellow, that you could have heard that;" and she went on rubbing and polishing more briskly than ever.

He seized her hand, rather hastily but yet gently, and exclaimed in a louder tone of voice, "Up! do you hear? It is just that which is my misfortune, that I can't hear it in there, but am obliged to imagine it all; and the confounded thought of duster, brush, and broom, supplants every other good thought which might have been written down. Beloved angel! no one would sit here and go on working more happily and contentedly than myself, if you were even to fire off grape-shot and howitzers and 100 pounders behind me out of these loopholes, but I cannot endure a gentle noise."

He was vexed with himself for this long speech, and, as he led her out of the room with her rag, continued: "It seems to me very hard, that while I am over-exerting myself to please the reading world, my bed-chamber should be turned into a baiting-ground, and an author's bed into a trench, from which bow-shots and other missiles are levelled against him. At mid-day, during dinner, I shall have nothing to write, and then I will speak to you more fully and reasonably on the subject."

At mid-day, when he was about to bring forward the grounds of his morning's tournament, he had first to hold a prayer-tournament. In Nuremberg and Kuh-schnappel, prayer does not signify, as among the great, a particular hereditary office, or an affair of mass in

the court-chapel, but—the ringing of the bells at twelve o'clock. The dining-table of our pair stood close against the wall, and was only drawn into the centre of the room for dinner. Now Siebenkäs, since the day of his marriage, had only twice succeeded in having the table drawn forward (for what women forget once, they forget afterwards a thousand times) before the soup-tureen smoked upon it: he might preach his lungs as dry as the lungs of a fox, with which the former are cured,—it was all in vain; they continued to be dragged into the middle of the room *together*, but without upsetting more of the soup on the table-cloth than is usually taken after a pill.

Nor did it this day happen otherwise. The husband slowly chewed the pill, upon which he swallowed the soup: he looked forward, as to the equinoxes, with dread and with a long face to all the times when it would be dragged forward in future, and, at this repetition of the soup-libation, he deliberately fired off, but in this wise:

"Sooth to say, Lenette, we live in a good ship, for seafarers always upset their soup-plates by reason of the rocking of the vessel, and so it is with you too—look here! On the whole, the dinner-table is all of a piece with the morning broom, and seconds it; these two conspirators will in the end blow the light of life out of your husband, if I may be allowed to express myself strongly."

After this exordium to the sermon, followed, instead of a hymn, the merry-andrew of Kuhschnappel. He stepped into the room, holding a large sheet of paper, and invited the Advocate, as honourable member, to the St. Andrew's shooting-match on the 30th of November.

We all recollect that he had but one piece of gold in the house, the queue-ducat; nevertheless Siebenkäs could scarcely cease to be a member of the shooting-club without signing his own *testimonium paupertatis* in face of the whole town; besides which, for a good shot and huntsman's son, like himself, a shooting-lot was nothing less than a share in a mine, or in the East India Company; and if he shot with the rest, he might also, for the first time, be able to do public honour to his wife, which, as a senate-clerk's daughter, she had some right to expect.

But the grave merry-andrew could not be induced to change the strange queue-ducat, particularly as the Advocate had first made it suspicious, by saying; "It is indeed a genuine good tail and queue-ducat. True, I do not wear a tail myself; but a gold piece may very well wear one, in consideration of the Prussian king, who desired to stamp and eternalise his own upon it. Wife, call up my landlord, the friseur; he must know best whether or not it is a queue-ducat, since every day queues without ducats pass through his hands."

The Kuhschnappel pickle-herring did not laugh at this in the least. The barber appeared, confirmed the fact that it was a queue, and politely offered to get it changed. Hairdressers can run; in five minutes he brought back the value of the queue in silver. After the grave buffoon had pocketed the share of the queue-ducat which belonged to him, all kinds of double notes of interrogation and exclamation were inscribed on Lenette's face, and Siebenkäs continued his mid-day oration.

"The principal prizes, Lenette, for shooting the bird consist of pewter vessels and money, and for the

other animals, at which we are to shoot, chiefly of provisions. I fancy that on St. Andrew's day you and I shall dine not only off a new meat-dish, but also upon a fine fresh piece of roast meat, which, together with the dish, if I take pains, I can shoot into your kitchen. And in general, never fret, sweet one, because our money disappears. Only place yourself behind me; I am your bag of earth, or gabion, or indeed your fortification-trench, and with my rifle, but more especially with my inkstand, I hope to keep the demon of poverty at some distance from us until my honest guardian pays me my inheritance;—only, for God's sake, do not disturb my industry by yours! Your broom and rag have robbed me to-day of at least sixteen dollars clear; for, if I value one printer's sheet of my devilish papers at eight imperial dollars only, the dollar at ninety kreutzers (and that is a low valuation), I should have been able to gain by my compositions to-day forty-eight dollars of the place, had I only written another half-sheet in addition to the printer's sheet; but, in the midst of my fire, I was obliged to say many words to you for which I do not receive any wages. You should look upon me as an old fat spider which is shut up in a box (my nest of a room is no better), and which in time dries up to a costly lump of gold, or to a jewel. I have frequently told you that as often as I dip my pen into the inkstand, I draw out a golden thread, for in the morning hour I have gold in my mouth.* Now go on eating, and listen while I take this opportunity of telling you the principal points in an author which make him valuable, and it will give you the key to many things. In Suabia,

* Prov. "Morgenstund hat Gold im Mund."—*Tr.*

Saxony, and Pomerania, there are certain towns in which meat-appraisers of authors reside, like our old master-butcher who lives in this place. They are vulgarly called tasters,* or masters of taste, because they first taste every book, and afterwards inform the public whether they will like it or not. In our anger, we of the class *autores* often call them critics or reviewers; but for this they might cite us before a court of justice for libel. Since the tasters seldom write books themselves, they have the more leisure for looking over and valuing those of others; occasionally, indeed, they write bad ones, and therefore know immediately the look of a bad book when one comes in their way. Some among them become the patrons of authors and their books, for the same reason as St. Nepomuck is the patron of bridges, and of those who pass over them,—because he once fell from one into the water. Now as soon as a book is printed, like your hymn-book yonder for instance, it is sent round to these gentlemen, and they look through it to judge whether I have written clearly and legibly (neither too coarse nor too fine); whether there are not some false letters—a little *e* instead of a great *E*, or an *f* instead of a *ph;* whether some strokes are not too long, others too short, and so forth: indeed, they sometimes even venture to judge my thoughts themselves, but that is not a part of their duty. Now if you go on planing and scratching with the besom behind me, I shall make a great many excessively stupid blunders, which will afterwards be printed. This does a man very great injury, for; wherever there is a misprint, the tasters, with their nails as long as fingers

* The beer-police in many towns are called *tasters;* they go about and taste the quality of the beer.

(those of button-makers are shorter, but not those of Jewish circumcisers) tear horrible wounds and holes in the most beautiful paper before they give the book, like the circumcisers the Jew-child, a name. Then they circulate a blotting-paper ticket throughout the empire—in Saxony and Pomerania—wherein they abuse me and give me a bad name, and publicly proclaim me before all the Suabians to be an ass. God preserve me! and for such a flogging I should have to thank your birch-broom.

"If, on the other hand, I write excellently and legibly and with true understanding (and I may say, that not a single sheet among my devilish papers is composed without sense); if I weigh well every word and every page before I write it down; if I jest upon this page, instruct upon that, and please upon all; let me tell you, Lenette, that the tasters are gentlemen who know how to appreciate such things, and in such a case would not fail to write and circulate papers, in which the very least they could say of me would be, that I had brought away something from the universities, and was therefore capable of giving them something in return; in short, they might say they would never have expected such things from me, and that I was not without talent. Such praise as that, Lenette, when it happens to fall to the lot of a man, reflects also some credit on his wife: and when the folks in Augsburg shall ask—'Where does the celebrated Siebenkäs reside?' there will always be people in the Fuggery to answer —'In Kuhschnappel. He married the daughter of one Egelkraut of this place, a clerk of the senate, and lives very happily with her.'"

"How often," answered she, "have you not told

me all this about book-making! The bookbinder, too, tells me the same; for he has daily the best books in his hands to bind."

This allusion to his own repetitions, though by no means intended as a reproach, was any thing but agreeable to him; for, like a person suffering under a slow fever, he had hitherto been quite unconscious of this fault. Husbands, even men of genius and of few words, in the comfort and unreserve of their married lives, are accustomed to speak as overflowingly and without bounds with their wives as every one does with himself. A man uses repetitions to no one so frequently as to himself, and that without even remarking them, much more counting them; but his wife, who is accustomed daily to hear from her husband the most clever and incomprehensible sayings, does remark them, and cannot forget them, or rather, she cannot avoid remembering them when they recur so often.

The hairdresser unexpectedly reappeared, and brought with him a short fog. He said he had been round to all the poor sinners in his house, but had solicited the baldpates in vain for as much advance of the money due for rent on St. Martin's day next as he required to buy his ticket for the shooting-club. It was indeed natural enough that the whole garrison should be unable to pay such a tribute full six weeks before the term, because few amongst them were in condition to pay on the term itself. The Saxon therefore came with his petition to the grandee of his house—to the lord of the ducat, as he styled the Advocate. The latter could not find in his heart to distress the patient being, whom all the preceding "Nos" had not put out of temper, by a new one; he and his wife therefore

collected all that remained of the ducat in small coin, and dismissed the joyful landlord with the half of his rent, viz. three florins: for themselves they reserved nothing but—anxiety as to what light they should burn in the evening; not even two groschen for half a pound of candles remained in the house, nor yet the candles *in naturâ*. I cannot say, however, that he waxed deadly pale, or fainted, or even that he went distracted on the subject.

Praise be to every manly soul which has drunk the ice-whey of stoicism even for half a spring, and which does not sink, like a woman's, lamed and frozen before the old spectre of poverty. In an age, all the better sinews of which have been cut asunder, save only the universal one of money, even the most exaggerated depreciation of riches is nobler and more useful than the justest censure of poverty; for pasquinades upon gold-dirt assure the rich man that his happiness is not dependent on his possessions; and to the poor man, for bitter feelings they substitute the sweetness of conquering them. As it is, every thing mean in us—all the senses, the imagination, and all we look up to as examples—are united panegyrists of gold. Why, then, should we desire to deprive poverty of her just ally and *chevalier d'honneur*—philosophy and the beggar's pride?

The first thing that Siebenkäs opened, instead of his mouth, was the door, and the pewter-cupboard in the kitchen; from the shelves of the latter he lifted down quietly and seriously a bell-shaped tureen and three pewter-plates, and placed them on a chair. Lenette could no longer look on in silence; she struck her hands together and said, in a low voice of shame,

"Merciful heaven! we are surely not going to sell our pewter!"

"I am only going to turn it into silver," said he; "as princes get dollars from steeple-bells, so we, too, can get them from bell-dishes. You surely cannot be ashamed of turning miserable eating-utensils—these animal-coffins—into fine coin, since Duke Christian of Brunswick, anno 1662, even turned a prince's silver coffin literally into money, *i. e.* coined it into dollars. Is a plate, then, an apostle? And yet great princes have cut up many an apostle, if they only happened to be of silver; a Hugo of St. Karo, and others, dividing their works as it were into chapters, and verses, and legends, and sending them, thus analysed, from the mint into the whole world."

"Nonsense!" answered she.

Some few readers will add, "What else is it?" To such few I should long ago have excused the Advocate for employing a style of speech which Lenette could not comprehend.

He justified it to himself sufficiently, as he thought, by maintaining that his wife always had some remote conception of his meaning, even when he selected the most learned technical terms and the most choice allusions, for the sake of practice, and in order to hear them. Women, he repeated, always catch a distant and indistinct glimmering of every thing, and do not therefore waste the time which may be more profitably employed, in tediously investigating and weighing the words that are incomprehensible to them. This circumstance, however, is somewhat more vexatious for the "Dictionary of Jean Paul's Levana," by Reinhold, and partly for myself too. "Nonsense!" Lenette

had said. Firmian only begged her to take the pewter into the sitting-room, and he would there speak reasonably about it. As well might he have given his reasons to a human skin stuffed with hay. She reproached him most with having emptied his purse by contributing to the shooters' fund; but this inspired him with the best rejoinder: "An angel," he said, "whispered to me to put in. On St. Andrew's day I can regain, and turn back into pewter, every thing that I turn into silver to-day. To please you I will not only keep the dishes and plates, but every other pewter utensil which, as a member of the shooting-club, I may be lucky enough to knock down; and they shall be added to the pewter-cupboard. I frankly confess that my first intention was to sell the prizes."

What was to be done? In the twilight the condemned dinner-ware was lowered into old Sabel's (Sabine's) basket. She had a reputation throughout the whole imperial town, of carrying on this commission-trade, in addition to her own especial business, with as discreet a secrecy as though she was carrying on a trade in stolen goods. "Nobody," she said, "could ever get out of me to whom the articles belonged; and the late treasurer, for whom I sold all that he possessed, often said I might seek in vain for my equal."

But oh, ye poor married couple, of what avail is this Sabbath to you, or this descent of Christ into hell,* in your ante-chamber of hell! To-day the flames subside a little, and a cool sea-breeze refreshes you; but to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow, the

* According to the Rabbis, the torments of the damned are suspended on the Sabbath; according to Christians, on the day of Christ's descent into hell.

old smoke and the old fire will again burst forth from your hearts. However, I will not put any commercial restriction upon your pewter-trade; for although we know for certain that the same hunger will return on the morrow, yet we do not amiss to drive it away to-day.

The next morning Siebenkäs insisted on the most perfect silence, because he had already talked so long on the subject. The good Lenette, who was a living washing-machine and scouring-mill, and in whose eyes the washing-bill and bill-of-fare partook somewhat of the nature of a confessor's certificate,* would sooner have given every thing out of her hands—even his—rather than the scrubbing-rag and broom. She thought the obstinacy was all on his side, whereas, on the contrary, it was hers; since she *would* stamp upon the bellows and rattling stops, and play upon the organ, and make a noise behind the author's back, just in the morning hour, which for him had two kinds of gold in its mouth—that of the golden age and metallic gold. In the afternoon she might, if she pleased, have pulled a register thirty-two feet long: but she was not to be turned from her accustomed course. A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with. She would permit her head to be cut off, for the sake of her husband, by the Parisian executioners, but not the hair upon it: she can also deny herself much for the sake of others, but nothing for her own sake: for a sick person she is capable of depriving herself of three nights' sleep; but for the sake of her own night's rest

* *Testimonium integritatis*—the testimony of a priest that a betrothed had never been any thing more.

she cannot break off one minute sooner her nap out of bed. Though neither spirits nor butterflies have a stomach, they cannot possibly eat less than a woman who is going to a ball or to the altar, or who is cooking for guests; but should the doctor and her own body be the only just cause and impediment why she should not eat an Esau's mess, she devours it directly. The self-sacrifice of men shews itself in exactly the reverse way.

Lenette, under the influence of opposing forces,—his exhortations and her own inclinations,—endeavoured to steer her course, the woman's diagonal, and devised the religious interim, that is, the plan of leaving off brushing and scouring as long as he sat at his writing; but if he chanced to step for two minutes to the piano, to the window, or across the threshold, she immediately caught up again the cleaning implements and polishing machines of the room.

Siebenkäs soon became aware of this wretched alternation, this relieving of the guard between his broom and her broom; and the knowledge that she was lying in wait and watching for his every move troubled him and his ideas terribly.

At first he exhibited very great patience, as great as a husband ever possesses, that is to say, a short one; but after reflecting for some time in silence, that both he and the public were mutual sufferers by this room-cleaning, and that an entire posterity was dependent on a broom, which could work quite as conveniently in the afternoon, if he only insisted on the execution of the laws, all the anger that he had smothered suddenly burst forth; he became quite mad, that is to say, madder than he was before, and,

rushing up to her, exclaimed, "What the devil, again! I have found you out; you are always on the watch for me to get up; rather kill me at once in mercy; hunger and vexation will destroy me as it is before Easter. By Heaven! I can't comprehend it; she sees so clearly that my book is our store-closet, from which many a supply of bread is to be dispensed, and yet she holds my hand the whole morning, so that I can do nothing. I have already been sitting ever so long upon the nest, and all I have hatched is the sheet E, wherein I have described the ascent of Justice into heaven (p. 69). Lenette! ah Lenette!"

"Whatever I do," said she, "is sure to be wrong: then pray let me sweep the room properly like other women."

She asked him innocently how it happened, that he was not disturbed by the squeaking inharmonious progress of the bookbinder's boy, who was all day long (these are *my* words, not *hers*) playing voluntaries and Alexander's Feasts on the child's-fiddle; and why he had been able to endure the late chimney-sweeping better than the room-sweeping.

Being unable to explain in a few hurried words the immense difference that existed between them, he preferred getting angry again, and said, "So I am to make you long speeches here gratis, while I am losing yonder one dollar after another. Heavens! thunder and 'ounds! the civil code and the Roman pandects forbid a copper-smith even to enter a street where a professor is at work; and shall my wife be harder than an old lawgiver—yea, even become the coppersmith herself? See, Lenette, I will positively consult the Schulrath on the subject."

This threat was of considerable effect. The produce of the trinity-dollar actually arrived before the Schulrath; an instance of polite attention which no one would have expected from so learned and accomplished a gentleman. My readers will doubtless be as much pleased as if they were Lenette's husband to hear that all this afternoon she was an angel. The work of her hands made as little noise as the work of her fingers, or sewing; she even put off doing several things that were not absolutely necessary, and accompanied a sister-gossip, who had brought a divine head-dress to be altered, all the way down stairs, not so much for the sake of politeness as of discussing over again, below stairs, a few more times, the most important points already agreed upon between them; and this, with delicate consideration, out of the Advocate's hearing.

This touched the old noise-hunter, and took him by his weak and tender side, his heart. For a long time he tried to find some way of thanking her, until, at last, he discovered a new one.

"Listen, child," said he, as he took her hand with inexpressible kindness; "would it not be acting like a reasonable creature if I were to decide on writing my satires in the evening? that is, if the husband were to create when the wife was not washing, just fancy in anticipation what a life of nectar and ambrosia it would be! We should sit opposite each other, lighted by the same candle; and while you were pricking with the point of your needle, I should be pricking with the point of my satire. The artisans in the house would have left off hammering, and be drinking their beer; cap-bringers would not come to gossip at so late an

hour; and besides, as the evenings will naturally be getting longer, my time for composing will, in consequence, also be lengthened. What think you of this? or rather, what do you say to such a new plan of life? And you must take into especial consideration that we are in cash just now, and that the trinity-dollar comes *à propos* to recoin us all."*

"Oh, most charming!" answered she; "and then in the morning I can do every thing as beseems a good housewife."

"Yes," he added; "in the morning I can proceed quietly with my writing, and resume in the evening what I left off in the morning."

The evening of nectar and ambrosia really arrived, and was without its parallel in all the evenings that had preceded it. A young married couple at one table, with one candle, seated opposite each other in harmless and quiet occupation, may indeed be said to know what happiness is. He was full of conceits and kisses, she full of smiles; and when she handled the frying-pan, no sound fell upon his ear louder than that made by the plying of her needle.

"When people," said he, in great delight, "earn double wages by one candle, they need not, as far as I can see, confine themselves to a miserable dip as thin as a worm, by which one can see nothing but the stupid candle itself. To-morrow we will set up a mould candle."

As I assume some merit to myself in this history for selecting and communicating only events of general interest and importance, I shall merely mention

* In the original follows: "Stiefel and me into the Father and Son, and you into the Holy Ghost proceeding from us two."

that in the evening the mould candle appeared, and kindled a feeble strife; for the Advocate took occasion, on its appearance, to bring forward again his new theory of lighting candles. He held the somewhat schismatic belief, that every candle, but particularly thick ones, ought to be lighted at the thick instead of the thin end, and that it was for this very purpose there were always two wicks projecting from every candle.

"In favour of this law of burning," he added, "I need only direct the attention of every sensible woman to the self-evident fact, that as a candle burns down, it always grows thicker at the lower extremity,—just as consuming debauchees are swollen out below by fat and dropsy. Now, if a candle is lighted at the top, the thin end, we have below an useless overflowing lump of tallow, a stump and stalk in the candlestick; while on the contrary, by lighting the thick end first, how beautifully and symmetrically the melted fat of the thicker half wraps itself by degrees round the thinner one, feeding it as it were and giving it proportion!"

Lenette opposed to his reasons a forcible argument, Shaftesbury's touchstone of truth,—ridicule. "Verily," said she, "every one who chanced to come in of an evening, and saw my candle stuck topsy-turvy into the candlestick, would burst out laughing, and the wife would have to bear all the blame."

To close this candle-strife therefore, an agreement was drawn up between them, wherein it was mutually established that he should light his candle at the bottom, she hers at the top; and with regard to the common candle, which was in itself thick at the top,

he consented to endure the '*Interim*,' viz. the false lighting.

But the devil, who always blessed and crossed himself at such things, managed to shuffle the cards in such a way that the Advocate, this very evening, chanced to stumble upon the touching anecdote of the younger Pliny's wife, who held the lamp for her husband whilst he was writing. Now, it came into the Advocate's head that it would be a glorious thing, and would save him from many interruptions, if Lenette would always snuff the candle for him during his joyful composition of the selection from the above-mentioned Devil's Papers.

"Most gladly," answered she; and for the first fifteen or twenty minutes every thing went on brilliantly.

But soon afterwards he beckoned with his chin sideways towards the candle, as if with his fore-finger, to remind her to snuff it; again, for the same purpose, he quietly touched the snuffers with the tip of his pen; afterwards, he pushed the candlestick slightly towards her, and said gently, "The light!" But the affair soon became more serious, inasmuch as he began to attend to the obscuration of his paper, and was more impeded than assisted in his progress by the very snuffers from which, in Lenette's hand, he had promised himself as much advantage as Hercules received from crabs' claws in his battle with the Hydra.

The miserable meagre twin thoughts, the snuffers and the snuff, danced impudently hand in hand up and down every letter of his most biting satires, and exhibited themselves before him. "Lenette," he soon-

repeated, "prithee amputate the stupid black stump, for the benefit of both."

"Have I forgotten it?" said she, and hastily snuffed the candle.

Readers imbued with the spirit of history—and such I should wish mine to be—can now plainly foresee that things must naturally get more and more out of joint. In fact, he was often obliged to control himself, and wait, while he was smearing letters a yard long, for some benevolent hand to liberate him from the black thorn of the rose of light, until at length he broke out with the word, "Snuff!" He rang the changes on the verbs; now calling out, "Enlighten!" now "Behead!" and again, "Pinch off!" or, he sought agreeable variety in other figures of speech, and said, "Cap the candle, cap-maker!" "There is again a long solar spot in our sun!" or, "A pleasant night-light for night-thoughts in a pleasant Correggio's night; in the mean time, snuff!"

At last, shortly before supper-time, when the charcoal in the flame had really risen to a great height, he drew in half a river full of breath, and exhaling it slowly drop by drop, said, with grim mildness: "I perceive that you do not snuff and clip at all; the burning stake may grow up to the ceiling for what you care. Well, be it so. I will be candle-snuffer at the theatre and chimney-sweep myself until the cloth is laid; but at supper I will tell you, like a reasonable man, all I have to say."

"Do so," said she, very gladly.

"I had certainly anticipated," he began, after she had laid out the supper-table, placing two eggs before each of them,—"I had promised myself great advantage

from my night-work, because I took for granted that you would always be careful to snuff the candle at the right moment. It is so easy, particularly since a noble Roman lady once even turned herself into a candlestick, and held the lamp for her noble husband, Plinius junior, to speak commercially; but as it happens, no good comes of it, for I am not fortunate enough to be able to write under the table with my foot, like a person crippled in the arms, nor yet to see in the dark like a cat. All the benefit I now derive from the candle is, that it is turned into an old lamp of Epictetus, by which I am to practise stoicism. Like the sun in an eclipse, our candle had often twelve inches of obscuration; and I sighed in vain, darling, for an invisible eclipse, such as frequently takes place in the heavens. Those detestable candle-snuffs hatch the obscure ideas and gloomy night-thoughts which an author so often produces. Oh, that you would only have snuffed properly!"

You must surely be joking," answered she; "my stitches are much finer than your pen-strokes, and I saw very well."

"Then I must explain to you psychologically," he continued, "that it is a matter of no importance whatever to an author, or a thinker, whether he can see a little better or worse; but when the snuffers and the snuff are always in his head, they get between his spiritual legs, like the pole between a horse's, and impede his movements. Immediately after you have well snuffed the candle, and while I am living in light, I am already looking forward to the moment when it will require to be re-snuffed. Now this lying in wait, inasmuch as it is invisible and inaudible, can consist of nothing but a

thought; but every thought that exists is the cause that no other thought can exist at the same time in its place, and thus the whole *posse comitatus* of an author's better thoughts go to the dogs. And yet I am only speaking of the least evil, for there is no occasion for me to think more about snuffing the candle than about taking snuff into my nose: but when the much-desired snuffing never does take place; when the black smut on the ripe ear of light is ever increasing, the darkness visibly augmenting; when a half-dead author is illuminated by a truly funereal torch, and cannot banish the idea that one clip from the conjugal hand might liberate him from all these drag-chains; then verily, my dear Lenette, an author must possess more than common talent not to write like an ass, or stamp like a dromedary. At least I can sing a song about it."

She here assured him, that, if he were really in earnest, she would do better to-morrow.

And indeed, to do her justice, on the following day she kept her word, and not only snuffed much oftener than yesterday, but, to speak correctly, without ceasing, particularly after he had thanked her once or twice by a nod of the head. At last he said very kindly, "But don't snuff too often; if you aim at too fine sub-sub-sub-divisions of the wick, we shall return almost to the old misery, as a candle too closely snuffed burns as dimly as one with a wick of free growth; which, if you ever could do such a thing, you might apply figuratively to the lights of the world and of the church; but it is only some time after and before snuffing, as it were *entre chien et loup*, that the delightful middle-age of the soul prevails, when it sees beautifully; then, indeed, it is in very truth a life for a god—a well-propor-

tioned black-upon-white, both in the candle and in the book!"

This new turn of affairs is not particularly satisfactory; for it is too evident that the Advocate of the Poor burdens himself, while writing, with the additional task of calculating, though it may be superficially enough, the mean distance or state between the short wick and the long wick; and, if so, what time has he left for his work?

Some minutes after, when the snuffing came too soon, he asked Lenette, with some hesitation, "Is there dirty linen again for the wash?" afterwards, when she was somewhat too late, "Eh, eh!"

"Directly, directly," said she.

At last, when some time had elapsed, and he became absorbed in his productions, she in hers, he found, on suddenly looking up, one of the longest spears that had ever yet been seen in the candle, surrounded moreover by one or two thieves. "Alas, this is a wretched life!" he exclaimed; and, seizing the snuffers fiercely, snuffed the candle—*out*.

In the dark vacation he had leisure to fly into a passion, and represent to Lenette, in detail, how much she tormented him even in his best arrangements; like all women, never keeping any medium, but always snuffing the candle either too often or too seldom: but on her relighting the candle, he fired up still more, and asked her, whether he had ever demanded any thing of her but the veriest trifles, and who it was that had refused them *all*, but his own wife. "Answer!" said he.

She did not answer, but placed the lighted candle on the table, and tears filled her eyes. It was the first

time since her marriage. Suddenly, like a person magnetised, he beheld the whole diseased system in his interior, and described it to himself; and then at once, and with ease, flung the old Adam from him contemptuously into the farthest corner. His heart was always so open to love and justice, that as soon as these goddesses made their appearance, his voice, raised in anger at the beginning of a sentence, reached its close modified to the gentlest tones; he could arrest his battle-axe even in the very midst of its descent.

Domestic peace was thus concluded. A pair of moist eyes and a pair of bright ones were the instruments of peace, and a Westphalian treaty between themselves accorded one light to each party, with absolute freedom of snuffing. But this peace was soon embittered; for Penia, the household Goddess of Poverty, who possesses an invisible church, and a thousand silent churches in the land, and who occupies most of its houses as tabernacles and lazar-houses, made known her bodily presence and almighty power. There was no money left. He would have preferred selling every thing he possessed, even his body, like the old German, to putting his honour and freedom in bond by incurring liabilities which would soon fall due,—I mean by borrowing,—now that he was every day more unable to repay. It is said, that if the English national debt were counted out in dollars, it would form a ring round the earth, like a second equator. I cannot say I have yet measured this nose-ring of the English lion, this circular eclipse or halo round the English sun; but I do know that to Siebenkäs such a negative money-belt round his body would have been like a girdle of thorns, or as the iron-ring to men who tow ships, or

as a strap which would compress his heart to agony. Granting even that he had been willing to borrow, and then, like states and banks, to stop payment (a dilemma which prudent debtors and noblemen can easily avoid by never commencing to pay), still he had but one friend and one only, the Schulrath Stiefel, who would have consented to become his creditor. He could not for a moment allow this dear friend, who, as it was, already stood on the first list of spiritual creditors, to be placed on the fifth or losers' list. From such a double sin, both against friendship and honour, he would preserve himself by pawning articles of less value, *i. e.* furniture.

Again he went to the pewter cupboard in the kitchen; but this time he went alone, mounted up, and peeped through the trellis to see what was piled up there, two or three men's height from the ground. Alas! but one single plate stood behind its front man, like a double note of admiration. This hinder man he drew out, and gave him, as travelling companions and *réfugiés*, a herring-dish, a sauce-tureen, and a salad-bowl. After this reduction of the army, he made the remaining troops deploy into a longer line, and concealed the three great gaps by subdividing them into twenty smaller ones; he next carried the expelled individuals into the sitting-room, and went back into the kitchen after calling his Lenette out of the bookbinder's apartment.

"I have been examining our cupboard," said he, "for the last half-quarter of an hour, and I can't at all perceive that I lately took away the tureen and the plates. Do you miss any thing?"

"Alas!" she affirmed, "I miss them every day."

Afraid of a closer inspection, he then led her hastily into the sitting-room, up to the vessels he had newly set apart, and made known his intention of transposing them, like a good musician, from the pewter key into the silver key. He purposely proposed selling them, in order the more easily to gain her consent to pawn them; but she burst open at once all the stops of the female organ,—the loud stop, the flute tone, the bird's voice, the human voice, and lastly the tremulants. He might say what he pleased, she said what *she* pleased. A man does not seek to arrest or to avert the iron arm of necessity, but coldly awaits its stroke; a woman rails at the dumb iron arm, for some hours at least, before it falls on her. In vain Siebenkäs calmly inquired whether she could devise any other means. Instead of a whole answer to questions of such a nature, a thousand half-answers always float about the female brain, which are intended to form a whole answer in the same way as in the differential calculus an infinity of straight lines form a crooked one. These unripe, half-begotten, flighty, mutually defensive thoughts were somewhat to the following purpose: "He should not have changed his name, and then he would have received his inheritance." "He could easily borrow." "His clients were living in ease and affluence, and he did not demand his money from them." "As a general rule, he ought to give away less." "He had never even demanded his fees for the defence of the woman accused of infanticide." "He should not have paid half the house-rent in advance, for he could have lived at least a few more days on the money," &c. When to the majority of such feminine half-arguments a man opposes the minority of a whole

proof, it is nevertheless of no avail. Women at least know enough of Swiss jurisprudence to be aware that four half or invalid witnesses outweigh one valid one.* Whoever, therefore, desires to confute them, will act most prudently by permitting them to say their say, and by saying nothing himself; they will soon go off from the point to other subjects on which he can yield the question, while, as regards the particular affair under consideration, he contradicts by deed alone. No other contradiction except that of action will ever be forgiven him.

Unfortunately Siebenkäs attempted to set the two most important members of Lenette's anatomy, the head and the heart, by the surgical bandages of philosophy, and commenced as follows:—

"Dear wife, in the great church you pray with all the rest that you may not become wedded to temporal goods, and yet they are fixed firmly on your heart, like brooches. See! I go to no church, but I have a pulpit in my own bosom, and value one bright moment far above all this pewter rubbish. Be honest! has your immortal heart ever yet felt the loss of the tureen, or was that your pericardium? May not this miserable tin, swallowed by us in little pieces, like that prescribed in powder by physicians as a remedy for worms, also purge fatal worms from our hearts? Collect yourself, and think of our cobbler; does he dip his bread less merrily into his pewter sauce-tureen because the roast meat is in the same dish? You go on sewing behind your pincushion, and do not perceive that the world is mad, and drinks its coffee,

* In Berne, and in the Pays de Vaud, two male or four female witnesses are necessary to establish a proof.

tea, and chocolate, out of different cups; eats fruit, salad, and herrings, off particular kinds of plates; and hares, fish, and birds, from their appropriate dishes. But let me warn you, that in time to come people will be madder still, and bespeak from the manufactories as many different sorts of fruit-dishes as there are varieties of fruit in their gardens,—at least I would do so; and if I were only an hereditary prince, or grand master, I would have lark-dishes and lark-knives, snipe-dishes and snipe-knives; I would not even carve a haunch of a stag of sixteen upon the same dish on which the haunch of a stag of eight had been brought to table. The earth is a good lunatic asylum, in which, as in a quaker's chapel, one man gets up after another to preach his false doctrine. The Bedlamites consequently consider that there are only two follies, properly so called, the past and the future, the oldest and newest. I would shew them that their own partake of the nature of both."

Lenette returned no answer, but said in an indescribably gentle tone of voice, "Don't do it, Firmian; do not sell our pewter!"

"Well, then, let it be," he answered, with a bitter-sweet expression of delight at having succeeded in catching the brilliant pigeon's neck in the noose which he had previously baited with berries. "The emperor Antoninus, indeed, sent his genuine silver-plate to the mint, and of course, therefore, no one could take it ill in me; but let it be! not an ounce shall be sold,—we will only pawn it. You have luckily given me the idea; for on St. Andrew's day, whether I shoot down the bird's tail or the imperial globe, or even become king, I can easily redeem it all with a mere song,—I

mean with the sheer profit,—especially the sauce-tureen and the salad-bowl. You are right; and old Sabel is even now in the house, at hand to carry the goods and the money to and fro for us." She offered no further opposition. St. Andrew's shooting-match was her signal of distress and Fortunatus's wishing-cap; the wooden wings of the bird were buckled on her hopes like waxen pinions, and the powder and shot were to her, as to princes, the seeds of her future blossoms of joy. Thou poor one, in many respects! But it is precisely the poor who hope incredibly more than the rich; hence lotteries, like other epidemics and the plague, attack poor devils oftener than the rich. Siebenkäs, who despised not merely the loss of the utensils, but also money itself, secretly designed to leave the rubbish at the pewterer's, like a mortgage of the empire,—for ever, even if he should become king; intending merely some day, when he happened to pass the shop, to transform the mortgage into a sale.

A few bright peaceful days ensued, and Pelzstiefel again paid them an evening visit. Amid the cares arising from the embargo put on their provisions, and the dangers of smuggling, when a tear or a sigh might be considered a necessary tax that *must* be paid on every loaf of bread, Firmian had little time and less inclination to think of his jealousy. With Lenette it was naturally just the reverse; and taking her love for Stiefel for granted, it would of course flourish on his money-manure better than on the Advocate's acres full of the springs of hunger. The Schulrath was not gifted with eyes which involuntarily detect the hidden misery of a household beneath its smiles. He observed

nothing; but the friendly trio, on this very account, enjoyed a cheerful hour free from fog, in which if not a sun, at least a moon of happiness (Hope and Memory) rose with bright beams.

Siebenkäs had again at least a practised ear near him, which entered into the spirit of the fool's-cap bells, and the trumpetings of his *à la* Leibgeber humour. Lenette did not enter into it in the slightest degree, and even Pelzstiefel only understood him when he spoke, not at all when he wrote. At first the conversation of the two men fell, like that of women, upon persons, not upon things; with this difference only, that they called their chronicle of scandal biography of scholars and historical literature. A scholar is curious to know every little trait, even to the dress and favourite dishes, of a great author; and women, for the same reason, are particularly interested in remarking the minutest peculiarities of a great princess who may be travelling through the place, even to her ribbons and fringe. From scholars they passed on to learning, and then all the clouds of life melted away, and in the kingdom of knowledge the head that was bowed down with care, and wrapt in the mantle of hunger, was once more lifted up and free. The spirit inhales the mountain air of its home, and looks down from the lofty alps of Pindus, and see! there below lies its sorely-wounded corpse, a burthen which it had to bear amid sighs, like a night-mare. When a poor persecuted scholar, a dry *magister legens*, a parson with five children, or a worried private tutor, is stretched out in misery, his every nerve writhing beneath an instrument of torture, and a brother official who undergoes equal persecution arrives, and disputes

and philosophises with him for a whole evening, telling him the latest opinions of the literary journals, then, verily, the sand-glass * which marks the hour of torture is laid flat; Orpheus, with the lyre of science, steps with beaming countenance into the physical hell of these two brothers in office, and all torments cease; soft tears fall from their sparkling eyes; the snakes of the Furies curl themselves into ringlets; Ixion's wheel revolves harmoniously to the sound of the lyre, and the two poor Sisyphi sit quietly on their two stones, and listen . . . But what consolation is there for the good wife of the poor parson, of the *magister legens*, of the scholar, under the same affliction? *None*, save her husband, who on that very account should be indulgent to her.

It will be recollected that Leibgeber had sent three programmes from Baireuth. Stiefel brought with him that by Dr. Frank, and requested Siebenkäs to review it for the Kuhschnappel "Messenger and Advertiser." He also drew another work from his pocket to be reviewed—a fact which the reader will learn with pleasure; for as our hero is at present without money, he may hope to subsist for a few days on his criticisms of the works. The second pamphlet was entitled, "Lessingii Emilia Galotti, Progymnasmatis loco Latine reddita et publice acta, moderante T. H. Steffens Cellis, 1778."

"Are not you of opinion," inquired Siebenkäs good-humouredly of Pelzstiefel, "that if I am to write a clever review on the works of Messrs. Frank and Steffen, my good Lenette should not scratch and scrape behind me with the broom?"

* As long as the torture lasts, the hour-glass is placed upright.

"Certainly, that would be a hard case," answered the Schulrath gravely.

A humorous and somewhat softened deposition of the acts of the domestic lawsuit was now handed in. Wendeline's large eyes, beaming with kindness, sought to read and steal away the *rubrum* and the *nigrum* (the red and black title or index) of Stiefel's judgment from his face, which partook of both colours; but Stiefel, in spite of the fulness of love with which his bosom was overflowing, addressed her as follows:

"Mrs. Advocate of the Poor, that will not do at all; for God has not created any nobler thing than a learned man who thinks and writes. Ten hundred thousand men, from every quarter of the world, are sitting as it were on school-benches before him; and to these he has to address himself. He attempts to root out errors which the wisest nations have adopted; to describe accurately, in the German language, antiquities which, together with their possessors, have long ago disappeared; to confute the most complex systems, or even to build up new ones himself. His light must pierce through massive crowns, through the triple felt-cap of the pope, through capuchin-hoods and laurel-wreaths, before it enlightens the collective brain below. This is his task, and this he can perform, Mrs. Advocate; but with what strenuous labour! It is difficult to be the compositor of a book, but far more difficult to compose one. Think of the effort required in Pindar's writings, and in Homer's before him—I mean in the Iliad; and so on, one after the other, down to our times. Is it, then, surprising that great writers, in this terrible strain of all their ideas, have oftentimes scarcely known where they were,

what they were doing, and what they wanted; that they have become blind and callous to every thing that did not affect their five spiritual senses,—even as the physically blind see gloriously in dreams, though, as I have said, in their waking hours they are sightless? When I reflect upon such efforts as those to which I allude, I can clearly conceive how it was that Socrates and Archimedes could live perfectly unaware of the storm and bustle that was going on around them; how Cardanus, lost in deep thought, forgot his chiragra, others the gout; how one Frenchman became indifferent to a conflagration, and another to the dying moments of his wife."

"You see," said Lenette gently and triumphantly to her husband; "how should a scholar hear his wife washing and sweeping?"

Stiefel continued his chain of argument unmoved. "For such a fire, particularly before it is kindled, tranquillity is at first requisite; therefore, in Paris learned men and artists reside only in St. Victor's Street, because the other streets are too noisy for them; and hence, too, neither smiths, tinkers, nor gold-beaters are permitted to work in the same street with professors."

"Especially gold-beaters," added Siebenkäs seriously.

"It should also be considered that the soul cannot entertain more than half-a-dozen ideas* at one time; now, if the idea of noise enters in as a wicked seventh, one or other of those which might afford fit subject for meditation, or even be worth writing down, must inevitably take flight, and leave the head."

* Bonnet really maintained that six ideas only could exist in the mind at the same time. See Haller's Physiology.

Stiefel demanded the hand of the wife as a pledge that, like Joshua's sun, she would always stand still while Firmian was fighting the enemy with pen and scourge.

"Have I not often myself," she replied, "begged the bookbinder not to hammer on his books so hard, lest it should disturb my husband when he was book-making?"

However, she gave him her hand, and he departed contented, leaving contented hearts behind him, and the hope of peaceful hours.

But, ye good creatures! of what avail is the time of peace to you on your half-pay, in the cold empty orphan-asylum of earth, in which you starve? in the dark labyrinthine defiles of your fate, where the thread of Ariadne itself is converted into a noose and a net? How long will the Advocate of the Poor be able to subsist on the money levied upon the pawned pewter and on the produce of the two reviews?

But we are all like the Adam of the epic poem, and look upon our first night as the last day, and the setting of the sun as the setting of the world. We all grieve for our friends as if there were no better future *yonder*, and grieve for ourselves as if there were no better *here;* for all our passions are, by birth, atheists and unbelievers.

CHAPTER VI.

Marriage-Tiffs. Extra Leaf on Woman's Gossip. Forfeits. The Mortar and the Rappee-Mill. The Learned Kiss. On the Consolations of Humanity. Continuation of the sixth Chapter.

THIS chapter opens immediately with money-distress. The miserable leaky Danaïdes-bucket with which the good pair drew up their few pence, or grains of gold out of their Pactolus, was always dry again in two days, or at most in three. However, they had now something certain, and not inconsiderable, to rely upon,—the two essays left there to be reviewed. They might count for certain upon four florins, if not upon five.

On the morning after the kiss Firmian seated himself on his critical justice-bench, and passed judgment. He might have composed an epic poem, so still were the passage-winds which had hitherto blown in the morning hours. From eight o'clock to eleven he shewed up to the world, in a favourable light, the programme of Dr. Frank. Its title was, "Sermo academicus de civis medici in republicâ conditione atque officiis, ex lege præcipue erutis, auct. Frank. 1785."

He reviewed, praised, blamed, and made extracts from the work, until he thought he had filled as much paper as would balance the sum raised on the herring-dish, the salad-bowl, the sauce-tureen, and the plates; for his opinion of the discourse was contained in one sheet, four pages, and fifteen lines.

The morning had passed off so pleasantly in his Fehmgericht,* that, in the afternoon, the judge desired

* Fehmgericht, the name of a celebrated secret tribunal in Westphalia. *Tr.*

to hold another sitting. He had never ventured upon it before; having hitherto, in the afternoon, only worked as an advocate, not as a reviewer, and only as a defender, not an accuser.

It was sufficient justification to himself, that young women and servant-maids always came in the afternoon with caps, and brought mouths, at the same time, filled with the treasures of gossip, which they hastened to unpack; moreover, they were richer than the Arabs, who have only a thousand words for one thought, whereas they, for the same thought, had as many idioms; and like broken organs, they immediately began to pipe with twenty flutes at a time, without being touched, as soon as the (lung-) bellows were put into action. This was all *à propos;* for in the hours devoted to these female alarums he let loose his juridical alarum, and, during the law-suits of Lenette, he forwarded his own. He was not in the least disconcerted; he maintained that an advocate could never be put out; he might begin and break off his period *ad libitum.* His period was a long tape-worm, which might be lengthened or shortened without injury; for every member was in itself a worm, every comma a period.

But this would not equally suit the task of reviewing. However, I will faithfully transcribe for the unlearned (scholars have read it long ago) what he really performed after dinner. He wrote the title of Steffens' Latin translation of Emilia Galotti, and continued as follows: "The present translation supplies a want that has long been felt. It is indeed a singular phenomenon that so few of the German classics have been hitherto translated into Latin for the use of scholars, who, on their part, have rendered nearly the whole of the Greek

and Latin classics into German for our benefit. The Germans have works to shew which well merit the perusal of scholiasts and linguists, but these latter cannot understand them (though they can translate them), because they are not written in Latin. Lichtenberg's Pocket Almanack appears in a German edition for Englishmen who are learning German, and in a French one for the *haute noblesse;* why are not these original German works and this almanack itself put into the hands of scholars and linguists in the form of a good and faithful Latin translation? They would certainly be the first to remark the resemblance between the odes of Ramler and of Horace, if the former were but translated. The reviewer confesses, that it has ever been a matter of grief and surprise to him, that there should only be two correct editions extant of Klopstock's Messias, the old one and his own; and that neither a Latin edition for scholars (for Lessing in his miscellaneous works has scarcely translated the invocation), nor one in the curial style for lawyers, nor a plain prosaic one for surveyors, nor one in Jewish German for Jews, should ever have been thought of . . . . ."

He had written thus far when he was obliged to leave off, because a maid-servant would *not* leave off, but went on repeating over and over again what her mistress, the treasurer's wife, had repeated—viz. how the nightcap was to be made. Twenty times at least did she sketch the cartoon and design of the cap, and begged that it might be finished speedily. Lenette answered and repaid all her tautologies in the same coin. Scarcely had the maid shut the door, when the reviewer observed: "I have not been able to write a line all the

time that windmill there was rattling. Lenette, is it then impossible for a woman to say, It is four o'clock, instead of saying, The four quarters to four have struck? Can no one say, To-morrow the rag will be finished, and there is an end of it? Can no one say, I demand a dollar for it, and there's an end of it? No one, Run up here to-morrow and then holla! can't you, Lenette?"

Lenette replied coldly, "Oh, of course you suppose every body thinks just as you do."

Lenette besides had two feminine bad habits, which have already caused millions of little devils or rockets, *i. e.* curses, to issue from the mouths of men, and shoot up into the sky. The one was, that of delivering every commission to the errand-girl in the room, like a memorial in two copies, and going out with her afterwards and repeating the same order to her over again three or four times; the other was (in spite of all Siebenkäs might say), that her first question was always, "How?" or, "What do you say?"

I myself approve and even recommend to all women who are embarrassed for an answer this praiseworthy habit of demanding the repetition of a question; but in other cases, when all that is demanded of them is attention, and not truth, this *ancora* and *bis* is as tiresome to a person speaking in haste as it is uncalled for. Such things are trifles in married life as long as their martyr does not complain of them; but after they have been complained of, they are worse than deadly sins, felonies and adulteries, for they recur oftener.

If the author of the present work were disturbed in his labours by such pleonasms, all that he would do, would be, not to give a severe lecture—that would

be the last thing—but to take advantage of the present opportunity to compose the following

EXTRA LEAF ON WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

The author of the work on marriage says, that a woman who does not speak is silly; but it is easier to be his encomiast than his disciple. The wisest women are often mute among women, and the silliest and most silent are often both the one and the other among men. In general the same remark holds good of the female sex which has been made on the male sex, that those *think* most who *speak* least—as frogs cease croaking when a light is placed on the banks of the pond. This habit of much talking among women is likewise a result of their sedentary occupations. All sedentary artisans—tailors, shoemakers, weavers, have in common with them, besides hypochondriac fancies, this habit of gossip. The little work-tables of women's fingers are the playgrounds of women's fancies, and their knitting-needles are fairy-wands by which they transform the whole room into a spirit-isle of dreams; hence it is that a letter or book distracts a woman in love more than four pair of stockings knit by herself. The savages assert, that the reason monkeys do not talk is, that they may not work; but many women, on the contrary, talk twice as much, just because they work. I long pondered on the object of this peculiarity. At first sight it appears as if nature ordains every repetition of what has been said for the working out of metaphysical truths; for since, according to Jacobi and Kant, demonstration is nothing but a series of identical propositions, women in consequence

must demonstrate unceasingly, as they always advance from the same to the same. Nevertheless it appears to me, that the following is the advantage more particularly aimed at by nature. Naturalists assert, that the leaves of trees are continually in a fluttering motion, in order to purify the air by flapping it, this vibration in some measure performing the office of a gentle breeze.* Now, it would be strange indeed, if nature, who is thus economical in every thing else, had ordained the much longer (seventy years) enduring vibration of the female tongue without a purpose: but the purpose is not wanting: it is the same as that for which the leaves are made to quiver. The eternal wagging of a woman's tongue is to assist in shaking and jolting the atmosphere, which would otherwise become putrid. The moon has its ocean of water and the woman's head its ocean of air to shake into health, and therefore a general Pythagorean noviciate would in the long-run occasion epidemics, and chartreuses of nuns would become houses of pestilence. Hence also it is, that among civilised nations, who speak more than others, the diseases incident to humanity diminish; and it is, moreover, a peculiarly beneficent ordination of nature that women speak most in large towns, in winter, in rooms, and in large parties, for it is in these places and at such seasons that the air is most corrupted, most imbued with precipitated phlogiston, and consequently that fans are most needed. In this

* But it cannot be said, that the wind is useful on account of its blowing away bad vapours; for in lieu of all the bad ones it blows away from me to the man behind me, it brings me all those from the man before me. Nor can it be said that stagnant water putrefies because there is no stream to carry away the slime.

nature overcomes all artificial impediments; for though many European women tried to imitate those of America—who in order to keep silence fill their mouths with water—by filling their own while visiting with tea and coffee, it was soon found that this fluid proved rather advantageous than otherwise to female gossip.

I trust I am in this very far from resembling those narrow-minded theologians who associate and append to every sun-course of nature secondary little wooden ways and motives. It may not unbecome such, but, for my part, I should be ashamed to suppose the oscillation of the female tongue, the use of which is sufficiently apparent in the motion given by it to the atmosphere, might probably serve to illustrate and typify some sense or thought of spiritual beings; as, for instance, of the female soul itself. Such suppositions belong to the things of which Kant observes, we can neither maintain them nor disprove them. On the contrary, I should rather be inclined to believe, that speaking were a sign that thinking and inward activity had ceased; as in a good mill the warning-bell is heard to ring only when there is no more wheat to be ground. Every husband, too, knows that a tongue is attached to a woman's head, in order, by its ringing, to announce the fact of a contradiction, irregularity, or impossibility, reigning there.* Thus, too, M. Müller has so applied a little bell in his calculating machine, that it shall ring and give notice of any wrong example or error in calculation that may have occurred in the machine. It is now the duty of

* For it is much easier for a woman to yield and be silent when she is in the right than when she is in the wrong.

the natural philosopher to institute further inquiry, and to judge how far I may be in the wrong.

I may as well confess it,—the Advocate wrote this little leaf.

He concluded his review the following morning. At first he had intended to have spun out his few thoughts upon the translation of Emilia Galotti until the sum given for them were sufficient to pay for the fore-piecing of his boots (Fecht demanded a sheet and a half for the pair); but he had no time for it, being obliged to calculate his manuscript by the compositor's rule of sight, and get the payment for it this very day. The reviews were sent to the editor, the critical bill of costs amounting to three florins, four groschen, and five pfennige; the sheet being valued at two florins, thirty lines to the page. Strange! we smile when we find spiritual and material things, intellect and wages, pain and money-fines, made into an equation; but is not our whole life an equation or company's share-account between body and soul? and is not every action upon us sensual, and every re-action proceeding from us spiritual?

In lieu of the leaves of silver, into which his ink should have crystallised, the errand-girl brought back nothing but compliments. Pelzstiefel had not given it a thought. The distraction of study made him indifferent to his own wealth, and blind to the poverty of others. He remarked an hiatus, not indeed in his own or another's shoe or stocking, but only in a manuscript. An inward fire made this fortunate man blind to the rotten phosphorescent wood around him; and happy is every actor in the school-drama of earth in whom the higher inner delusion conceals or com-

pensates the outer delusion—to whom in the enthusiasm inspired by his spiritual character, the daubed landscapes of the theatre really bloom and rustle melodiously beneath the rain-machine of peas, and who is not awakened by the changing and shifting of the scenes.

But this beautiful blindness of the Schulrath occasioned great distress to our beloved pair. Their little star, which was to have lighted them to-day, shot down upon the earth, and melted into meteoric sparks. I do not blame Stiefel—though he had no eye, he had an ear for misery;—but before you, ye great and rich, who, helpless in the honeycombs of your enjoyment, and with clammy wings swimming in your fluid sugar of roses, find it so difficult to stretch forth your hands and take out of your money-rolls the wages of those who helped to fill your reservoirs of honey,—before you an hour of judgment will hereafter appear, and ask you, whether ye were worthy to *live*, not to speak of *enjoying;* shunning, as you did, even the slight trouble of paying, while the poor man submitted to the heavy task of earning. But ye would be better, if ye did but think of the misery occasioned among the poor by your comfortable indolence, and unwillingness to open a roll of coin, or read a short account, if ye were to picture to yourselves the start of inconsolable disappointment, when a wife sees her husband return home without wages, and the want, and the blotting-out of so many hopes, and the sorrowful days of a whole family.

The Advocate of the Poor, in consequence of Stiefel's forgetfulness, again put on his absurd silvering face, and with his eyeglass he went about into all corners

as a pressgang for furniture, seeking what he might press. As a good prince, or a good English minister, sits up at night in his bed, and, supporting his head on his elbow, ponders on what articles or juicy birch-tree stems he may apply the wine-tap of a new tax; or, in another metaphor, how he may best cut the peat of the taxes, that new peat may speedily grow in its place; thus Siebenkäs. Provided with his letter of marque, he reconnoitered every flag that passed before him—he lifted up his shaving-basin, and put it down again—he shook the paralytic arms of an old chair until they cracked again, and further proved it by sitting down in it, and then getting up. I must here make a break in my periods, to mention, *en passant*, that Lenette perfectly well understood what all this dangerous conscription and measuring of the children of the land meant, and that, with Joblike lamentations, she protested without ceasing against this game of forfeits.

He next lifted down from its hook an old mirror in a gilt frame, ornamented with carved foliage, which was suspended in their chamber opposite the green trellis-bed, examined its wooden case and the back, pushed the glass up and down a little, and then hung it up again in its place; an old andiron he did not touch at all; from a porcelain butter-boat in the shape of a cow, according to the plastic humour of the day, he merely lifted off the back, and contented himself with looking in, placing it afterwards, empty and full of dust, as an ornament on the chimney-piece. He weighed somewhat longer, and in both hands, a spice-mortar, and put it back again into the cupboard. His looks grew every moment more dangerous and merry. He next drew out, with both hands, a drawer of the

clothes-press pushed aside some table-napkins and a wreath of artificial flowers, and was about to take a closer inspection of a striped calico mourning-gown ... but here Lenette flew out, pounced upon his arm, and exclaimed, "Why not, indeed! please God, it shan't come to that!"

He coolly shut the drawer; and again opening the cupboard, lifted the mortar carefully upon the table. "Well, it's all one to me," said he; "then the mortar may dance away."

By covering this bell of shame with his whole hand as with a damper, he was able to draw out the pestle without any sound. He well knew that she would rather pawn the dress of her soul than the striped dress of that dress, and, like the court of Rome, he purposely made a move, as if to demand the whole hand, in order that he might the more easily obtain a finger, namely, the mortar. He cherished the hope too, that, by continually repeating his assertion, he would make up for a deficiency of reasons, and that, by frequently bringing forward the bugbear and hobgoblin, he would accustom Lenette to it by degrees—I mean, to the pawning of the striped calico dress; he therefore commenced thus:—

"True enough—we have, year out and year in, little to pound, except when we kill the quarter of a fattened beast, but I should like to know for what purpose the striped calico gown is preserved. You can only put it on once, and that is when I am dead. Lenette! that goes to my heart; turn the gown into cash—cast it off —I will add from my own wardrobe two pair of mourning buckles, with which I trust I may never have to buckle anything again."

She stormed without bounds, and preached with all the good sense in the world against thoughtless, disorderly householders; for she now began to fear that he would eventually lead all the pieces of furniture, which he had felt and valued to-day like a butcher, one after the other to the slaughter-house, and, mercy on us! even the striped calico gown.

"I will rather suffer hunger," said she, "than throw away the mortar for an old song. The Schulrath is coming to-morrow evening, and he will bring you the money for the two reviews."

"There is some sense in that," he replied; and carrying the pestle of the mortar horizontally with both hands into his bedchamber, he laid it upon Lenette's pillow. He next carried the mortar, the socket of the axle, separately, after it, and deposited it upon his own. "If the folks should hear it ring," said he, "as we have nothing to pound in it, they will think we want to turn it into silver, and I should not like that."

Their united central treasury, which was preserved in his green and yellow purse, and in her own large money-bay, which she wore attached to her girdle. amounted to about three groschen of good money. A loaf of bread was to be bought for the evening with one groschen, and the remainder of the metallic seed was to be sown on the morrow for breakfast and dinner. The errand-girl went out to fetch the bread, but returned with the Job's news, that, at this late hour, there was nothing to be had in all the bakers' shops but two-groschen loaves; her father, the cobbler Fecht, had also been unable to procure one. This was fortunate; for the Advocate could enter into partnership with the cobbler, and by clubbing their money together, the

two *associés* could easily procure a two-groschen loaf. The Fechts were asked to consent: the cobbler, who made no secret of his daily bankruptcy, answered, "With all his heart. Damn it (God forgive him!) if he and his ragamuffins had gnawed any thing this blessed day, or had put any thing into their mouths but packthread." In short, the union of the learned *état* with the *tiers état* removed the bread-famine; and the two confederates weighed upon a just scale, in which the bread was at the same time the weight and thing weighed, the broken loaf into two equal shares. Ah, ye rich! ye little know, comfortably seated in your chariots laden with bread from heaven, how indispensable small weights are to poverty; ye little know the necessity of apothecaries' scales, farthing loaves, a meal for eight kreuzers, the washing of the shirt in the interval of dinner included,* and how important is a trade in slices of bread, where simple scraps and black bread-powder may be bought for money,** and how the joyful evening of a family depends on the fact that your hundredweights are on sale in lots of half-an-ounce.

Their meal made our pair satisfied and happy; Lenette was complacent, because she had had her will. At night the Advocate of the Poor deposited the waiting pledge upon a soft chair. On the morrow she facilitated his writing by her stillness; and it was a good sign, that she did not carry back the mortar from the chamber into the cupboard. Siebenkäs in the mean time amused himself by shooting all sorts of questions

* There are such *restaurateurs* for beggars in London.

** A considerable trade is carried on in Paris with the crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich, and with bread-powder.

in parabolas out of this bomb-mortar; for he knew for certain that to-day or to-morrow this Loretto and harmonica bell must march over the border for a small drawback—but a woman always likes to wait until the last extremity.

In the evening Pelzstiefel knocked at the door. It was ridiculous, and yet at the same time natural, to expect that the very first thing the editor of the "Gods' Messenger" would bring would be the wages of the Advocate's critical labours, that a lighted candle and a full glass of beer at least might be set before the editor. There is nothing that surpasses the misery of such a feeling of anxiety, for shame at once snaps asunder all the springs in a man's being. Siebenkäs did not trouble himself about it, for he knew that Stiefel took no notice of it; but poor Lenette blushed so much the more on account of her very love to Stiefel. At length the Schulrath drew out of his pocket—all expected the appearance of the review-money—nothing but his rappee-mill or snuff-grater, and put his hand again into his pocket for half a stick of rappee to set on his hatchel; but he had already rubbed it all up, and he therefore thrust his hand into his breeches-pocket for money to buy a new one.

"Why, positively," he said,—and here he swore an oath for which in England he would have had to pay a fine,—"he had not only sent his purse along with his breeches (his plush ones), in his stupidity, to the tailor—but also the little packet of review-money, ready counted out. It was not the first time," he continued, "and luckily the master-tailor was an honest man—but the fact was, that he had never got by heart the contents of his purse."

With a perfectly unconscious air he begged Lenette to procure him a stick of rappee, adding, he would return the loan to-morrow, together with the wages of learning.

"And," added Siebenkäs roguishly, "send at the same time for some beer, dearest."

He then placed himself with Pelzstiefel at the window, but he could very well hear the poor woman, whose heart was oppressed with sighs, and who underwent the *peine forte et dure*, sneak into the bedchamber, and noiselessly lift the spice-Dutchman (rag-pounder) from the chair into her apron.

After the lapse of a long half-hour, rappee, beer, money, and joy, at length entered the room—the bell-food of the mortar was converted into a better food for the stomach; and this bell had been, so to say, the little bell of transformation, which not only announced a transubstantiation or change of the bread, as with the Papists, but had undergone one itself. This spice-tan-mill was speedily transmuted into saw-blades for the saw-mill of the Schulrath. Their blood now no longer ran chafing between cliffs and stones, but flowed waveless along meadows and over little silver sands of life. Such is man! in great affliction, he is elevated by the first glad minute; in great happiness, the most distant sad one, even while yet beneath the horizon, casts him down. No great man, who has at his command kitchen-purveyors, cellarers, capon-stuffers, and confectioners, is refreshed by the pleasure of entertaining or being entertained; he neither receives nor gives thanks: but the poor host, who halves his loaf and his can with his poor guest, is united to him by a mutual bond of gratitude.

The evening bound up with a soft bandage the morning of pain; the poppy-juice of sixty drops of joy was mixed up with every hour, and they were gently soothed and exhilarated by the medicine. Siebenkäs gave the good old friend of the family at his departure a hearty and grateful embrace for his cheering visit, while Lenette stood by with the candle in her hand. Her husband, in order to afford her a slight compensation for having to-day pounded her little fit of obstinacy to atoms in the mortar, said to her in an off-hand and cheerful manner, "Give him one too!"

Blushes overspread her cheeks like a flame, and she bent back her head as though she had already a mouth to avoid. It was evident that had she not had to play the part of torch-bearer, she would have run away into her chamber. The Schulrath stood before her beaming with friendliness, somewhat like a white winter snow-scene beneath the sun's kiss. At last he felt hurt by his fruitless expectation, and the premature bending back of her head. Offended, but still with the same friendly radiance, he asked, "Am I not, then, worth a kiss, Mrs. Advocate?"

Her husband answered for her: "You surely don't expect her to give it?—why she would set her hair and all on fire with the candle!"

Hereupon Pelzstiefel inclined himself slowly, deliberately, and commandingly over the illumined mouth, and set his burning lips on hers, like one half of a stick of dropping sealing-wax upon the other. Lenette afforded him more space by bending back her head; nevertheless it must be confessed, that though she held out her left arm far in the air for fear of fire, she did as much as she could, for fear of another nearer fire,

to push back the Schulrath politely with the right. Even after his departure she seemed a little embarrassed; her walk had something of a floating motion, as though she were buoyed on the wings of a great rapture: the evening red still maintained its station on her cheeks, even after the moon was high in the heavens; her eyes glistened though fixed on vacancy, her smiles came sooner than her words, and she spoke little. There was not a thought of the spice-mortar; every thing she touched was handled more gently and softly, and she looked several times out of the window up into the sky. She had no longer any desire to eat of the two-groschen loaf, and drank no beer, but only a few extra glasses of water. Any one else, myself for instance, would have sworn he saw a girl hovering before him who had this day received the first kiss from her lover.

Nor should I have repented of my oath, had I seen, on the following morning, the sudden aurora that illumined Lenette's countenance on the arrival of the money for the reviews and the rappee. It was a wonder and a politeness that Pelzstiefel had not forgotten to return the loan made to his tobacco-scraper; little debts of two and three groschen always escaped his memory. But the rich, who always carry less money about with them than the poor, and therefore borrow of the latter, should engrave such little debts on a tablet of memory in their heads, because it is unjust to break into the purse of a poor devil, who besides gets no thanks for the groschen that falls into the stream of Lethe.

I would give two sheets of this manuscript if the shooting-day were but come,—were it only because

the good married pair build so much upon it and its bird-pole; for the position of these poor people is hourly becoming more cruel; the days of their fate go hand in hand with those of the almanack from October to November, that is, from the after-summer to the early winter, and their moral frosts and nights keep pace with those of nature. But I will continue in order.

On the whole, the month of November, which is so fatal to the British, is the worst month of the year, and for my part I should like to have a winter-sleep until the beginning of December. The November of '85 had, in the commencement of his reign, a terrible piping breath,—his hand was as cold as that of death, and he had a most unpleasant cloudy weeping-fistula—in short, he was perfectly unendurable.

The north-east wind, which we hear with such pleasure tripping behind our ears in summer as a herald of settled weather, only brings us in autumn a settled cold. The weathercock was a flag of sorrow to our married couple. They did not indeed go out, like the poor day-labourers, with baskets and barrows into the forest to gather the twigs and scattered branches that had fallen from the trees; but they bought this fuel, which had first to be dried by another fire, from the gleaners by weight, as though it were Indian wood.

But the damp cold weather did not affect the purse of the Advocate half so much as it affected his stoicism, for he could no longer run out and ascend a mountain, and gazing around seek in the heavens that which consoles the care-worn man, that which precipitates the fogs of life, and which at least shews us behind a

glistening fogbank the guiding nebula. At other seasons, when he ascended the Rabenstein, or other mountain, the aurora of the sun of happiness arose beaming above the horizon. The pains and sorrows of this earthly existence lay darting about, like other vipers, only in clefts and hollows, and no rattlesnake with its fangs could rear itself up to his mountain. Ah! there, in the open air,—there, in the neighbourhood of the ocean of life, stretched out into infinity, and near the sublime heavens,—there the blue coal-smoke of our suffocating day sinks down far beneath us; our cares there fall from the bleeding bosom like leeches; there the sufferer, lifted up for a season, stretches out his scarred unchained arms into the pure ether, as though he would fly, and seeks to embrace with them all that reposes above him; he stretches them out, like a returning child, to the infinite invisible Father, and to Nature, his visible mother, and exclaims, "Oh, take not this solace away from me when I am again down there among the sorrows and the fogs!"

Hence it is that the imprisoned and the sick are so unhappy in their riveted chains; they remain shut up in their dungeons, and only gaze from afar, on the mountains whence, as from those of polar lands, on summer midnights, we see the sun gleaming in the deep with a mild and as it were slumbering countenance.

But in such bad weather, which confined him to the house, if he could not enjoy the consolation of feeling, which blooms beneath the open sky, he was permitted at least to enjoy the consolation of reason, which flourishes in the flower-pots of the room. His greatest consolation, which I recommend to every one,

was this: Man lies under the yoke of a twofold necessity; that of the day, which he bears without murmur, and that of the year, which, though more rare, he cannot endure without wrangling and complaint. The daily and ever-renewed necessity is, that no wheat grows in winter; that we are not gifted with wings, like so many of the animal tribe; that we cannot set our foot upon the ring-shaped mountains of the moon, and thence gaze on the descending sun gloriously illumining the mile-deep abysses. The yearly and more rare necessity is, that it rains when the corn is in blossom; that we cannot walk conveniently in many a marshy meadow of earth; and that occasionally, because of corns or our want of shoes, we cannot walk at all. But the yearly necessity is, in fact, as great as the daily one; and it is just as foolish to resist and murmur at a paralysis of the limbs, as at our want of wings. All the past, and this alone is the subject of our sorrow, is so much a matter of iron-necessity, that in the eyes of a superior being it is an equal folly, on the part of an apothecary, whether he complain of his shop having been burnt down, or of his inability to go botanising in the moon, though in the phials there he would find many things which are wanting in his.

I will here insert a little extra leaf upon the consolations in our windy, cold, damp life. Let those who are exceedingly vexed, and almost inconsolable, at this short digression, seek their consolation in the

EXTRA LEAF ON CONSOLATION.

A time will come, that is, must come, when we shall be commanded by morality not only to cease

tormenting others, but also ourselves. A time must come when man, even on earth, shall wipe away most of his tears, were it only from pride.

Nature, indeed, draws tears out of the eyes, and sighs out of the breast, so quickly, that the wise man can never wholly lay aside the garb of mourning from his body; but let his soul wear none. For if it is ever a merit to bear a small suffering with cheerfulness, so must the calm and patient endurance of the worst be a merit, and will only differ in being a greater one; as the same reason which is valid for the forgiveness of small injuries is equally valid for the forgiveness of the greatest.

The first thing that we have to contend against and despise, in sorrow as in anger, is its poisonous enervating sweetness, which we are so loath to exchange for the labour of consoling ourselves, and of reasoning it away.

We must not exact of philosophy, that with one stroke of the pen it shall reverse the transformation of Rubens, who, with one stroke of his brush, changed a laughing child into a weeping one. It is enough if it change the full mourning of the soul into half mourning; it is enough if I can say to myself,—I will be content to endure the sorrow that philosophy has left me; without it, it would be greater, and the gnat's bite would be a wasp's sting.

Even physical pain shoots its sparks upon us out of the electrical condenser of the imagination. We could endure the most acute pangs calmly if they only lasted the sixtieth part of a second; but, in fact, we never have to endure an hour of pain, but only a succession of the sixtieth parts of a second, the sixty

beams of which are collected into the burning focus of a second, and directed upon our nerves by the imagination alone. The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless, or immaterial, namely our impatience, and the delusion that it will last for ever.

There is many a loss over which we all know for certain that we shall no longer grieve in twenty—ten —two years. Why do we not say to ourselves: I will at once then, to-day, throw away an opinion which I shall abandon in twenty years? Why should I be able to abandon errors of twenty years' standing, and not of twenty hours?

When I awake from a dream which an Otaheite has painted for me on the dark ground of the night, and find the flowery land melted away, I scarcely sigh, thinking to myself, "It was only a dream." Why is it that if I had really possessed this island while awake, and it had been swallowed up by an earthquake, why is it that I do not then exclaim, "The island was only a dream?" Wherefore am I more inconsolable at the loss of a longer dream than at the loss of a shorter— for that is the difference; and why does man find a great loss less probable and less a matter of necessity, when it occurs, than a small one?

The reason is, that every sentiment and every emotion is mad, and exacts and builds its own world. A man can vex himself that it is already, or only, twelve o'clock. What folly! The mood not only exacts its own world, its own individual* consciousness, but its own time. I beg every one to let his passions, for once, speak out plainly within himself, and to probe

* "Sein eignes ich."—*Tr.*

and question them to the bottom, as to what they really desire. He will be terror-struck at the enormity of these hitherto only half-muttered wishes. Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; and pride, two bent knees.

When I read in Widman's "Court Chronicle" of the terrible bloody times of the thirty years' war, and as it were lived them over again; when I heard once more the cries of the tortured for help, as they struggled in the Danube-whirlpools of their age, and again beheld the clasping of hands, and the delirious wandering to and fro on the severed pillars of the crumbling bridges, against which struck foaming billows and fiercely-driven fields of ice—and thus reflected, "All the waves have subsided, the ice has melted, the storm is mute, and the human beings also, with their sighs," I was filled with a peculiar melancholy feeling of consolation for all times; and I asked, "Was and is, then, this fleeting misery beneath the churchyard-gate of life, which three steps into the nearest cavern could put an end to, worth all this cowardly lamentation?" Verily, if there be, as I believe there is, true constancy under an *eternal sorrow*, then is patience under a fleeting one scarcely worthy of the name.

A great and unmerited national calamity should not humble us, as the theologians demand, but rather make us proud. When the long heavy sword of war falls upon humanity, and when a thousand pale hearts are riven and bleeding; or when, on a blue serene evening, the hot smoky cloud of a city, cast on the funereal pyre, hangs darkly on the sky,—as though it were the cloud of ashes of a thousand consumed hearts

and joys,—then be thy spirit lifted up in pride, and let it contemn the tear and that for which it falls, saying, "Thou art much too insignificant, thou every-day life, for the inconsolableness of an immortal,—thou tattered, misshapen, wholesale existence! Upon this sphere, which is rounded with the ashes of thousands of years, amid the storms of earth, made up of vapours, in this lamentation of a dream, it is a disgrace that the sigh should only be dissipated together with the bosom that gives it birth, and not sooner; and that the tear should not perish except with the eye whence it flows."

But then, moderate thy sublime indignation, and put this question to thyself: If the hidden Infinite One, who is encompassed by gleaming abysses without bounds, and who himself creates the bounds, were now to lay immensity open to thy view, and to reveal himself to thee in his distribution of the suns, the lofty spirits, the little human hearts, and our days and some tears therein,—wouldst thou rise up out of thy dust against him, and say, "Almighty! be other than Thou art!"

But be one sorrow alone forgiven thee, or made good to thee—the sorrow for thy dead ones; for this sweet sorrow for the lost its itself but another form of consolation. When the heart is full of longing for them, it is but another mode of continuing to love them; and we shed tears as well when we think of their departure as when we picture to ourselves our joyful re-union—and the tears, methinks, differ not.

CHAPTER VI.

Concluded.

The Striped Calico-gown. New Pledges. Christian Neglect of the Study of Judaism. The Leathern Helping Hand from the Clouds. The Auction.

IN the seventh chapter will be held the St. Andrew's shooting-match. The present one completes the wintry, thorny interval up to that period, or the wolf-month with its wolfish hunger. Siebenkäs would have been indignant could any one have told him beforehand with what feelings of compassion I should have described the flourishing season of his active trade, and with what pity it would be read by millions of men in all times. He demanded no compassion, but said, "If I am cheerful, why do you pity me?"

The pieces of furniture which he had lately touched as with the hand of death, or notched with the forest-hammer of his hand, were cut down and gradually carried off. The flower-ornamented mirror, which, fortunately, could not behold itself in any other, was first tolled out of the house by the death or vesper-bell, covered by the pall of an apron. Before it took its station in the train of this dance of death, he proposed a substitute to Lenette,—the mourning-gown of striped calico,—in order to accustom her to it. It was the "*Censeo Carthaginem delendam*" (I vote for the destruction of Carthage), which old Cato appended to every speech he uttered in the senate.

Soon afterwards the old arm-chair, unlike that of Shakspeare, which was weighed out by the ounce like

saffron or in carats, was got rid of at once; and the andiron, a rafter of fire-wood, went along with it for company's sake. Siebenkäs was prudent enough to say previously, "*Censeo Carthaginem delendam*," that is, "Would it not be better to pawn the striped calico-gown?"

They could scarcely subsist two days on the andiron and the chair.

The alchymistical transmutation of metals was next tried upon the shaving-basin, which was converted into table-food and pocket-money. Of course he did not omit to say, "*Censeo.*" It is scarcely necessary for me to mention how little fruit resulted from a branch of trade which was more of a wooden than a fruit-bearing branch.

The meagre porcelain cow, or butter-bowl, could scarcely be expected to serve as their nourishing milch-cow more than one day after its sale, even though it was accompanied by seven potentates, namely, their wretched prints, which were thrown into the bargain as a gift, for which the huckster-woman added some melted butter. He therefore said previously, "*Censeo.*"

Many of my readers must recollect that when he lately distributed notices of death among the several pieces of furniture, he took no particular note of the napkins, which lay in close neighbourhood to the striped calico-gown; but he now became a bird of death and gallows-pater to these also, and, with the exception of a few, rooted them all out. After they were gone he observed, shortly before St. Martin's day, that the napkin-press was still left behind; but he could not see for the life of him what it had to do now that it had nothing to press.

"If it so happens," continued he more cheerfully, "the press may just as well obtain leave of absence, until we ourselves come forth smooth out of the mangle, oil- and cloth-press of Destiny, and can stick the returning napkins into our button-holes."

At first he had intended to have reversed the funeral procession, and have sent the press as forerunner and foredancer in advance of the napkins. He would then merely have reversed his syllogism, thus: "I don't see what we are to do with the napkins, nor how we are to keep them smooth until we have the press back again."

I am firmly convinced, that most of my female readers will here strike their hands together over their heads, like Lenette, at my trade-consul Siebenkäs and at his Hanseatic treaty with every one who was willing to buy, and that they will join in her exclamation: "The thoughtless man! in this way he must become a beggar! the beautiful furniture!!" Firmian always answered: "Shall I then kneel, and howl, and tear my coat for grief, like a Jew—my coat which is already torn—and pluck out my hair, which is often plucked out by sorrow, as it is, in a single night? Is not your howling sufficient? are you not my appointed *præfica* and mourning woman? Wife! I swear to you, and as sure as if I were standing on pigs' bristles,* that if God, who has made me so merry, will have it so—if he will have it that I shall go about the town with eighty thousand holes in my coat, and without soles to my stockings and boots—if I am always to get poorer and poorer (here his eyes grew moist and his

* A Jew was formerly obliged to stand upon a pig's skin while taking an oath.

voice faltered in spite of himself), then may the devil take me and beat me to death with the tassel of his tail, if I don't laugh and sing to it; and whoever pities me, I'll tell him to his face, he is a fool. By Heaven! the Apostles, and Diogenes, and Epictetus, and Socrates, had seldom a whole coat on their bodies, a shirt *never;* and shall one of us in this little-town age suffer a grey hair to grow about it?" Right, my Firmian, despise the narrow sack-heart of the great clothes-moths, the human furniture-worms around thee. And ye, poor devils, who may happen just now to be reading me, whether ye dwell in academies, or clerks' offices, or curacies; who perchance have not a whole hat, or at least not a black one, to put on; raise yourselves above the effeminate days that you live in, by comparing them with the times of Grecian and Roman greatness, when a noble man was without shame, destitute both of temple and clothes, like the statue of Hercules, and take heed only lest your spirits become impoverished with your circumstances; then lift up your heads proudly aloft into the heavens, which are overspread, indeed, with a sickly northern light, but whose eternal stars pierce through the thin blood-red storm that surrounds you!

It now only wanted a few days to St. Andrew's shooting-match, on which day Lenette set all her hopes, and to which she directed all her wishes. Nevertheless a day arrived on which she was something more than sad, namely, inconsolable.

It was on St. Martin's day. On this day, the napkin-press was to follow the emigrants out of Lenette's Salzburg—the napkins, as their general; but nobody in the whole town would take it. One Jew alone re-

mained, their only anchor of hope, because in his Noah's ark of a shop all animals of wares took refuge; but, as bad luck would have it, the press sought his presence on a Jewish holyday, which he kept far more strictly than his word. "He would see about it," he said, "to-morrow." But is it not (I may surely be permitted to say a word in its proper season), is it not, I say, a very dangerous piece of negligence on the part of the government, now that the Jews have become, so to speak, the farmers-general and metal-kings of the Christians throughout the German States, that their fast-days and holydays are not generally made known and publicly proclaimed, for the benefit of all such as desire to borrow money of them, or otherwise trade with them? Are not the most respectable classes sufferers on account of this negligence—persons of birth, of rank, of the staff, who bring their papers on festivals of Haman, of Easter, of the conquest of the temple, of the Joy of the law, and seek money, but cannot obtain it? Should not the Jewish holydays be published in all almanacks, as in those of Bavaria and Berlin, and even the hours of their duration be made known, or, at least, advertised in the public papers, or by town-criers, and also taught in the schools? It is true the Jew does not require our calendar of festivals, since, for his pleasure, we cheerfully postpone every Sunday, even though it were the first in the year, the festival of Jewish circumcision; and therefore, in future, when the universal monarchy of the Jews shall be established, they will not need to append any Christian calendar to their own, as we now attach the Jewish to the Christian. But the necessity of teaching the Jewish festivals and religious

customs in the schools will become more apparent hereafter, when the Jews shall have promoted Germany into their promised land, and left us to make our retreat into the Asiatic territory to a holy sepulchre and a holy mountain of skulls. However (to conclude this digression with another), when we are become the Christian numerators of Jewish denominators, I trust we need not again seek Palestine as new crusaders; for the Jews, who trouble themselves little about Palestine, will certainly exhibit a spirit of much greater tolerance towards us than we, alas! have ever shewn to them. Their very spirit of trade, which has heretofore been urged against them as a reproach, will become the guardian-angel of us poor Christians, and take us under its protection, for we are indispensable to them for the purpose of buying and eating up the unprepared hind-quarters of cattle, which they throw away. (They may not even eat the fore-quarters without taking out all the veins.) Who, besides, but Christians can supply the place of the cattle, to perform the necessary hand and harness-work on the festival of Shabbesh,* since the cattle themselves may not be degraded to work on that day? and to whom can they, in imitation of the ancient republicans, commit labour and manufacture but to us, their nobler helots and slaves, and they will certainly, therefore, shew us much more indulgence than they have heretofore shewn to their faithless debtors.

I return to our Advocate of the Poor. On the morning of St. Martin's day he could get no money,

* Cattle may not carry any burden on Shabbesh. Even the little lappets of distinction are taken off the fowls. The Jew may not permit a Jew to milk for him. He may not even brush off the dew or dust from his garment.

and consequently was unable to buy a St. Martin's goose. We must ourselves sympathise with Lenette's grief over the missing goose of her confession. Women, who care less about eating and drinking than the most ascetic philosophers,* yes, even more about the latter themselves than the former, are, nevertheless, ungovernable when deprived of certain chronological articles of food. Their love of civic festivals is so great, that they would rather go without festival hymns and gospels than butter-cakes at Christmas, cheese-cakes at Easter, or the goose on St. Martin's day; their stomach, like a catholic altar, requires a different festival-dress for every saint's day; this canonical piecrust, therefore, is their second holy supper, which they take like the first, not for the sake of the palate, but to observe a rule, and for the custom of the thing. Siebenkäs was unable to find either in Antoninus or Epictetus any substitute for the goose, or any means whereby he might appease the weeping Lenette, who always retorted—

"But we too are Christians, and belong to the Lutheran congregation, and all Lutherans have geese on their tables to-day; so it was with my late parents; but, to be sure, you don't believe in any thing."

Nevertheless, late on the Jewish festival, the unbeliever slipped away privately to the Jew, who had a pretty poultry-yard, in which he kept geese with both lean and fat livers, and drawing out of his pocket a

* It is the duty of second improved editions to except the ladies of the court, who take great pleasure in eating. Long-sitting, ennui, and table-complaisance, put into their mouths as much as might be endured by the Kantite stomach of a meagre philosopher, but by no aurial stomach. However, indigestion belongs to the *honneurs* which court-ladies have to do.

Hebrew duodecimo Bible, he laid it on the table, and observed,—it was with the sincerest pleasure that in him he met with an honest student of the law, for to such a one he would prefer making a present of his book without demanding a heller for it; he could not read it very well himself, he added, without points (vowels), the more especially as he could not read it with them.

"But I should like to deposit my napkin-press here," continued he, drawing it out from beneath his coat, "as it would be in my way. I have particular reasons for wishing to take away a goose with me from your stall—it may be as dry as a chip. You may, if you please, consider it on such a holyday as an alms which you give me; when I come to fetch away the press, we can talk further about it."

And so he actually brought away the goose of controversy, that his wife might not be hindered in the free exercise of her religion,—to the polemics and distinguishing doctrine of which the goose seemed to appertain; and the following day, the two Doctor Martin Lutherists eat up the Schmalcaldian article itself (and theological articles were often defended in a similar manner by Schmalcaldian ware-articles of iron), and thus was the capitol of the Lutheran creed easily saved, methinks, by this animal, which was roasted over an *auto-da-fé*.

It was on this morning that the hairdresser came up stairs—a personage he always saw with the greatest pleasure, but not to-day; for yesterday, St. Martin's day, the quarter's rent, as we are well aware, had become due. The barber presented himself as a mute bill at sight, but politely made no demand. He merely came

to announce, that on the Monday before St. Andrew's day there was to be a public auction of miscellaneous goods, and, should the Advocate wish to contribute any thing to it, he begged it might be understood that in his character of auction-proclamator (a life-appointment of the great and little senate) he had hereby given him official notice.

No sooner had he gone down stairs than Lenette manifested the greatest but gentlest symptoms of distress. "He had given them warning," she said, "and now all the people in the house knew of their disreputable housekeeping, for he had spoken about furniture."

It is inconceivable how the poor woman could possibly have supposed that no one had hitherto observed it, since poor people are the first to guess at poverty. Yet even Firmian had been ashamed of telling the barber that he had already given himself the diploma of auctioneer of his own furniture. He now felt that he was more ashamed of his poverty in presence of one person and the poor, than before a whole town and the rich; and he was vexed that the cursed wind of human vanity should find its way into the noblest parts of the soul.

Even my readers cannot find the road to St. Andrew's day, hedged in as it was with nothing but thistle-heads, longer than it appeared to my hero himself, who besides had to grasp and pluck out all the thistle-heads one by one. His garden of life each day more and more resembled a good English garden, in which only prickly and barren shrubs, and none that bear fruit, are permitted to grow. Every evening, on unlatching the door of his trellis-bed, he said, full of joy, to his

Lenette, "Now there are only twenty, or nineteen, or eighteen, or seventeen, days to the shooting-match."

But the hair-curler and auction-proclamator had now quite spoilt Lenette, for she was ashamed, on account of the people of the house, though the evenings were long and dark, and therefore admirably suited to poor pawning gentlemen, concealing their bashful naked misery. Firmian, who was surprised at the inexhaustible nature of his head and his house, and was continually saying to himself, "I wonder what will happen to me again to-day, and how I shall get out of this scrape?" had proposed, a few days after St. Martin's dinner, to pawn two good pieces of furniture, a long siphon, and a great broad rocking-horse, relics from the days of his childhood. "We have neither cask nor child," added he; but his wife besought him, for God's sake, not to disgrace her thus.

"The rocking-horse and siphon," said she, as the former was about to be dragged to the pawnbroker's shop, "project much too far out of the apron and basket, and every one can see them in the moonshine; for God's sake, do not put this shame upon me!"

"And yet something must go," said Firmian, in a strange, cutting, yet softened mood. "It must be. Fate, like Prizel,* drums on the under side of the drum, and the oats leap up, and we too must some day eat from the drum-skin!"

"Every thing may go," answered she, "only nothing large. Let me seek out something myself." She sought,

* My readers will have read that Prizelius accustomed warhorses to the sound of the drum in battle, by shaking out their oats on a drum, and beating on the under side while they were eating the oats on the upper.

and drew out of the top drawer of the commode a wreath of artificial flowers.

"Rather take that," said she, and neither wept nor smiled. He had often seen it, but as he himself had given it to her on their betrothal the preceding new-year's day, and as it was, moreover, so romantically beautiful,—a white rose, two red rosebuds in a setting of forget-me-not, composing the gay-coloured reflection of a withered Flora,—all the fibres of his heart revolted against parting with this bright memento of a richer and happier time. This self-denying, patient sacrifice of the after-bloom in her bosom touched him so much that a thousand deep sighs seemed compressed in his own, and he said, in the most softened tone, "Lenette, why they are the flowers of our betrothal."

"But who will know it?" answered she, gaily and indifferently; "besides, they are not so large as other things."

"Have you then forgotten," he stammered, "how I explained to you the meaning of the wreath?"

"Eh! the forget-me-not," said she, in a still colder manner, and pleased with this proof of her memory, "the forget-me-not means that I am not to forget you, nor you me. The buds signify joy—no—the buds signify the joy that is not yet quite come; and the white rose . . . . . I really no longer know myself what the white rose means."

"It signifies pain," said he, hurried away by his feelings, "innocence and grief, and a pale white face." He fell weeping upon her neck, and almost screamed out, "Thou good one, thou good one! I cannot help it. I should like to give you every thing, but I have nothing!"

He suddenly ceased; for during the embrace she had pushed back the drawer into the commode, and looked at him with her soft bright eyes, in which there was no tear. "Then I may keep the siphon and the rocking-horse?" continued she, in the same tone of request, and with greater hope of success, "and besides, we shall get more for the wreath."

He answered again and again, and in ever softer tones, "Lenette, dearest Lenette!"

"But why not?" she again asked, more gently, for she did not understand him.

"Rather the coat from my back," he replied. Whereupon, fearing he was aiming at her striped mourning gown, she all at once became excited, and preached most zealously against pawning large pieces of furniture. Then Firmian clearly perceived that her previous coldness was not assumed; he now knew all,—he knew the bitterest,—that which no philosophy could temper or sweeten with its antidotes, namely, either she loved him no longer, or she had never loved him at all. The sinews of his arms, which had formerly staved off misfortune, were now cut asunder. All he could utter in the weakness and fever of his spirit was, "Do what you will,—it is now all one to me;" upon which she went out gaily and quickly to old Sabel, but returned immediately. He was glad of this, for, more deeply wounded by grief in the last three minutes, he had the opportunity of subjoining in a quiet tone the bitter words:

"Give your myrtle-chaplet with the flower-wreath, and it will be some little addition both to the money and the weight, for your chaplet is far from being as well made as my flowers."

"My bridal chaplet!" cried Lenette, colouring with anger, while two sharp tears pierced through her eyes. "No! that I will positively *not* give. I will take it into my coffin with me, as my blessed mother did before me. Did you not yourself take it into your hand on my day of honour, when I laid it upon the table to have my hair dressed, and say it was as important to you—for I paid particular attention to the words—yes, even more dear to you than the marriage-ceremony itself? No! I am your wife and shall remain so, and I shall preserve the chaplet as I do my life."

His heart was now moved, but quite in another direction, and inclined towards hers; but he concealed his emotion by asking her why she had returned so soon. He now heard that old Sabel was in the bookbinder's room, and that the Venner von Meyern was with the latter. This gentleman was accustomed to dismount from his horse and call to see what new things the ladies were getting bound at the bookbinder's, and how gaily they were got up; he also called at the shoemaker's, to set his foot with the riding-boot on the table and get the top sewed tighter, while he asked all sorts of questions. The world, which can only mean as many diligent tongue-thrashers as Kuhschnappel can shew up for his empty ears of corn, may certainly conjecture that the Venner was a real Henry the bird-catcher for more women than one in the house, which was a female aviary for him: but I require proofs. Lenette, however, did not wait to investigate the matter, but piously took flight from the bird-catcher Rosa.

Without being particularly ashamed of the fickleness of the human heart, I proceed to relate, that Firmian's

compressed bosom now expanded a few inches, and grew large enough to contain a considerable degree of pleasure at the thought that Lenette had held her marriage-chaplet so fast, and stayed so short a time with the Venner. "She, at least, is faithful, if not warm—perhaps, in the end, even warm," said he to himself. He therefore cheerfully acquiesced in her will and his own too, that she should keep the chaplet both in house and heart; then, without any further words about the wreath, he let her have her will also in that matter, against which his feelings only and not hers revolted. The little wreath of memory was pledged to a courteous lady who bore the title of "taxatrice," with a vow that it should be redeemed with the first dollar that fell from the bird-pole on St. Andrew's day.

The painfully earned proceeds of the silken nose-gay were divided into so many little pieces, that they were spread out like little stepping-stones over the muddy path up to the Sunday before the shooting-match. This Sunday, 27th November, 1785, preceded the Monday appointed for the public auction. On Wednesday he hoped he should take his stand before the bird-pole —and we too, I hope, shall do so along with him.

But on Sunday he was obliged to wade through a stream swollen by many storms, and we must all follow him; but I give warning beforehand, that in the middle it is deep.

The stomach of his inner man exhibited incredible disgust and a reversed peristaltic motion towards all pawning, since the flower-affair. The fact was, he could no longer refer his wife to any thing; at first he referred her to the bird-pole; then, when mortar and

chair had abandoned the fortress without music and flying colours, things which were not suspended to the bird-pole as prizes—he referred her to public auctions, where he hoped to buy every thing again at half-price. Finally, he still indeed referred her to the latter; not, however, with a view to carry on a passive trade there, but an active one—not to import their wares, but to export his own, in which method of proceeding he has the start of Spain.

He who gains the victory over great insults is often overpowered by the smallest—so it is with our sorrows. The firm stedfast bosom, upon which a past full of torture has weighed in vain, will many a time, like a piece of ice that has been often overflowed, break down beneath the gentlest footstep of Destiny. Hitherto he had held himself erect, and had borne his burden more cheerfully than most men would have done; until now he had sent all his cares to the devil. Had he not, for instance, just to cite an example or two, raised himself above the German emperor, when talking of his dress? The latter, he said, had nothing to put on, on his day of honour in Frankfort, but a horrid old cast-off coat of the emperor Charles, not much better than the old coat of Rabelais, whereas his own was a few centuries newer than the imperial coat. Had he not desired his wife, when she was sorrowfully looking over what was left of his perennial clothes-flora, to picture to herself, that he was serving along with a thousand other natives of Anspach in the new world, and that the ship which was to bring them new accoutrements had been taken so that the whole company had nothing to put on but the old clothes they were about to put off? For a long time also had he

supported himself upon something much better (in plain terms, upon genuine apathy) than his only pair of boots, which having been twice fore-pieced, had contracted like a pocket telescope or trumpet to good half-boots, in the same manner as long culture has much shortened the German body, and made a short gun out of this long gun.

But on the Sunday in question one single little bird of prey and of evil omen, which flew across the Sahara wilderness of his position, scared him far too much. He himself would not have anticipated this effect; for as he had always been in the habit of steeling himself beforehand against all dark scenes of sorrow by rehearsal —I mean, as he had read beforehand all the documents which the Heimlicher von Blaise could bring forward against him, thus loading himself in jest with the future burden as a present one, in order that he might hereafter reverse the game, he was in consequence greatly surprised, that an evil, which had been anticipated as most certain, should, nevertheless, on coming forth from the future, and approaching him, prove to have longer thorns when near than when far off. When on Sunday the official messenger of the Inheritance-office entered the vacuum of his bosom with the long-expected third demand for postponement, and with the third affirmative decree in answer to it, this new stroke of the piston of the empty air-pump made his soul sick and faint.

In the pressure of my official communications I purposely omitted to mention the second request for postponement, because I might reasonably conclude that any reader who had ever had half a ship's pound of deeds, or one single lawyer's account, in his hands,

would. of course presume that a second demand for postponement would follow on the first. It is a disgrace to our courts of equity that an honest advocate is obliged to adduce so many reasons—I may say lies —before he can obtain the smallest necessary respite. He must say his children and his wife are dangerously ill; that there are a thousand unfortunate circumstances; that he has a thousand pressing engagements, a thousand journeys to make, and I know not how many diseases: whereas, it ought to be sufficient for him only to mention, that he was so overwhelmed by the innumerable petitions for delay, which he had to draw up for others, that they left him no time for his other writings. We should be aware that all petitions for delay, like all other petitions, tend to the protraction of a law-suit, just as the wheels of a watch are made to fit into one another for the purpose of retarding the motion of the principal wheel. A slow pulsation is the sign of a long life, not only in individuals but in law-suits. A conscientious advocate, therefore, it seems to me, should endeavour to impose a long life—not on the suit of his client, that he would put an end to immediately if he could—but on that of his adversary, partly to punish him, partly to frighten him; or to cause the judgment in his favour, which is entirely a matter beyond calculation, to be deferred from year to year; as in "Gulliver's Travels" the people with a black patch on their foreheads were destined to live an eternal life of torments.

The advocate of the opposite party endeavours, in his turn, to protract the war of his adversary; and thus the two patrons involve their clients in a long net of deeds, both with the best intentions in the world. In

general, lawyers are not those who are as indifferent to the law of a case as to the justice of it; and they prefer opposing it by act to denying it in writing. As Simonides on the king's question, "What is God?" begged a day's delay in order to answer it, then again another, and ever another, because no life could exhaust the great question,—so the jurist, upon every question, "What is justice?" petitions from time to time for terms of delay. He can never solve the question; and if the judges and his clients pleased, he would spend his whole life in writing an answer to it. Advocates are not much struck with such a way of thinking: it is so common to them.

To return to Siebenkäs. He almost sank beneath the iron arm of the world and its six long thief's and writing fingers. The vapours on his path of life condensed into a morning fog, this again into evening clouds, and the latter, in their turn, into chilly showers of rain. "It goes too hard with many a poor devil," said he. If he had had a cheerful wife, he would not have said this; but a cross-bearer full of Jeremiads—an elegiac poetess full of Jobiads—was in itself a second cross.

He now reviewed the whole of his position. He had scarcely money enough to buy the next year's almanack, or a bunch of Hamburgh pens; for his satires exhausted Lenette's feather-dusters far more than his strength; so that he had serious thoughts of cutting up Stiefel's red pipe-mouthpiece into a pen. He would willingly have transformed his plates, had there been any left, into food; and in this have imitated the Gauls, who first made use of a round piece of bread as a plate,

and afterwards ate up the plate itself as dessert; or the Huns, who dined on their meat-saddle after they had ridden upon it until it was cooked.

His half-boots required fore-piecing, and to be abbreviated for the third time for the shooting-day, and there was no one else to do it but the artist Fecht; in short, on that important day, he had nothing to put on, nothing to put into his pocket, and nothing into his purse, into his bullet-pouch or his powder-horn.

A man should always allow his fears to rise to their highest possible pitch, and then some consolation or other will suddenly fall, like a warm rain-drop, upon his heart. Siebenkäs began to catechise himself more strictly as to what really afflicted him—nothing but the fear of appearing at the shooting-match without money, without powder and ball, and without the third abbreviation of his boots. "Nothing more!" said he; "and pray what obliges me to appear at all? I am like the ape," added he, "who complained that he could not draw his paw, which was filled with rice, out of the narrow-necked bottle without a corkscrew. I have only to sell my shooting-ticket and my rifle; I have only to open my paw, and draw it out empty." He resolved, therefore, to take his rifle, on the auction-day, to the proclamator and barber, to be put up to sale.

Sore oppressed by the day, he betook himself to bed,—that peaceful anchorage, with the thought of which he consoled himself all day long. "Night has this advantage," said he, as he sat up in his bed and spread the feathers equally, "that it maintains a man free of light, wood, board, drink, and clothes—all that he requires is a bed. A poor man is happy as long

as he is lying down; and, fortunately, he only stands half his life-time."

The syncopes of the soul, or of cheerfulness, resemble those of the body, which cease, according to Zimmermann, the moment the patient assumes a horizontal position.

If there had been a top cross-bar to the bed, I should have called it the capstan, by which, on Monday, he slowly heaved himself up from his place of rest. His first task was to ascend to the garret where his rifle was deposited, nailed up in a long field-chest to protect it from injury. It was a valuable inheritance from his father, who had been huntsman and gun-charger to a great prince of the empire. He employed an iron crow-bar as a lever to raise up the lid by the roots, that is, with its nails; and the first thing that met his eye, lying on the top, was a leathern arm, which really startled him; for, in by-gone days, that arm had often given him a beating.

It will not take me too far out of my way to expend a few words upon the subject. The father of Siebenkäs had borne this leathern arm on his body, as on the field of a coat of arms, ever since the time he had lost his own in the military service of the above-mentioned prince of the empire, who, in order to reward him and in some degree compensate his loss, had appointed him gun-charger to the huntsman's corps. The gun-charger wore the added arm appended to a hook on his left shoulder, more as a roquelaure-sleeve or lengthened hand and arm glove, for ornament's sake, than as a false arm for the sake of disguise; but in education the leathern arm did him the service of a school library and Bible-society, and was

the co-operator of the arm of flesh. Common faults —such, for instance, as when our Firmian made an error in his multiplication-table, rode upon the spaniel, licked up gunpowder, or broke a tobacco-pipe—such faults he punished mildly, that is, simply with a stick, which, in all good schools, runs up the backs of children like a capillary tube or syphon, to supply them with the nourishing juices of knowledge; or which is the carriage-pole, by which the schools, harnessed to it, draw merrily. But there were two other faults which he punished more severely. Whenever a child laughed during meal-times, or stuck fast and blundered while repeating the long table-grace or evening prayers, he immediately amputated the acquired arm with his natural one, and with this war-scourge (his own expression) he thrashed his poor little children terribly. Firmian called to mind, as if it had been but yesterday, that, once at dinner, he and his sisters had been thrashed alternately by this flail of battle for at least half an hour, because the one began to laugh, while the long muscle was waving round the other, who was serious. Even to this very day the leather excited bitterness in Firmian's heart. I am not at all blind to the advantages which may be derived by parents and teachers who attempt to unhook the empty arm by the organic arm, and beat a pupil through the agency of this union and treaty of compact between the material and spiritual arm; but it is necessary that this mode of treatment should be invariable, for there is nothing which revolts children more than a new instrument of torture, or a new application of an old one. A child, who has become accustomed to receive blows on his back with a ruler, must not be assailed by boxes on the

ear, or struck with the bare hand; as, on the contrary, a child, spoilt by the use of these latter applications, cannot endure the ruler. The author of these Flower-pieces had once in his early years a slipper thrown at him. The scar of this blow still opens afresh in his soul, while the blows he received in the ordinary way have left but slight traces on his memory.

Siebenkäs pulled out the arm and the rifle—but what a discovery he made beneath it! He was at once relieved from his embarrassment: at least he could go to the St. Andrew's shooting-match in shorter boots, and for some days could eat what he pleased. What most astonishes both him and me in this whole affair, though it is easily explicable, is, that he had not thought of it sooner, considering that his father was a huntsman. On the other hand, however, I must confess, that on no other day could it have happened so opportunely, since this was the day of the auction.

The hunting-spear, the horse-tail, the decoy-bird, the fox-trap, the hanger, the family medicine-chest, the mask with a neck, all these things, which he had hitherto never thought of looking for in the field-chest, could now be carried down this moment, and wheeled to the senate-house, there to be knocked down by the hair-dressing Saxon.

No sooner thought than done. After a long series of mischances his heart was for once gladdened and warmed by a happy piece of good fortune. He himself followed the box—which, with the exception of the leathern artery and the rifle, was sent off to the auction just as it was—to hear what would be bid for the things; and on arriving, he posted himself close

beside his hectic landlord, behind the auction-table, to conceal the half-boots, that were too long for him.

The whole heap of furniture, principally sold by those who were becoming poor, and bought by those who were poor, served every moment to lower in his estimation these complicated water-works and pump-apparatus, in a word this machinery, by which the *jets d'eau* of a few streams of life are preserved in motion and splendour, and he himself, the master of the machinery, grew every moment more manly. He was vexed with himself, that his soul yesterday had been a false gem, which, by a drop of aquafortis, is robbed of its colour and brightness, while a real jewel retains its brilliancy.

Nothing tends more to excite our humour, and render us more indifferent to the honour of rank alone, than the circumstance of our being obliged to substitute for the respect due to our rank the honour to ourselves personally or to our intrinsic worth, and to protect the inner man with philosophy,—as it were a Diogenes-tub —against external injuries; or, in a prettier metaphor, when, like the pearl-oysters, we must stop up the holes that are bored by worms in our mother-of-pearl with the pearls of maxims: and pearls are better than uninjured mother-of-pearl—a thought I should write in letters of gold.

It is not without good cause, that I preface what is to follow with so much philosophy, because I wish to bribe the reader not to make too much stir about what the Advocate now proceeded to do, which was nothing in reality but an innocent piece of fun. He took the hammer from the auctioneer, whose powdered

lungs wheezed rather than screamed, and put his goods up to auction himself. True, it was only for half an hour, and confined to his own wares; yet he might still have hesitated to hire the hammer, had it not done his soul good to hold up the horse-tail, the hunting-spear, the decoy-bird, &c., and strike with his hammer, while he bawled out: "Four groschen for the horse-tail, for the first time! five kreuzer for the decoy-bird, for the second time! half a dollar bid for the fox-trap, for the first time! two florins for the hanger, for the third and last time!" He did all that a good auctioneer should do, and praised the goods according to rule. He turned over the horse-tail before the huntsmen who were present (for the eagle on the pole had lured them from afar like a piece of carrion), and stroking it down with the hair and against the hair, said he would undertake to catch blackbirds all through the Black Forest with its nooses. He then held up the decoy-bird in the best light, he shewed the company its wooden beak, its talons, its coat of feathers, and only wished a falcon were there, that he might bait the decoy-bird and lure it.

According to the entries in his account-book, to which, owing to my wretched memory, I have twice been obliged to refer, the sum raised from the huntsmen present amounted to seven florins of Frankfort, without reckoning the odd groschen, or taking into account the family medicine-chest and the long-necked mask, which no one would bid for. On returning home, he poured the whole crown-treasure and sinking fund into Lenette's broad gold knapsack, and took occasion to warn her and himself of the imminent dangers attending great wealth, holding up before her

the example of the arrogant and rich, who in the end always come to ruin.

In the seventh chapter, which I am about to commence immediately, I can at length, after so many domestic plagues and cares, conduct the learned world of Germany to the shooting-ground, and introduce to its notice my hero, as a worthy member of the society, provided with bullets and rifle, and decently, not so much clothed as booted; for now bullets are cast, rifles are scoured, and boots now put on shoes. Fecht sews the three-quarter boots on his knees into half-boots, and soles them with the leathern arm—of which enough has been said already.

In my days, when one carries walking-sticks of leather, as though a man's withered arms were made of it, a stick might have been made out of the huntsman's arm in a better sense, even as the skin of the rhinoceros is still cut up into walking-sticks.

CHAPTER VII.

The Bird-shooting. The Swing-Target Shooting. Rosa's Autumn Campaign. Reflections upon Oaths, Kisses, and the Militia.

THERE is nothing more inconvenient to me, and more detrimental to this history, so beautiful in itself, than the resolution I have made to compress it within the compass of four alphabets, for I have thereby deprived myself of all room to digress. I have got into the same embarrassment here, in a metaphorical sense, as I once got into without metaphor, while measuring the diametre and circumference of the town of Hof.

I had fastened Catel's step-counter with a hook to the right waistband of my trowsers, and the silken cord, which ran down my thigh, to a crooked steel hook attached to my knee. The three indices on one plate (for the first marks one hundred, the second a thousand, and the third up to twenty thousand paces) were all moving in a regular measure like myself, when a lady presented herself whom I was to accompany home. I begged she would excuse me, as I had put on Catel's step-counter, and had already made so many steps towards measuring the diameter of Hof. "You see clearly," added I, "that the step-counter, like a conscience, notes down every step I make; and besides, with a lady, I shall be obliged to take shorter steps, and thousands across and backwards, and the three indices will place them all to the account of the diameter. It won't do at all, charming one!" But this only made her insist upon it the more, and I was only laughed

at; however, I screwed myself firmly to the spot and would not move. At length I consented to accompany her home with the step-counter, on condition that she would look at my indices (for I was unable to stoop down to my hip myself) and read them off for me twice, the first time now, and the second time on arriving at her door, in order that I might subtract the steps I made in her service from the length of the town. The agreement was honestly kept; and this little mention of the affair will be of service to me, in case I should ever publish to the world—as I still cherish the hope of doing—my perspective view of the town of Hof, for otherwise the inhabitants of Hof, who beheld me walking with the lady, with the step-counter dragging after me at my knee, might urge it as an objection against me, and assert, that it was a lame affair altogether, for no one could count his own steps in company with a lady, not to speak of the steps of a town.

St. Andrew's day was fine and clear, and not very windy. It was also tolerably warm, and there was not enough snow in the furrows to cool a nutshell full of wine, or to shoot a *colibri*.

On the previous Tuesday Siebenkäs had been among the spectators, when the bird-pole described its majestic arch, and descended in order that the black and golden eagle might be attached to it, and with outspread wings remount with the pole on high. His heart was moved at the thought, that the bird of prey yonder held in its talons the anxious or cheerful weeks of his Lenette, with power to distribute them, and that their Fortuna had assumed the shape of this black figure, preserving only her wings and the globe.

When he kissed his Lenette and took leave of her on St. Andrew's morning, having put on gaiters over his abbreviated boots, she said: "Our Lord God give thee a good star and good luck, and preserve thee from doing any injury with the rifle." She inquired several times, whether he had not forgotten any thing, his eye-glass, his pocket-handkerchief, or his purse; "and pray don't quarrel," she begged, "with Monsieur von Meyern." And now some thunder-claps of the drum echoed from the senate-house. "For God's sake don't shoot yourself," added she, trembling; "an icy chill will creep over me all the forenoon, every time I hear a shot."

At last the ball of shooters unwound itself into long threads, and, amid the sound of drums and trumpets, the waving train formed into running billows, like a gigantic serpent, and every shooter was a snake's coil. A flag was borne at the head, which represented the serpent's crest, and the ensign who carried it wore a coat like a lower flag. The soldiers of the town, more distinguished by their merit than by their numbers, interspersed their white coat-leaves between the mottled calendar of the shooters' company. The auctioneering hairdresser, the only plebeian with a powdered head, danced along, keeping the white corner of his hat at a proper distance from the leathern pig-tails of the patricians, which he had this morning tied up and powdered.

The multitude knew what real grandeur and dignity was, when, with profound obeisance, they looked up to the director of the shooters' club, the Heimlicher v. Blaise, who accompanied the procession, as the aorta of the whole arterial system, the elementary fire

of all these "will o' the wisps" and priming-powders, or, in a word, as the Scottish master of the shooters' lodge. Happy was the wife who looked and beheld her husband parading before her as member of the shooters' club. Happy was Lenette; for her husband was among them, and looked up politely as he passed, and the short boots became him very well—they were made at the same time in the old and new style, and, like man, had put on the new short Adam over the old one.

I wish the Schulrath had troubled himself a little about the St. Andrew's shooting, and gazed out of the window at his Orestes—but he went on reviewing.

When this procession of caterpillars crept together again, as on a leaf, in the shooting-house; when the eagle was seen floating in his celestial eyrie, as the armorial crest of the future; when the wind-instruments, which the musical corps had been unable while marching to press firmly to their lips, now rung loudly from the lips of the halting band; and when the procession, amid noise, and tumult, and the striking of their rifles on the ground, rushed into the empty echoing shooting-house—then no one, strictly speaking, was any longer in his senses. Every one was soul-intoxicated; and although as yet not even the lots were drawn, to say nothing of the shooting not having commenced, Siebenkäs said within himself: "The whole affair is a folly; yet see how we all reel! how a simple unbroken faded flower-wreath of sweet trifles, wound ten times round the heart, half chokes it, half darkens it! Our thirsty heart is made of porous fermenting soil, which is puffed up by a warm rain,

and, in swelling, tears all the roots of the plants that are in it asunder."

Mr. von Blaise, who perpetually smiled upon our hero, and behaved towards the rest with all the rudeness of authority, now commanded that the lots should be drawn which were to decide the order of succession among the shooters.

My readers cannot expect that Chance should arrest the wheel of Fortune, and feeling with his hand among the seventy numbers, from behind his bandage, pull out the *first* for the Advocate; nevertheless he drew the twelfth for him.

At length the bold Germans and imperial townsmen opened their fire upon the Roman eagle. At first they aimed at his *crown*, and the zeal of the pretenders was proportioned to the importance of the aim, for the revenue of six florins of Frankfort was appended to this golden pent-house when brought down by the bullet, besides other valuable possessions, such as three pounds of tow, and a pewter shaving-dish. The people did their best, but the rifle placed the eagle's crown—not on the head of our hero, alas, but on that of his predecessor, No. 11—the hectic Saxon. The poor fellow had need of it; for, like the Prince of Wales, he came into possession of the crown-debts sooner than of the crown.

There could not be a more judicious arrangement for dissipating the *ennui* otherwise necessarily attendant on such a shooting-match, than the introduction of a second target, or the so-called swing-shooting. A man who has to wait for the tedious discharge of sixty-nine shots before it comes to his turn to shoot, may amuse himself tolerably well in the mean time if he can load

his gun for less lofty aims,—for instance, to shoot at a capuchin general. The swing-shooting in Kuhschnappel in no respect differs from that elsewhere in vogue. A piece of linen is made to glide to and fro, upon which dishes of food are painted as on a tablecloth, and whoever shoots through the image obtains the original,—in the same manner as hereditary princes procure their brides by their portraits, or as witches stick pins into a picture that they may pierce the flesh of the person who is portrayed. This time the Kuhschnapplers shot at a portrait painted on the moving canvass, representing, as many asserted, a capuchin general. I am not ignorant that some paid more attention to the scarlet hat in which the picture was arrayed, and gave it out in consequence for a cardinal or a cardinal-protector; but they must first settle the matter with a third party, who, in opposition to both the above-mentioned sects, maintained that it was the scarlet whore of Babylon, viz. an European one. From all this we may judge how much truth there was in another rumour, which I contradicted the very first hour, namely, that the inhabitants of Augsburg had taken offence at this effigy-shooting, and had represented to the imperial attorney-general that they felt themselves aggrieved, and that it was an injustice to the one confession, if in the holy Roman empire only a general of the order, and not at the same time a Lutheran general-superintendant, were shot to pieces. I should certainly have heard more about it, were it not all smoke; and I am inclined to believe that the whole story is nothing but an erroneous tradition of another tale, which a lying Viennese lately told me at table. He said that in the principal imperial towns,

where a beautiful balance between Papists and Lutherans had been established by the levelling machine of religious tolerance, many had complained, on the part of the Lutherans, that although there were equal numbers of night-watchmen and censors (that is, transcendental night-watchmen), hotel-keepers and keepers of circulating libraries, yet that a majority of papists were hanged; so that it was evident, whether the Jesuits had a finger in the matter or not, that such an important and high post in the state as the gallows was not filled with the same impartiality and legal parity as the council of state, but with a leaning towards the Catholics. I was about to contradict this rumour in the "Literary Gazette" of last December, but the empire refused to pay the cost of insertion.

Yet, although they only aimed at a capuchin, the swing-shooting was as important in its way as the shooting at the fixed mark. I must give notice, that there were prizes of food set upon the different members of this general of the order, which to shooters who reflected upon the matter were sufficiently inviting. A whole Bohemian pig was the prize to be given for the capuchin's heart, which was signified by a single black spot no bigger than a beauty-patch, that the difficulty of gaining the prize might enhance its value. The cardinal's hat was an easier mark, and therefore only two pond-pikes were set upon it. The honourable reward of an oculist who should insert into the two eyes of the protector new ones of lead, consisted of as many geese. As he was represented in the act of praying, it was worth the trouble to plant a ball between his two folded hands, because it was the same thing as if the marksman shot away the two

shoulders of a running smoked pig. Each of his feet was based upon a hind leg or ham. I am not ashamed of risking the displeasure of the imperial town by publicly declaring that no part of the whole protector was worse paid, and had a smaller dowry or prize allotted to it, than the navel, for nothing was to be got out of it with the best bullet but a Bologna sausage.

The Advocate had lost the crown, but as some compensation Fortune gave him the cardinal's hat, in which were two pond-pikes. Some spell of witchcraft on the other hand protected both the head of the eagle and the head of the general from his bullets. He would have liked to have knocked out an eye at least of the Babylonian whore, but in that too he was disappointed.

According to the shooting-register, which is genuine, because it was written by the secretary of the company, under the eye of the master of the ceremonies, Mons. von Blaise,—the head, the ring in the beak, and the little ensign, fell respectively into the hands of Nos. 16, 2, and 23.

It would have given our hero especial pleasure, for the sake of his dear wife, who now kept the mid-day soup waiting for him, to have broken out of the eagle's claws the sceptre, which was now the object aimed at, and to have screwed it to his rifle as a bayonet. All the members which sought to break off this golden oak-branch had fired, excepting his predecessor and landlord, and he was the most dangerous. The latter shot, and the gilded harpoon trembled; Siebenkäs fired, and the eel-spear toppled down.

Messieurs Meyern and von Blaise smiled and congratulated. The trumpeters made a flourish with their instruments on the arrival of a new member of the bird, like those of Carlsbad on the arrival of a new visitor, and they gazed all the time fixedly on their parts, though they had blown the notes oftener than night-watchmen. All the infants—I mean, all the little boys—entered into a race for the sceptre; but the merry-andrew drove them away, and picking it up, presented this ensign of government to the Advocate with one hand, while in the other he held his own—the mace.

Siebenkäs examined the little branch with a smile, —the branch upon which the buzzing swarms of whole nations are often carried away, and disguised the joy he felt under cover of this satire, which the reigning Heimlicher overheard and applied to himself. "A pretty fleam! It should properly be a honey-gage; but in order to get at their honey-vessels, the bees themselves are cut asunder with it. Like children, the waiwodes and despots kill the bees of the land, and take the honey from their stomachs instead of from their combs. A right foolish instrument! It is of wood; perchance it is a piece broken off a shepherd's crook, pointed, jagged, and gilt; such a crook as that with which the shepherds often twist out the fat from the sheep while at pasture,*—in that sense, yes!"

He was no longer aware that he uttered the most biting things in his satirical vein, not having a drop of bitterness in his heart; and thus by a jest he often

* The subject of the allegory is, alas, too true. Shepherds have the art of twisting out the fat from the bellies of living sheep by means of sticks.

converted acquaintances into enemies, and he could never understand what made the people angry, and why he might not joke with them as well as any one else.

He concealed the sceptre beneath his coat and carried it home, for they would not shoot up to his number again before dinner. He held it erect and straight like a mock-king before Lenette, and said to her, "Behold, here you have a soup-ladle and sugar-tongs in one piece!" meaning the two pewter prizes, which, together with nine florins of Frankfort, accompanied the sceptre-fief. It was enough for one shot; and he also informed her of the capture of the pike. He expected that the least Lenette would have done would be to go through the five dancing positions in a domestic ball, besides making Euler's little knight's leap on the chessboard of the room. Lenette did what she could, that is, nothing at all,—and said what she knew, viz. that the landlady had complained terribly to the bookbinder's wife of their delay in paying the house-rent, and had abused her own husband, who, she said, was a sycophant and *complimentarius*, and did not speak rudely enough to his tenants.

"I tell you," replied the possessor of the sceptre, "that I have been fortunate enough to-day to shoot two pond-pikes and a sceptre, Wendeline Egelkraut;" and, in his anger, he knocked with the sceptre-rod of wrath upon the table, upon which the two covers and knives and forks were laid. At last she answered, "Lucas has already been here and told me all. I am heartily rejoiced at it; but I expect that you will shoot much more, and I told the bookbinder's wife as much." She was again steering into the old track, but Firmian

thought to himself, "She can grieve and lament loudly enough, but cannot rejoice when a man comes home with pikes and sceptre under his arm. So it was with the wife of the tender-hearted Racine, when he threw into the room a long purse filled with Louis XIV. d'or which had been given him."

"Whence did ye get this bad habit, ye dear women, that when a husband returns home laden with good news and presents, you shew an insufferable indifference to his load; and that, at the moment when Fate causes the wine of joy to sparkle, your casks become turbid with the old wine? Does it result from your custom of only shewing one side at once, like your image, the moon, or from ill-humour against destiny, or from a sweet overflowing feeling of joy, which makes the heart too full and the tongue too heavy? I believe it is often the result of all together. With men and also with women—that is, with one among a thousand—it may arise from the melancholy reflection of the sharks, which come and tear off our arm just when, with breathless oppression, we have gathered four pearls in the dark depths of the sea; or it may be the effect of a still deeper question. Is not our internal joy only an olive-leaf, brought to us by a dove over the foaming deluge that is spread around us,* and gathered by her in the far sunny Paradise high above the flood? and if, instead of fruits and blossoms, we receive nothing from the whole olive-garden but a leaf, shall this leaf of peace and this dove of peace give us more than peace—namely, hope?

* Bellarmin and the Rabbis say, that the dove plucked the leaf which she brought to Noah from the garden of Paradise, which was too loftily situated to be reached by the flood.

BOMBAY BRANCH

rinman returned with a bosom full of growing hope to the shooting-house. The heart of man calculates chance-events in exact opposition to the laws of probability as deduced by calculation, setting its hopes upon a second prize because it has already won a first (whereas, on that very account, it should conclude the contrary), and counting upon the eagle's claw because it has got the sceptre belonging to it. Such a human heart, ungovernable in its fears and hopes, did the Advocate take to the shooting-house.

But he did not get the claw; and he also fired at the folded claws or hands of the capuchin-general, the exponents and devices of two fore-hams, in vain.

It was of no consequence; there was still more of the eagle left than there is now of Poland, if the latter or its arms, a silver eagle in a blood-red field, were to be elevated on a throne or bird-pole, and put up to be fired at by a shooter's company of several armies.

Not even the imperial globe was as yet knocked down. No. 69, a dangerous predecessor, Mr. Everard Rosa von Meyern, was now taking his aim. He wanted to break off this forbidden apple.* Such a Stettin or play-ball for princes themselves was much too dignified a prize to be coveted for the sake of the profit annexed to it—honour alone inspired him. He fired, and he might as well have aimed backwards. Rosa, for whom this sort of fruit was suspended far too high, mingled blushing among the female spectators, and distributed apples himself, that is, Paris-apples. He

* The globe is called in German "imperial apple."

told every one how beautiful she was, to convince them that he himself was lovely; for in the eyes of a woman her panegyrist is at first a very clever man, and in the end a very handsome one. Rosa knew that grains of incense are the anise-seed which these doves fly after, as though they were mad.

"Our friend had no occasion to fear any other fruit-gatherer—neither the second, eighth, or ninth—but the eleventh, that is, the rifle of the Saxon, who shot like a devil. There were few among the seventy who did not wish this confounded gallows-number at the devil, or, at least, in the vegetable kingdom, where it is wanting.* The barber shot, and hit the eagle in the leg, but both the leg and the imperial globe remained aloft. His lodger, the Advocate, took his place, but the landlord remained in the shooting-house, to curse his fill at his unlucky star. Firmian, on elevating his rifle, resolved not to aim at all at the globe but at the eagle's tail, in order, if possible, to shake down the fruit. In one second the worm-eaten apple of the world fell down. The Saxon swore beyond all description.

Siebenkäs almost offered up a prayer in his heart, not because of the pewter mustard-pot, the sugar-basin, and five florins, which rained down with the apple into his lap, but because of his good fortune and of the warm sun, which came forth, like a radiance, from a circle of distant clouds. "It is thy intention to try my soul, good Destiny, and therefore dost thou put it into every position, as a man does his watch, into a perpendicular and a horizontal position, easy

* It is well known that there are no plants with *eleven* stamens.

and uneasy ones, in order to see whether it goes well, and shews the time correctly. Verily it shall!"

Tossing this little imitation of an earthly sphere from one hand to the other, he spun and wove the following syllogism. "What a succession of copies! Mere pictures in pictures, comedies in comedies! The imperial globe of the emperor is an image of the terrestrial globe, and has a handful of earth as a kernel.* My imperial globe is, in its turn, an image of the emperor's, and has still less earth, indeed none at all; the mustard-pot and sugar-basin are again images of this image. What a series of diminutives ere man enjoys!"

Most of the joys of man are only preparatives of joy, and when he thinks he has gained his end, he has but gained a means. The burning sun of rapture is only revealed to our weak eyes in the seventy mirrors of our seventy years. Each mirror reflects its image on the next, fainter and paler, and from the seventieth mirror the sun beams upon us frozenly, and has become a moon.**

He ran home, but without the imperial globe, for he would not tell his wife of this harvest before the evening. It was very refreshing to him to creep away, during his shooting-vacations, from the tumult of the public throng to his own little peaceful apartment, and, having related the principal events that had

* At least, a chronicler of Wittemberg writes, that earth is contained in the imperial globe, which, however, no inhabitant of Nuremberg might cut open.—Wagenseil, *de Civ. Noremb.* p. 239.

** J. Hooke counsels astronomers to reflect the image of the sun from mirror to mirror, until it appear extinguished.—Priestley's *History of Optics.*

taken place, once more return and mingle with the crowd.

As his number was a neighbour of Rosa's, and they had consequently the same vacations, I am surprised that he did not meet the Venner von Meyern upon the same steps, beneath his window; for the latter crawled up and down there with head erect like an ant. Whoever wishes to kill a young gentleman of this kind must seek him beneath a maiden's window, if not in the embrasure,—just as a careful gardener, who seeks to destroy millipedes and wood-lice, has only to lift up the flower-pots to kill them in heaps.

Siebenkäs did not hit another chip the whole afternoon. He could not even knock down the tail, to which he had so happily addressed himself in order to shake down the globe of the holy Roman empire. Late in the evening he accompanied the town militia, amid drumming and fifing, to his home. Arrived at his door, he growled in imitation of Ruprecht, who, on St. Andrew's day, brings terror and fruit for the first time to children; and in lieu of other apples, he threw his wife the one he had shot down. Pardon his jest—but I ought not to relate such trifles at all.

On laying his head on his pillow, Firmian observed to his wife, "To-morrow, Lenette, at this hour, we shall know whether we are to lay a pair of crowned heads on this pillow or not; to-morrow, on returning to rest, I will remind you of this minute." On jumping out of bed the following morning, he exclaimed, "I jump out of bed to-day for the last time, I hope, as a common man!"

He could scarcely wait in patience to behold once

more the bedewed defective bird, full of gun-shot wounds and bone-splinters. But his hope to shoot himself to the rank of king only lasted as long as he did not see it; and he therefore willingly agreed to the proposition of the cunning Saxon, who had always prepared the way by his own bullets for the good shots of his neighbour number, to divide their gains and losses both in the bird and the Cardinal. This confederacy doubled the hopes of the Advocate by halving them.

But the two brethren in arms did not bring down a coloured chip the whole forenoon (for bird-shooters can only make use of coloured chips—wasps of uncoloured chips). Each in his heart thought the other was his evil star; for, in chance-occurrences, man prefers a superstitious explanation to no explanation at all. The fickle Babylonian whore was so shy and prudish, that the barber once sent his bullet close to the fellow who drew it backwards and forwards; but, in the afternoon, he at length hit her black heart with his Cupid's arrow, and consequently the pig too. Firmian was almost frightened. He said he would only accept the head of the pig, this heart-polypus of the heart of the Babylonian *fille de joie*, unless he hit something himself. All that now remained of the bird was the *torso*, which was stuck on the pole, as though it were the rump parliament which the pretenders to the crown sought to dissolve. The running fire spread from bosom to bosom, fanned by every priming powder which flashed from the pan; and all the remaining shooters trembled simultaneously with the shot bird.

All, except Monsieur von Meyern, who, as soon as

he saw all the people, and especially our hero, absorbed in their expectancy, had gone away, and marched off to Mrs. Siebenkäs, through whom he hoped to become king of a queen with more probability of success than king of the shooters. The eye-glass from behind which he aimed at yonder eagle and this dove (for, like Parisians, he held it up in the middle of the room), might at least aid him, he thought, to kill the dove. But I and my readers will presently follow him to Firmian's apartment.

The seventy numbers had already twice loaded for the crowning shot—in vain. The tough stump on the pole scarcely moved; and the poor fluttering human hearts were agitated, and almost pierced, by every shot that fell. Their fears grew—their hopes grew—but most of all their curses,—those ejaculatory prayers to the devil. The theologians, in the seventh decade of the present century, often had the devil in their pens, either denying him or asserting his existence; but the shooters of Kuhschnappel quoted him still oftener, and more especially the patricians.

Seneca, among his remedies against anger, has omitted the simplest of all—the devil. The Cabalists, indeed, hold in very high estimation the medicinal virtue of Shemhamphorash, an opposite name; but my own observations lead me to conclude that the spotted and scarlet fever of anger, which is easily recognised by the delirious ravings of the patient, more readily yields — as well perhaps as though amulets were suspended to the body—on using the name of the devil. In the absence of this name, the ancients, to whom Satan was wanting, recommended simply the repetition of the *a b c*, in which, to be sure, the name of the

devil equally swims, but diluted with too many letters. In like manner the word "abracadabra," spoken *diminuendo*, cured a man of a physical fever. In the inflammatory fever of anger, the number of devils to be taken must be proportionate to the *materia peccans* which requires to be thrown off by the secretions of the mouth. For a little indignation, "The devil!" or "All the devils!" is sufficient; but for the splenetic fever of wrath I would prescribe, "Satan and his hellish grandmother!" and go on increasing the power of the remedy by the addition of a little "thunder" and "blasting," since the healing power of the electric fluid is so well known. I need not be told that, for real madness or rage, such doses of the specific are of little avail; and I would therefore allow a patient so sorely afflicted to be "carried away and torn by a whole legion of devils!" The devil is always the true specific ingredient; for as it is his sting which puts us into a passion, he must necessarily be taken to cure it, as a scorpion's sting is cured by crushed scorpions.

The fervour of expectation mingled together into one mass the nobility and penny-gallery of the state. Noblemen and patricians, on such occasions, and also in the chase and in farming, forget who they are, that is to say, something superior to the citizen class. According to my opinion, a nobleman should never lose sight of the fact, that he stands much in the same relation to the people as the actors now-a-days to the chorus. In the times of Thespis the chorus sung and acted the whole tragedy; and one single actor, who was called Protagonist, added a few words about the drama, without song. Æschylus introduced a second, called Deuteragonist; Sophocles a third, Tritagonist.

In modern times the actors remained and the chorus was omitted—unless the clapping audience be taken to represent the latter. Thus, too, it is upon the earth—the national theatre of humanity: the chorus or people is pushed aside, only more to their advantage than on the smaller stage, and is elevated from actors, for whom the protagonists (princes), deuteragonists (ministers), and the tritagonists (aristocracy), are better suited, to the rank of judging and clapping spectators; and the Athenian chorus is now comfortably seated in the pit, near the orchestra, in front of the stage on which the principal actions of the state are represented.

It was already half-past two o'clock, and the afternoon was short. The shattered bird did not stir. All the world swore that the carpenter who had hatched it out of the block was a good-for-nothing fellow, and had made it of too tough a wood.

At last, disfigured and wounded, it seemed about to fall.

The barber, who, like all common people, was conscientious only towards individuals and not towards communities, made no scruple of secretly taking, in lieu of a double-barrelled gun, double bullets, one for himself and one for his associate, hoping by this compound to precipitate the eagle. "Satan and his infernal grandmother!" he exclaimed after his shot, applying the above-mentioned cooling method according to rule. He now built his hopes upon his tenant, and gave him his rifle. Siebenkäs fired. "Ten thousand devils!" said the Saxon, needlessly doubling the dose of his devils, as of his bullets, against his fever.

They now both lowered their rifles, discouraged; for there were more pretenders to this throne than

once, under Galienus, to that of Rome. Of the latter there were but thirty. The solemnising Septuagint held up in turn the rifle or the telescope, to see that this constellation, suspended in the heavens, included more bullets than there are stars in the astronomical eagle. The faces of all the spectators were turned to this *keblah* of the bird, like those of the Jews towards the ruins of Jerusalem. Old Sabel sat behind her stall covered with eatables, without customers, and gazed aloft herself. The first numbers did not even take the trouble to pour powder into their priming-pans. Firmian deplored the dull human hearts swimming in their muddy earthly blood, for whom, at this moment, the setting sun, the brilliant sky, and the outstretched earth, were invisible, or rather shrunk to a shattered block of wood. The surest sign that their hearts lay chained in the eternal prison-house of want was, that no one could make a witty allusion to the bird, or the chance of becoming king. Man can only perceive resemblances and connexions in those things which leave his soul unshackled. Firmian thought, "This bird is the true decoy with feathers for this people, and the money lies upon it as the bait." And yet he had himself three reasons for desiring to become king: firstly, in order to laugh himself to death at his coronation; secondly, for Lenette's sake; and, thirdly, for his own.

By degrees the second half of the seventy fathers shot off, and the first numbers began to load again, just for fun. No man any longer shot without a double load. The turn of our two Hanseatic confederates again approached; and, as the night grew every moment darker, Siebenkäs borrowed a more powerful eye-

glass, which he screwed on his rifle, like a finder on a telescope.

No. 10 knocked the bird out of its hook, and it now only hung suspended to it by its weight; for they had almost saturated and incrusted the wood with lead, as certain springs convert wood into iron.

The Saxon had but to graze the eagle's trunk, or merely the pole, or the evening wind had but to give a puff, and the bird of prey would come tumbling down. He presented—took aim for an eternity, for fifty florins now hung in the air—fired—his rifle flashed in the pan. The musicians already held their trumpets horizontally, and their music-leaves perpendicularly. The boys already stood congregated round the pole, ready to pick up the fallen skeleton. The merry-andrew could make no more jests from very expectation; and his wondering soul sat aloft alongside of the bird. The nervously-agitated hair-dresser fired again—again the powder flashed in the pan. He sweated,—glowed,—trembled,—loaded,—took aim,—pulled the trigger,—and fired—two or three yards at least above the bird.

He retired, silent, pale, and covered with a cold sweat, and did not even swear a single oath. I conjecture that he even offered up a few secret prayers that his associate, by the grace of God, might capture the feathered game.

Firmian stepped forward, thought purposely of something else in order to subdue his throbbing expectation, and took a quick aim at this anchor of his little storms floating in the twilight. He fired—beheld the block, like Fortune's wheel, turn three times round in the air, and at last spring off and fly down.

As at the coronation of the old French kings a living bird always fluttered in the sky; as at the apotheosis of the Roman emperors an eagle rose up out of the funeral pyre towards the heavens; so, at the coronation of my hero, an eagle flew down.

The children and the trumpets screamed. One part of the people wanted to see and know the new king; the other streamed to meet the buffoon, who bore the shivered bullet-case, the eagle's belly, aloft through the crowd. The barber rushed towards it, and screamed, "*Vivat* the king!" adding that he too was one; and Firmian retired silently into the house, and was full of joy, but at the same time full of emotion.

It is now time for all of us to run to the town, and see what Rosa gained from the wife while the husband was ascending a throne; whether he won a more beautiful crown or a pillory; and how many steps he ascended to the one or the other.

Rosa knocked at Lenette's door, and entered immediately, lest she should come out and see who was there. He had torn himself away, he said, from the shooting company; her husband would follow immediately, and he came here to wait for him: his rifle had again been very fortunate. With these truths he approached the frightened Lenette; and, assuming an expression of fine-gentleman coolness, and walking with an air of indifference up and down the room, he asked her whether this April-like weather affected her health; it consumed him, he said, with a slow fever. Lenette stood timidly near the window, with her eyes half in the street half in the room. In passing, he took a glance at her work-table, and lifted up a round paper cap-pattern and a pair of scissors; but laid them

both down again because his attention was more attracted by some papers of pins.

"These are No. 8," said he. "These pins are much too large, madam; their heads might be used for No. 1 shot.* There is shot No. 8; that is a paper of No. 1. The lady on whose dress you employ them should feel obliged to me."

He thereupon approached her hastily, and, with a cool assurance, drew out a pin from beneath the region of her heart, where she had a whole quiver or thorny hedge of them sticking ready for use, and holding it up before her eyes he said, "Look at the bad plating. It blackens wherever it is stuck;" and throwing it out of the window, he made a move as though he would pull out all the rest from the region of her heart, in which Destiny had thrust nothing but badly-plated pins, and in their place insert his own into this lovely pincushion; but Lenette, warding him off, replied with a manner as cold as ice, "Pray don't give yourself the trouble."

"I wish," said he, looking at his watch, "that your husband would come. The king's shot must be over long ere this."

He now again took up the paper cap-pattern; but as she regarded him with a look of anxiety lest he should spoil it, he pulled out of his pocket a sheet of poetry dipped in hippocrene, and cut it up for pastime by a wavy line into concentric hearts, like a flat diamond. He resembled the augurs in always endeavouring to steal away the heart from the beasts of sacrifice; and his

* For the information of my male readers I mention that a high number denotes large pins, and for that of my female readers that a high number denotes small shot.

own heart, like that of a coquette, always grew again after he had lost it, like the tail of a lizard. He had the word "heart," which the Germans and men in general are almost ashamed of using, for ever on his tongue, or, at least, an impression of it on a gem in his hand.

He left the pins and the rhyme-filled hearts behind him; I fancy, because women always think with affection of an absent person whose presents are before their eyes. Rosa belonged to that class of people of both sexes, who never exhibit any acuteness or knowledge of human nature except in their love to the opposite sex. He next catechised her upon all sorts of cooking and washing recipes; and in spite of her pious resolve to speak in monosyllables, she answered in all the fulness of words and ingredients. At last he made his preparations to depart, saying he had particularly desired the return of her husband, because he had something to say to him upon a certain affair which it was impossible to mention in the shooting-house yonder among so large a concourse of persons, and in presence of the Heimlicher von Blaise. "I will call again," continued he; "but I can mention the principal points to yourself;" upon which he seated himself before her, hat and stick in hand.

Just as he was about to commence, he observed that she was standing, whereupon he laid every thing aside in order to place a chair for her opposite to himself.

His propinquity at least flattered her olfactory nerves, for he was as odoriferous as though he had come fresh from Paradise. His pocket-handkerchief was a musk-bag, and his head was an altar of sweet incense,

or a magnified ball of civet. Shaw has remarked that the whole race of vipers emit a peculiarly sweet odour.

She might easily conjecture, he began, that his communication had reference to the unhappy lawsuit with the Heimlicher. It was true the Advocate of the Poor did not himself deserve that any one should interest himself in his favour; but he had an excellent wife, who did deserve it. (He laid an emphasis on the word "excellent," by a slight pressure of her hand.) He might take to himself the merit of having induced the Heimlicher to defer his 'No' three times, since he had not yet been able to speak to the Advocate in person; but now, after the late event, since a pasquinade of Mr. Leibgeber, whose hand was well known, had come to light near a stove-statue of the Heimlicher,* there was no longer any question of yielding or giving up the inheritance on the part of the latter. This made his heart bleed; the more especially as, since his illness, he took too much interest in every thing. He was aware of the sad condition of Lenette's domestic circumstances in consequence of the lawsuit; he had often sighed over it in vain, and would therefore most gladly advance any sum she might require for her daily expenses. As yet she knew him but little, and was, perhaps, not aware of what he did every month, from motives of the purest benevolence, for six institutions of the poor in Kuhschnappel,

* Every one must recollect, in the second chapter, the stirring address to Blaise which Leibgeber had written with sympathetic ink near the stove representing the Goddess of Justice. On a cold autumn day, when the Themis was heated for a grand company, the short pasquinade which called him a minister of injustice, &c. became visible to the greater part of the guests before any one thought of scratching it out. But Blaise made no secret of it that it had been written either by Leibgeber or Siebenkäs.

but he had certificates to prove it; whereupon he immediately drew forth six receipts of the poor-house commission, and presented them to her for inspection.

I should not prove myself the impartial man which I profess to be, did I not freely acknowledge that the Venner had really shewn, from his youth upwards, a certain inclination to do good and assist the poor of every age and sex; and that it was the consciousness of such open-hearted conduct on his part, contrasted with the narrow illiberality of Kuhschnappel, which gave him a certain air of pride in presence of the niggardly judges of his generous seductions; for his conscience bore him witness that he never committed these sins until, reversing the transformation from a spider into a jewel, he again spun bright webs to catch something while they were glistening with sparkling dew-drops of tears.

For such a woman as Lenette, continued he, he would do very different things; and as a proof, he adduced the fact of his braving the sentiments of the Heimlicher towards their family, and of his swallowing speeches from her husband, which, patrician as he was, he was not accustomed to endure from any one. "By heaven!" he concluded, "you have only to ask of me as much money as you please."

The trembling Lenette blushed with shame at the discovery of her poverty and her pawning; he therefore sought to calm the waves by a few drops of smooth oil, and commenced by blaming his bride a little, who was at Baireuth.

"I wish," said he, "that she could visit the school of your domestic management, for she reads too much and works too little. Truly a woman possessed of

such charms as yours, unconscious of them, as you are, of such patience, such domestic industry, should have a very different sort of household for her sphere of action."

Her hand now lay in the stocks and personal arrest of his—the humility of poverty fettered her wings, her tongue, and her hands. His inclination and his avarice respected no boundary-marks in women, but like a thief he sought to remove them all. Most men in their destructive hunger resemble the jay, which in order to get at the seeds plucks the carnation to pieces. He directed upon her downcast eyes a long humid glance of love, still allowed his gaze to dwell upon them after she had lifted them up, and by this means keeping his eyelids forcibly open, and thinking of touching things—he succeeded in giving birth to more drops than would suffice to kill the smaller species of colibri.

In him, as in a good actor, every assumed emotion ended by becoming real, and every piece of flattery that he uttered grew into a feeling of respect. When he felt there were enough drops in his eyes and enough sighs in his bosom, he asked her, "Do you know why I weep?" She looked up to his eyes innocently, and, kindly alarmed, her own overflowed.

"I weep," continued he, in an encouraged tone, "because your lot is not as good as you deserve." Selfish dwarf! you should have spared the poor trembling soul, drowned in all the tears of a long past. But he, who was only acquainted with artificial mean mock-sorrows, and knew nothing of destroying torments, spared not the sufferer. However, that which he intended to make the bridge from his heart into hers—namely grief—became, on the contrary, the barrier. A

dance, or any other joyful intoxication, of the senses, would have furthered his cause with this plain upright woman better than three buckets full of selfish tears. Full of hope, he unloaded his blooming sorrow-laden head with his hands upon her lap. . . . .

But Lenette jumped up so suddenly that he could scarcely raise himself after her. She looked inquiringly into his eyes. . . . .

Upright women, I imagine, must have a peculiar theory about the lightning of the eyes, by which they distinguish the yellow glare of hell from the pure flashes of heaven. The rake knew as little about the flashing of his eye, as Moses about that of his face.

Her eye started back, so to say, from his scorching one—but it is my duty, as an historian, now that so many thousand readers and I myself are attacking the defenceless Everard, not to disguise the fact, that Lenette had the somewhat coarse sketches of the Schulrath Stiefel—who with a very broad piece of charcoal had drawn before her the battle-fields of all rakes, and especially of this one—floating before her imagination all the evening, and she consequently regarded every step of Rosa, either in retreat or advance, with suspicion.

And yet I shall but injure the poor devil by every additional word. Many ladies, who, from the Salic or Meiner's laws, have learnt that in former times the fine for touching a woman's fingers was as heavy as that for hewing off the middle finger of a man, viz. fifteen shillings,—these ladies will never be appeased, when I continue, because they have read in Mallet, that a person who kissed a woman against her will was by law condemned to banishment. Yes, there are many

women in the present day who still maintain the strictness of the old German pandects, and do not indeed banish the lip-thief out of the room, but force him to remain in it; for in law, banishment and confinement to one place, or imprisonment, are indifferently awarded. In like manner they condemn debtors to whom they have lent their hearts, and who will not return them, to the imprisonment of the marriage-bed.

The only excuse Rosa could offer for his fault on rising was to make it greater, and he therefore fell upon the neck of the marble goddess. . . . .

But here an observation intrudes itself which I must first clear out of my way. Many beauties defend their refusal by granting, and make no opposition in smaller things in order to remunerate themselves for their virtuous campaign. They give up many of their possessions and defences, such as clothes, words, &c., in order to be beforehand with the enemy, and meet him to better advantage; much in the manner of a skilful general, who burns down the suburbs, that he may fight and defend himself better in the citadel.

My only object in making this reflection, is to observe that it does not apply to Lenette in the least. With her angelically pure spirit and body she might have entered direct into heaven without changing her dress. She might take her eye, her heart, her dress, all along with her, excepting her tongue, which was uneducated and incautious. She resisted, therefore, the burglary which Everard strove to commit on her lips, in a manner too serious and impolite, perhaps, for so slight a robbery of fruit. Lenette, it may be, would have been less severe, had she been able to get

the Schulrath's highly-coloured prophecies about Rosa out of her head.

Rosa had counted upon a less disagreeable mode and measure of refusal. His obstinacy was of no avail in combating a greater. A gnat-swarm of passionate resolutions buzzed deafening about his ears; but when at length she said (she must have learnt it from the Schulrath), "Gracious sir, it is written in the ten holy commandments, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife!'" he made a sudden leap from the cross-road of love and spite into—his pocket, and pulled out a wreath of artificial flowers.

"There, take that, you ugly inexorable creature!" he exclaimed; "take this wreath of forget-me-not as a souvenir; the devil take me, if I demand any thing more."

Had she taken it, he would immediately have demanded more; but she pushed away the silken wreath with both hands and turned aside her gaze. Then the honey of love in his soul soured into genuine vinegar. He became exceedingly mad, and throwing the flowers far across the table, he exclaimed: "They are your own pawned flowers, which I have redeemed from the taxatrice; you *must* keep them." Whereupon he departed; but first made his bow; and Lenette, sorely wounded, curtsied too.

She took up the poisonous wreath and examined it more closely at the window, where there was more light. Alas! they were indeed her roses, and the rose-buds on whose iron thorns hung the blood-drops, as it were, of two pierced hearts. As thus, weeping and oppressed, and more stupified than attentive, she gazed out of the window, she was surprised that her soul's

tormentor, whom she had heard descending the stairs, had not yet left the house. After watching attentively for a long period, during which fear acted the part of consoler and conquered her grief, and the future overpowered the past, the crowned barber came galloping along whistling, the corner of his hat aiming at the skies, and screamed out preliminarily, as he ran up to the house, "Mrs. Queen!" for before he could do any thing else, he must needs rush into his own room and proclaim four people at once kings and queens.

It is now my duty to conduct the reader to the corner where the Venner is hid. On quitting Lenette he descended in a double sense straight to the barber's wife. She was one of those ordinary women, who, the whole year through, never dream of such a thing as becoming unfaithful (for no horse has to work as much as they have), and who only become so when a tempter appears, whom they neither invite nor shun, and at their next bread-baking they have probably forgotten the whole affair. Indeed, the superiority which women of this class assume over those of a higher rank in the matter of fidelity, is at least as questionable in a moral point of view as it is true in fact; for among the middle classes there are few tempters, and those, for the most part, are coarse men. Like the earth-worm, which has ten hearts reaching from its one extremity to the other, Rosa was provided and stuffed with as many hearts as there are species of women; for the delicate, the coarse, the pious, the immoral, for each and all he had an appropriate heart at hand: for as Lessing and others who disapprove of a partial taste, and are always recommending a more universal one to connoisseurs, which shall appreciate the beauty of all

times and nations, so do the men of the world insist upon a general taste for living two-footed beauties, which shall not exclude any variety, but find gratification in all.

Such a taste the Venner possessed. There was such a difference in his soul between the feelings he entertained for the barber's wife, and those he cherished for Lenette, that out of spite he resolved on the stairs to overleap the difference, and pay a visit to the landlady, whose consumptive husband was making confederacies yonder and labouring for another species of coronation. Sophia, such was her name, had frequently combed out wigs at the bookbinder's, while the Venner was there getting the novels of his life bound. They had there told one another by glances what will not admit of the glance of another. Meyern entered the childless apartment with the bold mien of an epic poet, who sets himself above all preface. There was a space in the room partitioned off by boards, in which there was little or nothing; no window, no chair, nothing but a little warmth from the room, a cupboard, and the bed of the married pair.

Immediately after the first compliments, Rosa had stationed himself behind the door of the partition; for as the street passed close by the window, he did not wish to give any cause for evil surmise to the passers-by.

All at once Sophia perceived her husband run past the window. The intention of a sin betrays itself by superfluous caution. Both Rosa and Sophia were so startled at the appearance of the running barber, that she counselled the nobleman to step back behind the partition, until her husband returned to the shooting-

house. The Venner stumbled into the sanctuary, and Sophia placed herself at the door of the partition, and, just as her husband opened the door and entered the room, she made as if she were coming out, and shut the door after her.

Scarcely had the hairdresser spouted out his elevation of rank, when he rushed out again, accusing himself with the words: "*She* does not know it yet upstairs!" Joy and hurried drinking had clouded his brightest thoughts. He ran to the bottom of the stairs, and screamed out from below—for he was in haste to return and join in the procession—"Madame Siebenkäs!"

She hastened half-way down stairs, and heard the glad tidings; and then, as a mark of her joy or fruit of her increased love to her more fortunate husband, or as the fruit of what is more usually allied to joy, her fear, she threw him down the question, "Is Monsieur von Meyern still below?"

"Was he, then, in my room?" asked the barber in return; and his wife, who stood at the door, added unasked, "Was he, then, in the house?"

Lenette answered suspiciously, "He was up here, but he has not yet gone out."

The hairdresser hereupon grew mistrustful; for consumptive people trust no woman, and, like children, they hold every chimney-sweep for the devil with horns. "All's not right, Sophy," said he.

The short dropsy of the brain consequent on this day's drinking, the half-share in the throne and the fifty florins, so raised his courage, that he inwardly resolved to thrash the Venner, if he should catch him in

any unlawful corner. He therefore undertook a voyage of discovery; first, he searched the passage, and the scent that led him on his track was Rosa's odoriferous head. He followed the cloud-column of incense into the chamber, and observed that the Ariadne's thread, the sweet perfume, gradually thickened, and he knew that here beneath these flowers lay the snake; for, according to Pliny, sweet-smelling forests harbour vipers.

Sophia wished herself down in the lowest of Dante's hells; but in good sooth she was there already. It was evident to the barber, that if the Venner were hidden in the titmouse-cage of the partition, the bear would then be safe in the trap, and he therefore deferred the examination of that place to the last.

It is historically certain, that he seized a pair of curling-tongs, in order with this gage to measure the cubic contents of the dark partition; and on entering, he held them out horizontally, and swung his arm from side to side, but he hit against nothing; he thereupon poked the sound or probe into more places than one —first into the bed, then under the bed, and he also took the precaution of opening and shutting the tongs, which were not red-hot, in case peradventure a lock of hair should fall between the nippers,—the iron caught nothing but air. He now came to a clothes-press in the wall, the door of which had stood ajar for the last six years, ever since the loss of the key, which they were too disorderly to replace, and, in consequence, they were obliged to guard against the snapping-to of the lock. But to-day the door was drawn close, for the Venner stood trembling inside, and held it. The barber pushed—the lock snapped—and now the net was drawn over the quail.

The landlord could now at his leisure do what he pleased, and take his further measures with due deliberation, for the Venner could not get out.

He sent his wife, who was red with shame, and went on contradicting and sobbing, to fetch the locksmith and his battering-ram; but she resolved to bring back a lie instead of the smith. As soon as she was gone, he called down the cobbler Fecht, in order that he might be both witness and assistant in what he projected. The shoe-patcher slipped after him into the room. The hectic barber then went up to the canary-cage, and, thus addressed the self-imprisoned bird:—

"Gracious sir! I know you are inside—you may move now. I am alone, by my mother's soul, and will quietly break open the lock with the tongs and let you out." He laid his ear to the door of this Spandau, and hearing the prisoner sigh, he continued, "You are sighing now, gracious sir, for I am at the door. When the smith comes and breaks it open, we shall all see you, and I shall call the whole house hither; but I only demand a trifle of you, and will then let you go away secretly. All I ask is, your hat, a few groschen, and your custom."

At last the condemned felon knocked on the inside of his closet-door. "Yes, I am here," said he; "only let me out, and you shall have every thing. I will help to burst open the door from within."

The hair-dresser and the cobbler put the crowbar to the parlatorio-grating of the fortress-prison, and the prisoner pushed from within. During the operation of breaking open the door of jubilee, the barber further

bargained, that the hermit should be condemned to pay the wages of the locksmith; and at last, like an armed Pallas out of the opened forehead, Rosa came to light.

"Without me," said Fecht, "the master of the house would never have broken it open."

Rosa made great eyes on seeing this his additional saviour from personal arrest, took off his sweet-smelling hat, which the intoxicated hair-curler immediately clapped upon his own head, threw to both of them out of his waistcoat-pocket a few drops of golden rain, and, in fear of them and the blacksmith, hastened home in the dark bareheaded. But the hair-dresser, whose brows were not far from obtaining the triple crown of the early emperors* and the modern popes; for the bird threw him the crown, the Venner the hat, and his wife, too, wanted to clap something on them;—the barber returned full of good humour to the shooting-house, wearing the new martyr-crown of felt, for which he had envied the Venner during the whole day, in order that he might make his entrance, in company with his fellow-emperor, in the midst of his imperial children and subjects.

He took off his hat, which was now more becoming to a co-king, before his royal brother Siebenkäs, and told him part of his story. The Heimlicher von Blaise smiled to-day, like Domitian, more blandly than ever, which was not agreeable to the emperor, for friendliness and smiles act on the heart like *spiritus nitri* on water, making it colder when it is cold, and warmer when it

* The emperor was crowned with a golden crown in Rome, a silver one in Aix-la-Chapelle, and an iron one in Pavia. A king has a head which can bear all sorts of crowns—crowns of all lands, of all metals, even of quicksilver.

is warm. Nothing was to be expected from such a friendliness but its antipodes; as, according to the ancient jurisprudence,* greater devotion in a woman only shewed that she had made a compact with the devil. Holy relics were made out of the martyr-instrument of Christ; and again, instruments of torture were often made out of such relics of the saints.

The glorious procession marched beneath the approving flashes of the whole twinkling, starry sky, into which shot up new constellations of bursting rockets. The numbers whose turn to shoot followed after that of the king, discharged heir rifles in the air, and saluted the royal pair, as it were, with a cannonade. The two kings walked side by side; and the one who was member of the wig-maker's guild could hardly stand for joy and beer, and would have been much pleased to have seated himself on a throne; but in our consideration of such things, of the seventy disciples of the eagle, and the two vicars of the empire, we are altogether neglecting matters much more important, viz.:

The town-soldiers, who are present—more properly the market-town soldiers. I will think much about them, and only say half as much. A city militia, especially that of Kuhschnappel, is a serious *corps de reserve*, which is only kept to shew contempt of the enemy, by always impolitely turning their backs** to it, —even as in a well-arranged library the backs of the books only are exhibited. If the enemy have a heart,

* Fanger and Heil draw any thing but a favourable conclusion from a more frequent sighing at the name of Jesus, or from coming earlier into church, and quitting it later. There is some truth in it. Such an one is not quite free from the devil.

** In the original follows: "and what is beneath them."

then the *corps de 'reserve*, like a bold Spartan, worships fear; and as poets and actors must always powerfully feel and represent the passion they wish to communicate to their audience, so the said army always seeks to exhibit in itself the panic with which it desires to inspire the enemy. Now in order to exercise such a servant of war or peace in the mimicry of fear, he is daily frightened at the gate of the town. It is called relieving guard. A comrade of peace marches up to the sentry-box, and commences the battle-shouts of peace, and makes sundry hostile motions before his nose. The sentinel cries in turn, gives a few signs of life with his weapon, and then lays it down and runs away; but the conqueror in this short winter's campaign remains upon the field, and puts on the sentinel's coat, which he had taken, as booty, from the enemy; however, lest one alone should be frightened at the expense of the others, they take it in turns to be victors. Such a warrior, full of the peace of God, may often become very dangerous in war; should he, for instance, in running away, cast his musket with its bayonet too far behind him, he might chance to harpoon his bold pursuer. This sort of precious militia are stationed, for greater security, in public places, where they cannot be injured, as, for instance, under the town gates, where these harpooners are guarded by the city and its gate, although in passing by I have often wished a strong cudgel were put into the hands of such a knight-academician, in order that he might have something to defend himself with in case a traveller should attempt to take his gun.

It will appear to many, that I am only endeavouring to conceal the evils of the land-militia in a clever man-

ner, and I make up my mind to this misconstruction; but it is not difficult to perceive, that this praise equally applies to all the little standing armies of the principalities, who are merely enlisted that they in turn may enlist. I will speak my mind upon it. Villaume counsels educators to teach the children to play at soldiers, for the sake of the exercise; to let them mount guard, in order thus to habituate them to an active and firm carriage both of body and soul; in other words, to make them upright, and to harden them. In Campe's institution this playing at soldiers has been long in full action. Was M. Villaume, then, so ignorant of the fact, that these very school-exercises which he recommends have long since been introduced by every good German prince of the empire? Does he think it is something new when I inform him that the princes always collect strong young fellows as soon as they have attained the *holy height*, and have them exercised, in order to teach the children of the land *mores*, posture, and all that must be learnt in the school of the cross, and royal school of the state? In fact, the soldiers in the smallest principalities and provinces of the empire often understand all the accomplishments of real soldiers. They present arms, stand erect at portals, and can smoke at least, if not fire; all of which things are easily learnt by a *poodle*, but with great difficulty by a clod-hopper.

I attribute it to these warlike exercises, that many otherwise clever men have allowed themselves to be so imposed upon, as to believe that this sham-soldiery of little imperial states was a real one; although they ought to have perceived at a glance, that, with so small an army, neither a small land could be defended nor a great

one attacked; and, also, that it is totally unnecessary, since the parity of religion in Germany is a substitute for parity of power. Hunger, frost, nakedness, hardship,—such are the advantages which Villaume proposes to offer to his scholars, as schools of patient endurance; but these are exactly the advantages which the practical schools of the state confer upon the above-mentioned young fellows, and much more efficaciously than Villaume, and this is the aim of the whole institution. I am aware that, in many instances, a third part of the inhabitants of a country is not turned into soldiers, and therefore not exercised at all; but it is nevertheless true, that if it has once come to this point, that two-thirds of the land have the musket instead of the scythe on their shoulders, the above-mentioned advantages of hunger, frost, nakedness, and fatigue, then accrue to the remaining third almost gratis, without the necessity of their firing a single shot, because it has considerably less to mow, to thrash, and to live on. Only let the barracks be sufficiently multiplied in a little country, in a landgravate, a margravate, or a county, and the remaining houses will range themselves round the barracks as *Fuggeries* and farm-buildings, ay, as genuine convents, in which the three monastic vows (the prince himself being provincial pater) are not only taken, but religiously kept.

We now hear the two imperial vicars enter into their houses. The only punishment the barber inflicts upon his wife is, to relate the affair to her and shew her the hat. The Advocate rewarded his wife with the kiss she had refused to another. She delighted him, if not with the story, at least with the story-teller, and only omitted to mention the wreath of artificial flowers,

She would not sadden his evening by recalling to his mind the pain and reproaches of that other evening when she had pawned it.

I had expected, with many of my readers, that Lenette would have received the news of the throne-ascension much too coldly. She deceived us all. She received it with the greatest joy—for two good reasons: first, she had got the information an hour ago, and the woman's first act of wailing over a joy had given place to the joy itself; for women resemble the thermometer, which, on being exposed to a sudden heat, first sinks a few degrees before it rises many. The second reason why she was so indulgent and sympathising was, her humiliating consciousness of the previous visit and of the hidden wreath; for we are often harsh when we are strong, and shew indulgence when we are in need of it ourselves. I now wish the whole royal family good night, and that they may awake in health in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Scruples about paying Debts. The Rich Paupers on Sunday. Throne-Ceremonies. Artificial Flowers on the Grave. New Thistle-Seedlings of Quarrels.

SIEBENKÄS, a king, and yet, at the same time, advocate of the poor and member of the wood-economising society, rose on the morrow as a man who, at any hour of the day, could spread forty florins, exclusive of all expenses, upon the table. During the whole forenoon he enjoyed the pleasure of paying his debts —an act which is attended with an especial charm for the virtuous; firstly, he paid the Saxon his house-rent; then butchers, bakers, and all the other nurses of our poor machine, their small duodecimo accounts: for in this he resembled the great, who borrow provisions only, and not money, of the lower classes. Many a judge, too, may be bribed with the former, but not with the latter.

We must not take it ill in him, that he pays his debts, when we consider that he is of a mean or rather of no extraction. From a man of rank we may justly expect that he will act more becomingly, and not pay his debts at all; in fact, he is already bound not to do so by the crusades, in which his ancestors served, who, being assigned to the pontifical chair, were, in consequence, not required to pay the interest of any thing— least of all their debts. To lend any thing to a man of a delicate sense of honour, a courtier for instance, is always more or less offensive to his feelings; where-

fore the man of delicate sensibility seeks to pardon the insult by dismissing the whole affair from his memory. Should the insulter of his honour remind him of it, he then, with true refinement of manner, acts as if he were scarcely aware he had ever been insulted. Rude young squires, on the contrary, and officers on the march, really pay outright, and, as in Algiers, where every one possesses the right of coining, they stamp their own species of money for paying their debts. In Malta a leathern coin of the value of eight pence is current, on which is stamped this motto, "*non æs sed fides.*" With a similar Muscovy leather coin, though not round, but drawn out in length, like the money of Sparta, and therefore more usually occurring under the name of horse-whips and dog-whips, the landed proprietors and village nobility pay their coachmen, Jews, carpenters, and all their other creditors, until they are satisfied. I was once at table with some officers who were particularly sensitive in their notions of honour, and saw them take down their swords from the wall or from their hips, and therewith pay the boots, who demanded his money, in the true antiquarian currency, —for, with the brave Spartans, weapons were also coins, —and the poor fellow was better brushed than most of the top-boots for which he demanded payment. And indeed, morally speaking, can it be considered a fault in military persons of the highest rank to pay their smaller debts in this manner, that is, by taking the iron yard out of the hands of the insignificant tailor, who demands metal, and measuring him with the same measure with which he measured them and their furs? They press, by way of good money, if not into his hands, at least on a place which can easily bear such

currency, not mere coins or assignats, but a metal which even the wealthy Peru itself did not possess,—namely, the above-mentioned iron. At least the Britons had no other money than long rods of iron; shorter is the Arabian money made of wire, called *larin*, one inch in length, and worth about four-pence. In the island of Sumatra the heads of enemies are equivalent to our Louis d'or and head-pieces, and the noble debtor often seizes this money, that is, the hostile head of the tradesman by whom he has been supplied, in order to afford the latter satisfaction. In the Clausular Jurisprudence and in the Prussian newest code of laws, the clause is nevertheless omitted which provides that a creditor on delivering his bill should stipulate in which of the two current and alternately-used species of currency he desires to be paid by his noble debtor, whether in metal or in blows.

Siebenkäs had this morning a ticklish disputation about the half-heart or half-pig of the Cardinal Protector, which the viceroy, the barber, wished to force upon him in order to be more sure of getting the half of the king's shot. When the Saxon had received the shot, —the twenty-five florins,—he insisted less warmly upon it, and at last consented that the half-pig should be eaten clean up on the following day, like a Jewish passover-lamb, in Firmian's apartment, by himself, the remaining tenants of the house, and the two landfathers* and mothers of the shooters, in company with the Schulrath.

The Flower-goddess of our days now took in the tips of her fingers a few seeds of the flowers that spring up quickly, and, like the hellebore, bloom in

* A reigning prince is called landvater, "father of the country."—*Tr.*

December; and these she strewed along the path which Firmian most often frequented. But how long, O joyful one! will this forced bloom remain hanging to your days? Will not your more philosophic Diana and bread-tree, which is planted in the place of the weeping oak, undergo the fate of the hewn trees which on St. Andrew's day are planted in the room and in lime-water, and which, after a fleeting harvest of yellow leaves and dingy blossoms, fade away for ever?

Sleep, riches, and health, are only truly enjoyed after they have been interrupted. Only in the first days, after the burden of poverty and sickness has been removed, is it so sweet to stand erect and breathe freely! These days lasted with our Firmian until Sunday. He built up a whole cubic foot of Devil's wall in his selection from the Devil's papers; he reviewed, wrote his law papers, and watched carefully over the domestic peace, which might be disturbed by the redeeming of the pledges. I will first relate this, and then describe the Plato's banquet on Sunday.

He had already on the coronation-day bought a watch for twenty-one florins, that he might not be obliged to give away all his money little by little; and besides, he wished to throw out an anchor of hope in his watch-pocket. When his wife proposed to redeem the salad-bowl, the herring-dish, and the rest of the pledges, and that not with kisses but with the half of his capital, he answered, "For my part, I vote against it. Old Sabel will soon have to carry them off again; but if you wish to do so, do it—I leave it entirely to you." If he had opposed her, he would have been obliged to leave it to her; but as it was, and as he poured the greatest part of the money into her purse,

which daily shewed a gradual ebb, and as she could redeem the pledges any day, on this very account she did not set about it at all.

Women are fond of deferring; men of going a-head. With the former we gain by exhibiting patience; with the latter, as with ministers, by impatience. I here remind all German husbands, who do not wish to redeem a pledge, that I have clearly explained to them how they are to deal with their pretty opponents.

Every morning she exclaimed, "We should really begin to think of sending for our plates, should we not?" and he as regularly responded, "Not on my account; on the contrary, I rather praise you for not doing it." Thus making his own wish appear another's merit.

Firmian had knowledge of individual character, but not of man in general. He was embarrassed with every new woman, but not with an old one; he knew exactly how one ought to speak, move, and stand among people of refinement, but could never manage to do it; he perceived every outward and inward failing of another, but retained his own. After he had treated his acquaintances for many years with the superiority of a man of the world, he became aware for the first time on journeys that, unlike the man of the world, he had no power whatever over those with whom he was unacquainted. In short, he was a scholar! But nevertheless, before Sunday, notwithstanding all the sermons and treaties of peace in his bosom, he was very nearly relapsing, though quite unconsciously, into a domestic war of the frogs and mice. It is a fact, taken from his own mouth, that as Lenette

was washing, without ceasing, her hands and arms and a thousand other things at the same time in cold water, because it was impossible to have so much warm water constantly ready, he merely asked, in the softest tone in the world, the good-humoured question, "It seems, then, that the cold water does not make you cold?"

"No!" she replied, in a drawling tone.

"It rather makes you warm?" continued he.

"Yes!" said she, in a snappish tone.

Moralists and psychologists are, contrary to my expectations, very far behindhand both in the general history of the soul and the particular one of this book, if they are surprised at this half-angry answer to so mild a question. Lenette knew very well by experience that the Advocate, like Socrates, usually opened his battles with the softest tones, as the Spartans did theirs with flutes, and even continued them in this tone, in order, like the same warriors, to remain cool and collected. She, in consequence, feared that this time also his flute-text conveyed a declaration of war against the female form of government, which divides its districts of work by washing-waters, in the same manner as modern Bavaria divides its bailiwicks by rivers. "In what key then, let me ask, shall a husband play his piece," often grumbled the Advocate, "if in the end the piano notes sound like the forte?"

But this time, as it happened, he was not aiming at any thing severe by his very great mildness. His observation was merely intended as a preface to a proper system of education for children's bodies. After her answer, therefore, he continued: "I rejoice to hear you say so; for if we had children, you would

always wash them, according to your method, with cold water over the whole body, and that would strengthen them, since it makes them warm." The only answer Lenette returned was to clasp her hands over her head, folded for victory, like the prophet in the Bible; for she looked upon a cold bath for children as nothing less than an Herodian bath of blood.

Firmian now explained his hardening and equalising method of education more clearly. His wife ruffled her feathers against it more fiercely, until at length, thanks to a mutual clever exposition of the male and female system of education, they were both ready to rise up against one another, like a couple of thunder-storms, had not the husband made a capital shot in suddenly asking the question, "Plague on't, have *we* any children, that we should make all this fuss?"

"I merely spoke of the children of others," replied Lenette.

Consequently no war broke out. On the contrary, the peaceful Sunday arrived, and with it the guests who were to eat up the half of the warm heart, or pig, of the Babylonian whore, or Cardinal Protector. Indeed, it was as if the happy star of the three wise men were now about to rise over this house filled with paupers; for, on the Friday preceding, a lucky storm had torn up half the government forest, and had strewn the advent path of the poor so richly with branches and the trees attached to them, that it was beyond the power of the whole establishment of foresters to prevent the gleaning of such a vintage. There had not been for many a year in the Merbitzer house so much wood, partly bought, partly collected, as on this Sunday.

If a Sunday is in itself a sun and moon and star day in a barracks of the poor,—when a man has his few mouthfuls of food, his few fine clothes, his twelve sitting and his twelve lying-down hours, and the neighbours he may need for conversation,—it may easily be imagined what sort of a day it was in the Merbitzer house, where every one was as sure of having the half pig in his mouth gratis, as of having the sermon in his ear shortly before; for the tenant of highest rank could not celebrate the coronation ceremonies, as sovereign of the shooters, anywhere with louder mirth than at table and among artisans.

Before the first ringing of the church-bells old Sabel was already at work; for the royal treasury could well afford to give her the appointment of hereditary kitchen-mistress in conjunction with Lenette, for a few pence and a plate or two of food. To the queen herself she seemed superfluous, and like an associate or second queen. On the chess-board a king really gets two queens, if, while still in possession of the first, he can manage to introduce a pawn into the last row; nor is the case different when it happens beneath a royal canopy, for Lenette, like a true Homeric or great Carolinian princess, would much rather have washed, cooked, and dished up the dinner all alone.

The sovereign of the shooters himself soon forsook the loud and dusty throne and building-scaffolding of the day; and, wrapt up in his greatcoat, wandered blithe and free through the green plain of the silent blue late autumn, no longer impeded by prohibitory dry faggots, or wisps of straw keeping guard, and breaking through no thicker barrier-chains than spiders' threads.

Husbands never walk about more good-humouredly or comfortably out of doors, or up and down the rooms of others, than when the stamping-mills and sugar-mills and scouring-mills are working and rattling in their own, and they anticipate on their return home the cleanest produce of all these various mills. With a poetical idyl-eye, the Advocate gazed from his tranquil meadows toward the distant noisy room full of pans and scrapers and brooms, and he found a positive pleasure in thus peacefully contemplating the distant scene of activity, and in imagining the joyous tongue-dreams of the hungry company, until all of a sudden he grew red and warm.

"You are doing a mighty fine thing!" said he to himself. "I can do that, too; but the poor wife is scrubbing and cooking herself to death at home, and no one acknowledges her merit." Whereupon the least he could do was to vow that he would give his approval and praise to all the new arrangements at home without further comment.

And history confirms it to his honour, that when, on his return home, he found his bookshelves dusted, his inkstand washed white on the outside, and all his things put in order, but in a different one from before, he nevertheless praised Lenette in a kind voice, without the least anger, saying, she had kept house and brushed to-day quite after his own heart; for in the eyes of common women, such as the trident of infernal judges* who were to appear to-day, one could not appear too well brushed and too glittering; on which account he had purposely left the general super-

* The barber's, cobbler's, and bookbinder's wives; for I don't count old Sabel, who filled the hereditary office at the royal table.

intendence of the apartment to her,—whereas for learned men, on the contrary, such as Pelzstiefel and himself, she would apply the best English scouring, carding, and brushing-machines to the room in vain, because such men never looked down from their sublime thoughts upon such necessary trifles.

How sweetly and cheerily by such good humour did the president of the dinner-congress put every thing in train even before the congress arrived, and then afterwards! When the thirteen United States, that is, their thirteen deputies, take supper together at a round table, as the sealing act of some agreement (and by these deputies thus much at least is established, that when thirteen people dine at one table, the thirteenth does not therefore necessarily die), the united free states, paying as they do out of thirteen treasuries, may easily afford that their deputies shall be as well treated as Firmian's guests in his room.

It is pleasant to see the cattle graze, but not Nebuchadnezzar, when he goes about as a beast; so it is disgusting to see a gentleman, but not the poor, pasturing with too great delight on the meadow of the stomach—the dinner-table. They were all in unison, even the married couples; for it is characteristic of the lower class to send one another in the twenty-four hours twelve treaties of peace and as many declarations of war, and especially to elevate every meal into a supper of love and reconciliation.

Firmian looked upon the common people in the light of a standing company of players, acting Shakspeare's dramas, and hundreds of times did he imagine that the poet was their invisible prompter. He always longed for the pleasure of having some enjoyment

which he could share with the poor, and envied the rich Briton who pays the score of a public-house-full of day-labourers, or, like Cæsar, gives free board to a whole town. The housed poor give to the street poor, one lazarone gives to another, as one member of the testaceous tribe is the dwelling-place of another, and as rain-worms are the dwelling-earth of smaller worms. In the evening Pelzstiefel arrived; for he was far too learned to eat pig's meat or a bushel of salt among ignorant plebeians. Siebenkäs could now once more express a witty thought which no one could understand but Stiefel. He could lay the perpendicular of the state and the imperial globe of bright-coloured glass upon the table, and maintain, in his character of king of the dinner and the bird, that his long hair served him, like that of the Frank kings, in lieu of the crown which had been shot down by his landlord. He could likewise assert, that the institution by which he alone under whose hands the eagle dies can become king, was evidently an imitation of the order of the fraticellorum Berghadorum, by the rules of which only one who had killed a child could be elected to the papacy.* He could not indeed, he continued, reign over the imperial market-town of Kuhschnappel as long as the king of Prussia over the bishopric of Elten, but fourteen days less, since the reign of the Prussian monarch extended over the latter for fifteen days. The revenues of his crown too were much reduced; indeed, they were only one half of their former amount; and in this he resembled too much the grand

* Wolf, Memorabilia, cent. xiii. page 540. True, it is only slander; but in former times the actions of the heretics were more attacked than their doctrines. It is now reversed, because the orthodox and heterodox at least agree in their actions.

Mogul, who formerly received two hundred and twenty-six millions, but now receives only the one hundred and thirteenth part of it. However, at his coronation, in lieu of all the criminal prisoners, one good one had been released, namely, himself,—and, like Peter II. of Arragon, he was crowned with nothing worse than bread. Besides, under his imperial rule, no one was beheaded, robbed, or murdered; and what afforded him the most pleasure was, that he represented a German prince in the time of the ancient Germans, who governed, defended, and increased a free people, and belonged to them himself.

The throats in this royal saloon became towards evening every moment louder and drier. The mouth-chimneys, the pipes, converted the room into a heaven of clouds, and the heads into heavens of joy. There, without, lay the autumn sun with flaming warm wings upon the naked cold earth, that it might the sooner hatch the spring. The guests had drawn the five prizes of the five senses out of the ninety numbers, or ninety years, of the lottery of life. Every starving eye sparkled, and the buds of joy in Firmian's soul unfolded all their little leaves and swelled into bloom. Great Joy always leads Love by the hand, and Firmian longed inexpressibly to-day to cast his joy-intoxicated bosom upon that of Lenette, and there forget all his wants and all hers. All these circumstances combined put a strange notion into his head. He determined to go and redeem the wreath of artificial flowers, and plant it out of doors in some dark spot, and then in the evening, or perhaps even at night, conduct Lenette to it, that he might give her a joyful surprise at the discovery of such unexpected blossoms. He therefore

slipped out, and took the road to the broker's shop; but as every resolution begins within us at first with a little spark and ends with broad lightning-flashes, so, on the road, he improved upon the intention of redeeming the artificial flowers, and changed it into another, that of purchasing real natural flowers and planting them somewhere, as the goal of the night-walk. He could easily procure white and red roses from the hothouse of a royal gardener of the prince of Oettingen Spielberg, who had lately established himself in the place. He went round the perpendicular glass-roofs hung with blossoms to the gardener, and obtained what he wanted,—all except the forget-me-not, which the man had naturally left the meadows to supply, and the forget-me-nots were indispensable to perfect the charming delusion. He therefore betook himself with his authentic autumn blossoms to the taxatrice, in whose hands he had deposited his silken flowers, that he might entwine the lifeless cocoon forget-me-not among the living roses. On arriving and demanding them of the woman, he heard to his astonishment that Mr. von Meyern had already redeemed and carried off the deposit, and had paid her so large a sum that she begged to take this opportunity of returning her grateful acknowledgments to the Advocate. It required the exercise of all the self-control of a heart strengthened by love to prevent his running off on the spur of the moment to the Venner's house, and overwhelming him with a storm of reproach for this sly robbery of his pledge; for he could scarcely endure the thought (an erroneous one, occasioned by Lenette's concealment of the surrender) that the beautiful pledge of his pure love should bloom in the

thievish ring-fingers of Rosa. Even the innocent and duped taxatrice would not have escaped blame on any other day less full of joy and love; but, as it happened, Firmian only railed in general terms, more especially as the polite woman at his request brought him other forget-me-nots. When he was in the street he was doubtful where to plant his flowers, and wished he could find some freshly-dug bed in the neighbourhood, whose dark mould might relieve and set off their red and blue colours. At last he looked into a field which, in winter and in summer, and even during the greatest cold, is dug up into beds—the churchyard, which, with its church, lay on a slope outside the town, like a vineyard. He slipped in through a back door, and beheld the freshly heaped-up boundary-hill of a concluded life. It was rolled, as it were, before the triumphal arch, through which a mother with her newborn infant on her arm had entered into the brighter world. Upon this bier of earth he stuck the blossoms, like a funeral-garland, and returned home. The merry party had scarcely observed his absence. They swam like intoxicated fishes in an element saturated with foreign ingredients, oppressed, so to say, by the poison of pleasure. Stiefel kept his senses, and conversed with the Advocate's wife. It has been already communicated to the world in the first part of this history, and to the people of the house it was well-known, that Firmian loved to run away from a party, in order that he might return with the greater pleasure; interrupting an enjoyment that he might taste it,—like Montaigne, who caused himself to be awakened out of sleep, in order that he might feel it. He merely observed, therefore, that he had been out.

At last the loudest waves subsided, and nothing remained in the ebb but three pearl-oysters, our three friends.

Firmian gazed tenderly into the bright eyes of Lenette; for he loved her the more, because he had a pleasure in store for her.

Stiefel was inspired by so pure and virtuous a love, that, without any great logical error, he might easily interpret it into true sympathy, the more especially as the love he bore to the wife did not put shackles, but, on the contrary, wings on his love to the husband. His only fear, therefore, was, lest he should fail to express his love and delight with sufficient warmth. In consequence, he pressed the hands of the married pair several times between both his own. He seldom took much note of beauty, he said; but he had done so to-day expressly because the beauty of Mrs. Advocate became her so well amid her labour, and especially among so many ordinary women, whom he had therefore never even once looked at. He went on to assure the Advocate, that he considered all the kindness he shewed to this excellent woman as an increase of friendship to himself; and he assured Lenette, that his affection for her, of which he had already given evidence by his conversation with her in the carriage on the road from Augsburg, would grow stronger, the more she loved his friend, and through him, himself.

Firmian naturally mixed no poison in his Lenette's cup of joy, by the news, as he considered it, of the capture of his silken flowers by the Venner. He was so happy to-day. The little toy-crown had so gently covered up and soothed all the bleeding holes in his head, from which, for a season, he had laid aside the

crown of thorns—as the diadem of Alexander healed the bleeding head of Lysimachus—that he only wished the night were as long as a polar night, because it was as serene. In such moments the poisonous fangs are broken out of all our sorrows, and a Paul has converted the teeth of all the serpents of the soul, like those of Malta, into stone.*

On Stiefel's rising to depart, the Advocate did not attempt to detain him, but insisted on accompanying him, both he and his wife, not to their own door, but to that of his house. They went out.

The outspread heaven, the city of God, whose streets were lighted by lamps of suns, drew them out of the narrow crossways of the town into the expanded theatre of night, where we inhale, as it were, the blue of heaven, and drink the east wind. We ought to conclude and hallow every festival in a room by a pilgrimage into the cool, vast temple, upon whose church-dome the mosaic of the stars composes the sacred picture of the Most Holy.

They roamed about, revived and elevated by the breezes of spring, which hurried on in advance to wash the snow from the mountains. All nature gave promise of a mild winter, which conducts the poor man, who has no fuel, gently and kindly over the darkest quarter of the year; and which is abused by the rich alone, because he can only bespeak his sledge, but no snow.

The conversation of the two men was appropriate to the sublime form of night. Lenette said nothing. Firmian observed, how near one another the miserable

* There are no serpents in Malta. The text alludes to a legend of the island.—*Tr.*

oyster-banks of villages seemed to lie, and how small they looked. On travelling from one village to another, the path appears as long to us as to a mite which creeps on a map from the name of one to the name of another; and to loftier spirits our sphere may, perhaps, be a globe for their children, which is turned and explained by their tutor.

"But," said Stiefel, "there may be smaller worlds than ours; and, indeed, there must be something in ours, since the Lord Christ died for it."

These words went to Lenette's heart like warm blood.

Firmian merely replied: "More than one saviour has already died for the earth and for man; and I am convinced that Christ will one day take many pious human beings by the hand, and say to them, 'Ye, too, have suffered under Pilates.' Yes, many a seeming Pilate is also himself a Messiah."

Lenette secretly feared her husband was an atheist; or, at any rate, a philosopher.

He led them both in snake and screw-windings towards the churchyard; but all at once his eyes grew moist, as though he were passing through a thick fog, when he thought of the mother's flower-covered grave and of his Lenette, who gave no hope of becoming a mother. He sought to banish melancholy from his heart by philosophic remarks, and therefore said, "Both men and watches stop while they are being wound up for a new and longer day;" and he believed that the dark intervals of sleep and death, which separate our conditions, acted as the preservative against the light of an idea, which would otherwise grow too strong, and against the burning of never-

cooled desires, and even against the mingling and confusion of ideas—in the same manner as planetary systems are kept asunder by wide wastes, and solar systems by still wider. The human spirit could not take in the infinite stream of knowledge which flows through the infinite duration of time unless it were imbibed by degrees and after intervals. The eternal day, which would else blind our spirits, was divided into diurnal periods by midsummer nights, which at one time we call sleep, at another death; and the mid-day of these periods was thus set between morning and evening.

Lenette's timidity would have made her prefer running away behind the churchyard-wall; but Firmian led her in. He made a circuit with his wife, who cowered within herself, to the flower-garland, closing on his way the little gaping, creaking brass-doors, which covered the pious verse and the short course of life. They now approached the more showy tombstones which surrounded this fortress like a dike. Here only upright monuments trod upon the silent mummies; and further on only horizontal trap-doors reposed upon outstretched men. He set rolling a bony head that was sleeping out of doors; and in spite of Lenette's request that he would not pollute himself, he lifted up with both hands this last case of a many-housed spirit, and looking into the empty window-openings of a ruined pleasure-house, he said, "A man should mount the pulpit within at midnight, and place this scalped mask of the immortal individual* on the pulpit-desk, in lieu of sand-glass and Bible; and upon this text he should preach before the other heads which are still packed up in their skin. If the people

* Des *Ich*.

would only do it, they might skin my head after death, and suspend it in the church, like a herring's head on a string, as the angel of baptism, in order that the foolish souls might once look up and once look down; for we hover suspended between heaven and the grave. In our heads, Mr. Schulrath, the hazle-nut-worm yet dwells; but out of this head it has already flown after its metamorphosis, for it has holes and a powdery kernel."*

Lenette was terrified at this godless merriment in the close neighbourhood of spirits; but it was only disguised elevation of mind. All at once she exclaimed, "There is something looking yonder over the roof of the charnel-house, and it is raising itself up." It was only the evening wind that raised a cloud, and it rested on the roof in the form of a bier, and a hand stretched itself forth from it; and a star, which twinkled near the cloud, seemed like a white adorning blossom placed upon the form that lay stretched on the bier of vapour, just above the region of the heart.

"It is nothing," said Firmian, "but a cloud. Let us approach the house, and it will be concealed." He had thus the best pretence for leading her to the blooming miniature Eden upon the grave.

Scarcely had she gone more than twenty steps when the bier was concealed by the house.

"What is blooming there?" said the Schulrath.

"Ah!" exclaimed Firmian, "I declare they are positively white and red roses and forget-me-nots, wife!"

She gazed, trembling, doubting, inquiringly, upon this resting-place of the heart, strewn with a garland

* Two holes in a hazle-nut denote that the chafer, which gnawed the nut as a little worm, has crept out of its chrysalis shell.

of flowers, upon the altar, beneath which lies the sacrifice.

"It is all very well, Firmian," said she; "I can't help it; but you should not have done so. Will you always plague and torment me?" Whereupon she began to weep, and pressed her streaming eyes upon Stiefel's arm; for Lenette, who was in nothing so acute as in suspicion, believed it was the silken wreath out of her cup-board, and that her husband had become acquainted with the gift of Rosa, and by planting the flowers on the grave of a woman who had died in child-birth, he meant to reproach her for being childless, or, in some way or other, to mock her. He was himself as much confounded by these mutual mistakes as he was unwittingly the cause of confounding her. Not only had he to combat the errors of another, but to seek an explanation of his own; for he now, for the first time, learnt from Lenette that Rosa had long since returned to her the redeemed silken flowers. Hereupon a few blossoms burst forth out of the green thistle of distrust in her love; for nothing gives us more pain than when a beloved person conceals any thing from us for the first time, even though it be a trifle. The Advocate was much annoyed that the emotion which he had excited and encouraged in himself, and with which he had hoped to inspire others, was thus painfully marred. The evil enemy of Chance had, for his sins, made his crop of artificial flowers, which was in itself too artificial, appear still more artificially crisped and frizzled, by sowing weeds amongst them. Let us therefore beware of taking chance into the service of the heart.

The embarrassed Schulrath revealed the embarrass-

ment of his judgment by a few warm curses against the Venner. At length he wished to open a congress of peace between the musing couple, and counselled Lenette to offer her hand to her husband, and to be reconciled to him. But nothing could induce her to do it. After hesitating for some time, she confessed that she would be very willing when he had washed his hands. She drew hers back convulsively and with disgust from a pair which had handled a skull.

The Schulrath took away the ensign of war from both, and preached a sermon of peace, which came warm from the heart. He represented to them the place where they stood—among men, who had already been judged, and in the neighbourhood of angels, who kept guard at the tombs of the pious. He pointed out to them the mother, who was mouldering at their feet with her babe on her arm (whose eldest son he was instructing in Latin according to the principles of Scheller), saying that it was as if she admonished them not to quarrel about flowers near her peaceful hillock, but to carry them away as olive-branches of peace. His theological holy water was drawn in by Lenette's heart more thirstily than the pure philosophical Alpine water of Firmian; and the elevating thoughts on death expressed by the latter, passed over her soul without finding any entrance.

The sacrifice of atonement was made, and mutual letters of dispensation were exchanged. Such a peace, however, which is concluded between two by a third party, rather assumes the nature of a truce. Strange to say, both awoke the following morning with tears in their eyes, but neither could tell whether the drops lingered upon joyful dreams or sad ones.

FIRST FLOWER-PIECE.

Speech of Christ, after Death, from the Universe, that there is no God. *

THE object of this composition must serve as the excuse of its boldness.

Man denies the existence of God with as little feeling as most of us grant it. Even in our true systems, we only collect words, counters, and medals, as the avaricious accumulate cabinets of coins; and it is not until long after, that we exchange the words for sentiments, our coins for enjoyments. A man may believe in the immortality of the soul for twenty years, but only in the twenty-first, in some great moment, is he astonished at the rich substance of this belief, at the warmth of this naphtha-spring.

Even so was I horror-struck at the poisonous vapour which meets the heart of one who enters for the first time into the atheistic seminary, as though it would suffocate it. It would cause me less pain to deny immortality than the existence of the Deity. In the former case, I lose nothing but a world concealed by a fog; in the latter case, I lose the present world, namely, its Sun. The whole spiritual universe is split and shattered by the hand of Atheism into countless quicksilver points of individual existences,** which twinkle, melt

* If ever my heart were so unhappy and withered, that all the feelings which assert the existence of God should be destroyed, I would terrify myself by this my essay, and it would heal me, and give me my feelings back again.

** German, "*ichs*."

into one another, and wander about, meet and part, without unity and consistency. No one is so much alone in the universe as a denier of God. With an orphaned heart, which has lost the greatest of fathers, he stands mourning by the immeasurable corpse of nature, no longer moved or sustained by the Spirit of the universe, but growing in its grave; and he mourns, until he himself crumbles away from the dead body.

The whole world lies before him like the great Egyptian sphinx of stone which is half-buried in the sand, and the universe is the cold iron mask of the shapeless eternity.

Another aim of my composition is, to frighten some of the reading or deep-read professors; for verily these people, since they have become day-labourers, after the manner of condemned criminals, in the waterworks and mining operations of the critical philosophy, weigh the existence of God as apathetically and as cold-heartedly as though it were a question of the existence of the kraken or the unicorn.

To others, who are not so far advanced as these deep-read professors, I may observe, that it is no inconsistency to unite a belief in immortality with a belief in Atheism, for the same necessity which, in this life, threw the bright dewdrop of my individual existence into a flowercup, and beneath a sun, can repeat it in a second life; indeed, it is easier to embody me a second time than the first time.

When we are told in childhood, that at midnight, when our sleep reaches near unto the soul, and even darkens our dreams, the dead rise out of *their* sleep and mimic the religious service of the living in the churches, we shudder at death on account of the dead;

and in the loneliness of night we turn away our gaze from the long narrow windows of the silent church, fearing to examine whether their glitter proceeds from the moon-beams, or not.

Childhood, and especially its terrors and raptures, once more assume wings and brightness in our dreams, and play like glow-worms in the little night of the soul. Crush not these little fluttering sparks! Leave us even our dark painful dreams, as relieving middle tints of reality! And what could compensate us for those dreams, which bear us away from beneath the roar of the waterfall into the mountain-heights of childhood, where the stream of life, yet silent in its little plain, and a mirror of heaven, flowed towards its precipices?

Once on a summer evening I lay upon a mountain in the sunshine, and fell asleep; and I dreamt that I awoke in the churchyard, having been roused by the rattling wheels of the tower-clock, which struck eleven, I looked for the sun in the void night-heaven; for I thought that it was eclipsed by the moon. All the graves were unclosed, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were opened and shut by invisible hands. Shadows cast by no one flitted along the walls, and other shadows stalked erect in the free air. No one slept any longer in the open coffins but the children. A grey, sultry fog hung suspended in heavy folds in the heavens, and a gigantic shadow drew it in like a net, ever nearer, and closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; beneath me, the first step of an immeasurable earthquake. The church was heaved up and down by two incessant discords, which struggled with one another, and in vain sought to unite in har-

mony. Sometimes a grey glimmer flared up on the windows, and, molten by the glimmer, the iron and lead ran down in streams. The net of fog and the reeling earth drove me into the temple, at the door of which brooded two basilisks with twinkling eyes in two poisonous nests. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom were impressed all the centuries of years. The shadows stood congregated round the altar; and in all the breast throbbed and trembled in the place of a heart. One corpse alone, which had just been buried in the church, lay still upon its pillow, and its breast heaved not, while upon its smiling countenance lay a happy dream; but on the entrance of one of the living he awoke, and smiled no more. He opened his closed eye-lids with a painful effort, but within there was no eye; and in the sleeping bosom, instead of a heart, there was a wound. He lifted up his hands, and folded them in prayer; but the arms lengthened out and detached themselves from the body, and the folded hands fell down apart. Aloft, on the church-dome, stood the dial-plate of Eternity; but there was no figure visible upon it, and it was its own index; only a black finger pointed to it, and the dead wished to read the time upon it.

A lofty, noble form, having the expression of a never-ending sorrow, now sank down from above upon the altar, and all the dead exclaimed—"Christ! is there no God?" And he answered "There is none!" The whole shadow of each dead one, and not the breast alone, now trembled, and one after another was severed by the trembling.

Christ continued:—"I traversed the worlds. I ascended into the suns, and flew with the milky ways

through the wilderness of the heavens; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being throws its shadow, and gazed down into the abyss, and cried aloud—'Father, where art thou?' but I heard nothing but the eternal storm which no one rules; and the beaming rainbow in the west hung, without a creating sun, above the abyss, and fell down in drops; and when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, it glared upon me from an empty, bottomless socket, and Eternity lay brooding upon chaos, and gnawed it, and ruminated it. Cry on, ye discords! cleave the shadows with your cries; for he is not!"

The shadows grew pale and melted, as the white vapour formed by the frost melts and becomes a warm breath, and all was void. Then there arose and came into the temple—a terrible sight for the heart—the dead children who had awakened in the churchyard, and they cast themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said, "Jesus! have we no Father?" and he answered with streaming eyes, "We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a Father."

Thereupon the discords shrieked more harshly; the trembling walls of the temple split asunder, and the temple and the children sunk down, and the earth and the sun followed, and the whole immeasurable universe fell rushing past us; and aloft upon the summit of infinite Nature stood Christ, and gazed down into the universe, chequered with thousands of suns, as into a mine dug out of the Eternal Night, wherein the suns are the miners' lamps, and the milky ways the veins of silver.

And when Christ beheld the grinding throng of worlds, the torch-dances of the heavenly *ignes fatui*,

and the coral-banks of beating hearts; and when he beheld how one sphere after another poured out its gleaming souls into the sea of death, as a drop of water strews gleaming lights upon the waves, sublime, as the loftiest finite being, he lifted up his eyes to the Nothingness, and to the empty Immensity, and said: "Frozen, dumb Nothingness! cold, eternal Necessity! insane Chance! know ye what is beneath you? When will ye destroy the building and me? Chance! knowest thou thyself when with hurricanes thou wilt march through the snow-storm of stars and extinguish one sun after the other, and when the sparkling dew of the constellations shall cease to glisten as thou passest by? How lonely is every one in the wide charnel of the universe! I alone am in company with myself. O Father! O Father! where is thine infinite bosom, that I may be at rest? Alas! if every being is its own father and creator, why cannot it also be its own destroying angel? . . . Is that a man near me? Thou poor one! Thy little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo. A concave mirror throws its beams upon the dust-clouds composed of the ashes of the dead upon your earth, and thus ye exist, cloudy, tottering images! Look down into the abyss over which clouds of ashes are floating by. Fogs full of worlds arise out of the sea of death. The future is a rising vapour, the present a falling one. Knowest thou thy earth?" Here Christ looked down, and his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Alas! I too was once like you—then I was happy, for I had still my infinite Father, and still gazed joyfully from the mountains into the infinite expanse of heaven; and I pressed my wounded heart on his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death:

'Father, take thy Son out of his bleeding shell, and lift him up to thy heart.' Ah, ye too, too happy dwellers of earth, ye still believe in him. Perhaps at this moment your sun is setting, and ye fall amid blossoms, radiance, and tears, upon your knees, and lift up your blessed hands, and call out to the open heaven, amid a thousand tears of joy, 'Thou knowest me too, thou infinite One, and all my wounds, and thou wilt welcome me after death, and wilt close them all.' Ye wretched ones! after death they will not be closed..... When the man of sorrows stretches his sore-wounded back upon the earth to slumber towards a lovelier morning, full of truth, full of virtue and of joy, behold, he awakes in the tempestuous chaos, in the everlasting midnight, and no morning cometh, and no healing hand, and no infinite Father! Mortal who art near me, if thou still livest, worship him, or thou hast lost him for ever!"

And as I fell down and gazed into the gleaming fabric of worlds, I beheld the raised rings of the giant serpent of eternity, which had couched itself round the universe of worlds, and the rings fell, and she enfolded the universe doubly. Then she wound herself in a thousand folds round Nature, and crushed the worlds together, and, grinding them, she squeezed the infinite temple into one churchyard church—and all became narrow, dark, and fearful, and a bell-hammer stretched out to infinity was about to strike the last hour of Time, and split the universe asunder—when I awoke.

My soul wept for joy, that it could again worship God; and the joy, and the tears, and the belief in him, were the prayer. And when I arose, the sun gleamed deeply behind the full purple ears of corn, and peace-

fully threw the reflection of its evening blushes on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora. And between the heaven and the earth a glad fleeting world stretched out its short wings and lived like myself in the presence of the infinite Father, and from all nature around me flowed sweet peaceful tones, as from evening bells.

SECOND THORN-PIECE.

The Dream in the Dream. *

SUBLIME rested the heavens above the earth; a rainbow arched itself like the ring of eternity over the morning. A storm with broken wings passed with a weary thundering over the lightning-conductors beneath the coloured Eden-gate in the east, and the evening sun gazed after the storm through its tears with a mild light; and its glances rested on the triumphal arch of nature.

I played with my delight, and, too full of the beautiful scene, I shut my eyes, and I saw nothing but the sun which pierced warm and glowing through my eyelids, and I heard nothing but the departing thunder. At length the fog of sleep fell upon my soul and covered the spring with its grey clouds; but streaks of light soon shot through the mist, then bright, coloured lines of beauty, and at last the whole sleep around me was painted over with the brilliant pictures of the dream.

I dreamed that I was standing in the next world. Around me was a dark-green meadow, which in the distance passed into brighter flowers, and into crimson woods, and into transparent mountains full of veins of gold. Behind the crystal mountains glowed an aurora

* Imitating the Greeks and Romans, who related their dreams to the sun, I related the following to a Catholic princess (Lignorsky) who had occasioned it by undertaking a journey from Vienna to Baireuth to embrace her son, who had been transplanted out of the soil of his rank into the garden-bed of a wise and noble educator (Councillor Schäfer).

garlanded by pearling rainbows. Fallen suns hung upon the sparkling woods in the place of dew-drops, and nebulæ hung upon the flowers, like flying gossamer. Occasionally the meadows quivered; not, however, from the breath of zephyrs, but from souls, who brushed them with invisible wings. I was invisible to the second world. Our shell is there only a little shroud—a flake of fog not yet quite precipitated.

On the shore of the second world reposed the Virgin with her Son, and gazed down upon our earth, which, with its short spring, floated below on the sea of death, little, and deeply sunk, faintly illumined by the reflection of a reflection, and tossed about by every wave. And a longing for the old beloved earth made Mary's gentle soul tenderer, and she said with liquid beaming eyes: "O Son! my heart pines, and I weep for my beloved human friends. Draw up the earth, that I may once more gaze into the eyes of my dear brothers and sisters. Ah! I shall weep when I gaze upon the living!"

Christ answered, "The earth is a dream full of dreams. Thou must sleep, that the dreams may appear to thee."

Mary replied, "I will willingly fall asleep, that I may dream of man."

"What shall the dream reveal to thee?" said Christ.

"Oh! shew me the love of man, beloved, when they meet after a painful separation." And while she was yet speaking the angel of death stood behind her, and she sunk back with closing eyes on his cold breast: and the little earth arose trembling, but it became smaller and paler the nearer it approached.

The cloud-canopy of earth rent asunder, and the

parted fog revealed the little night upon her, for a few stars of the second world were reflected sparkling from a silent brook. The children were all sleeping sweetly upon the quivering earth, and they all smiled, because Mary appeared to them in their slumbers as a mother. But in this night there was one unhappy one. In her bosom there were no more plaints of sorrow, only sighs, and her eye had lost all—even tears. Thou poor one! look not to the west, towards the house of mourning covered as with a pall; look no more to the east, on the churchyard and on the charnel-house! Only to-day turn aside thy swollen eye from the charnel-house where thy heart is harrowed by the sight of the lovely corpse, which lies exposed to the night-wind, that it may awake earlier than in the grave! Yet no, bereaved one! gaze upon thy beloved ere he decays, and fill thyself with the eternal sorrow. . . . . Hark! an echo now began to talk in the churchyard, repeating the gentle hymn of sorrow from the house of mourning.

Oh, then was the heart of the afflicted woman torn in twain by this subdued after-song, proceeding as it were from the dead; and all her tears flowed afresh through her wounded eyes, and she called out in her delirium. "Dost thou call me, thou silent one, with thy cold mouth? O beloved! dost thou speak once more to thy forsaken one? Oh, speak—only for the last time—only to-day! No! yonder all is still—only the graves re-echo; but the poor covered forms lie deaf beneath them, and the broken heart gives no sound!"

But how she shuddered when the hymns of sorrow ceased, and the echo from the graves continued to speak alone! and her life wavered as the echo

came nearer, and one of the dead stept forward out of the night, and stretched forth his pale hand, and took hers and said, "Why weepest thou, my beloved? where have we been so long? I dreamed that I had lost thee." And they had not lost one another——

A tear of joy fell from Mary's closed eye, and ere her Son had wiped away the drop, the earth had sunk back with the happy pair.

All at once a spark flew up from the earth, and a flying soul quivered at the threshold of the second world, as if hesitating to go up. Christ again lifted up the fallen sphere, and the body-woof, out of which the soul had flown, still lay on the earth, with all the scars of too long a life. Near the fallen leaves of the spirit stood an old man, who thus addressed the corpse: "I am as old as thou art; why should I die after thee, thou faithful good wife? Every morning and every evening I shall calculate how deep thy grave is—how much thy form is crumbled away ere mine shall lie near it. Ah, how lonesome I am! there is nothing to listen to me now—and she hears me not—but to-morrow I will gaze upon her faithful hands and her grey hairs with a sorrow so great that it shall snap my feeble existence asunder! O thou all-loving Father! conclude it rather to-day, without the great sorrow."

Why, in old age, when a man is already so oppressed and weary, and on the last steps leading to the grave, does the spectre of sorrow lie so heavily upon him, and press down the head, in which every year has left its thorns, with a new horror?

But Christ sent not the angel of death with the cold hand, but looked himself into the heart of the

forsaken old man, who was so near him, with such a smiling sunny warmth that the ripe fruit detached itself, and the spirit broke forth like a flame from the opened heart, and met the soul of his beloved hovering over the second world; and, clasped in a silent embrace as of old, they fluttered united into Elysium, where no embrace is ended. Mary stretched out her hands to them lovingly, and, intoxicated with her dream and with joy, she said, "Happy ones! ye now remain together!"

A red column of vapour now reared itself over the poor earth, and clung to it, concealing a loud field of battle. At last the smoke rolled away, and parted above two bleeding men, who lay in one another's wounded arms. They were two lofty-minded friends who had sacrificed every thing to each other—themselves first—but not their father-land.

"Lay thy wound upon mine, dear friend. Now we may again be reconciled. Thou hast sacrificed me to thy country, and I thee; give me thy heart again ere it bleeds away. Ah, we can only *die* together!" And each gave his wounded heart to the other; but death fled from their brightness, and the iceberg, with which he crushes man, melted upon their warm hearts. The earth preserved two men who rise above her like mountains, and give her their streams,—their healing herbs and lofty views,—and to whom the low earth sends nothing in return but clouds. Mary nodded in her dream to her Son, because he alone could comprehend, support, and protect such hearts.

But why smilest thou all at once so blissfully, like a happy mother, Mary? Is it, peradventure, because thy dear earth, drawn up ever higher, hovers with its

spring-flowers over the shore of the second world? is it because reposing nightingales press their warm brooding hearts upon cool meadows? because the storm-clouds blossom to rainbows? or because thy never-to-be-forgotten earth is so happy in her gay dress of spring, in the radiance of her flowers, in the joyous carols of her songsters?

No! it is not for that only that thou smilest so blissfully, but it is because thou seest a mother and her child. Is it not a mother, who now bows down, spreads open her arms, and exclaims with a voice of rapture, "My child! come to my heart again?" Is it not her child that, innocent in the noisy temple of spring, stands near his good genius, and now runs up to the smiling form, and who, so early blessed, and drawn to the warm heart full of a mother's love, yet understands not her words? "Thou good child, how thou delightest me! Art thou happy? dost thou love me? Oh, look at me, thou dear one, and smile so for ever!" . . . . . .

Mary was awakened by the sweet rapture, and with a gentle shudder she fell upon the neck of her own Son, and exclaimed, weeping, "Ah, only a mother can love,—only a mother!"

And the earth sank down again with the mother, who rested on the heart of her child, into the earthly ether. . . . . .

I too was awakened by my rapture, but nothing had disappeared but the storm, for the mother, who in my dream had pressed her child to her heart, was still reposing on the earth in the sweet embrace; and she will read this dream, and it is hoped will pardon the dreamer for dreaming the truth.

CHAPTER IX.

Potato-War with Women, and with Men. The December Walk. Tinder of Jealousy. War of Succession about the Striped Calico. Quarrel with Stiefel. The Sorrowful Evening Music.

I SHOULD like to make a short digression, but I have not the courage. For there are few readers now-a-days who do not understand every thing—at least, among the young and noble—and these exact of their favourite authors (not that I take it ill in them), that they shall know more than themselves, which is a sheer impossibility. By means of the English machinery of encyclopedias, encyclopedic dictionaries, extracts from the lexicon of conversation, general dictionaries of all the sciences by Ersch and Gruber, a young man transforms himself in a few months—only using the days, too, and not the nights, which are quite superfluous—into a whole college-senate full of faculties, which he represents in his single person, and to whom, in some sort, he himself stands in the relation of pupil.

I have never seen any wonder equal to such a young man, unless it be the man I heard in the harmony of Baireuth, who represented in his own person a whole "*Académie royale de Musique*," a whole orchestra, by carrying and playing all the instruments on his own body. This Panharmonist blew before us, partial harmonists, a bugle, which he held beneath

the right arm; with the latter he scraped a fiddle, which was held beneath the left; and with his left arm again he struck, at the proper moment, a drum, which he carried on his back. On his head he wore a cap with bells, which he easily shook, like a janissary; and he had cymbals buckled on both his ancles, which he struck together powerfully with his legs. Thus, from top to toe, the whole man was one long sound, so that I am tempted to compare this simile-man in turn to something else—to a prince, who represents in his own person all the instruments of the state, all the state-members, and all its representatives.

Now, in presence of such inhabitants of chief towns, and readers who, as all-knowers, resemble such all-players, how is a poor devil like me, who, to say the best of myself, am only a Heidelberg professor of a few arts, and doctor of some philosophy, to take courage to make clever and happy digressions? It is much safer to continue my story.

We find the Advocate Siebenkäs once more full of hopes, but with fruitless blossoms. He had indulged the hope, that after the royal shot he would enjoy at least as many happy days as the money lasted, namely, fourteen; but the mourning-black, which is now the uniform of travellers, was also to be his on his night-journey—this *voyage pittoresque* for poets. Marmots and squirrels, but not men, know how to stop up the hole in their dwelling that stands opposed to the coming weather, at the right moment. Firmian thought that if the hole in his purse were mended, nothing more would be wanted. Alas! he now lost something better than money—*love*. His good Lenette

retreated every day further from his heart, and he from hers.

Her concealment of the garland returned by Rosa collected sand round it in his bosom, as is always the case when any extraneous substance lodges in any vessel of the body; but that was a trifle; for

She swept, scrubbed, and scoured, in the morning, let him whistle as he pleased.

She despatched all dissolutions of the diet and other decrees to the errand-girl in several duplicates and revised copies, let him protest as much as he pleased.

She asked him several times about the same thing, indifferent as to whether he bawled out beforehand like a market-crier, or swore afterwards like one of the latter's customers; she still continued to say, "It has struck four quarters to four;" and after he had taken the greatest pains to prove that Augsburg was not situated in the island of Cyprus, she still always returned him the well-grounded answer:

"Neither is it situated in Romania, nor in Bulgaria, nor in the principality of Jauer; nor near Vaduz, nor in the neighbourhood of Husten,"—two very insignificant towns.

He could never bring her to agree with him openly, when he quite unconditionally asserted, "It lies with the devil in Swabia!" She would only grant thus much, that it lay somewhere between Franconia, Bavaria, and Switzerland, and to the bookbinder's wife alone she acknowledged that it was situated in Swabia.

Such loads and overloads could, however, be borne tolerably well by a soul which fortified itself by the example of great sufferers—by the example of a Ly-

curgus, who patiently let himself be deprived of an eye by Alcander; or by that of an Epictetus, who endured the loss of a leg from his master. And I have already mentioned all these ironmoulds of Lenette in former chapters; but I have now to speak of new faults, and I leave it to impartial husbands to declare, whether or not they belong to the failings which a husband can and ought to tolerate.

In the first place, Lenette washed her hands at least forty times a day. Whatever she touched, she must needs immediately undergo this holy re-baptism. Like a Jew, she was made unclean by every thing around her, and she would have imitated rather than admired the imprisoned Rabbi Akiba, who once when he was in the greatest distress for water and afflicted with the most terrible thirst, preferred using the little he obtained for washing rather than for drinking.

"She ought to be clean," said Siebenkäs, "and cleaner than myself; but there is a measure in all things. Why does she not wipe herself with a towel whenever another person's breath has passed over her? Why does she not wash her lips with soap every time a fly and something more has settled upon them? Has she not turned our room into an English man-of-war, which is daily washed all over, outside and inside; and have I not looked on at the scouring as peaceably as any one upon deck?"

If ever a heavy Irish cloud or thunder-bearing waterspout passed over his and her days, she knew how to put her husband and his courage, like a Dutch fortress, quite under water, and gave free vent to all her tears. If, on the contrary, the sun of fortune cast a gleam of December sunshine, not broader than a window, into

their room, then Lenette was sure to have a hundred other things to do and to see, sooner than remark the more lovely one. Firmian had made a special resolution that now that he was in possession of a florin or two, he would winnow or take the cream off these few days to his heart's content, and that he would closely cover over the second Janus-face, that might look or weep over the past or future: but Lenette tore down the veil, and pointed to every thing.

Her husband said beseechingly more than once: "Dear one, do but wait until we are again as poor as rats, and once more lead the life of a dog, and then I will sigh and groan with you with pleasure." It was of little avail. Only once she returned him a decent answer: "How long will it be before we are again without a penny in the house?"

But to this he knew how to return a still more reasonable answer. "It seems, then, you are determined not to enjoy a cheerful quiet day until one can swear to you on the Gospel that no miserable, dark, cloudy day will follow it. In that case, you can *never* enjoy one. What king and emperor even, had he thrones upon his head and crowns to sit on, can be assured that his post-day or diet-day will not bring him some cloud? and yet he enjoys his bright day in Sans Souci, or Bellevue, or elsewhere, without further question, and thus rejoices in his life." She shook her head. "I can prove the same thing to you in Greek and in print," said he; upon which he took down the Testament, and, opening it, inserted the following passage, which he read off extempore. "If thou deferrest the heart's celebration of a period of bliss until another cometh, when all the hopes of thy future years shall

lie spread out before thee in unclouded sequence and beauty, then is there no joy conceivable upon our ever-changing sphere, for after ten days or ten years a sorrow shall surely come; and thus thou canst not take delight in a May-day, even though it were to rain blossoms and nightingales upon thee, since the winter shall most assuredly cover thee with its snow-flakes and nights. But if thou wilt enjoy thy warm youth, not terrified by the ice-pit of old age, which awaits thee in the background, and in which, under an ever-increasing cold, thou wilt be preserved for a season, then look upon the glad to-day as a long youth, and upon the sad to-morrow as a short old age."

"The Greek or the Latin," answered she, "have indeed a more spiritual sound, and the thing is often preached from the pulpit, and I always return home much consoled, until the money is gone again."

It was still more difficult to bring her to leap properly for joy at the dinner-table at mid-day. If any thing better than their ordinary mess smoked upon the table,—any particular Egyptian fleshpot, a rare piece of roast meat, such as without disgrace to themselves might have been provided by the Counts of Wratislau and carved by the Counts of Waldstein,*—if such a feast, I say, smoked upon their table-cloth, Siebenkäs might be certain that his wife had a hundred things more than usual to do and put away before she could come to dinner.

The husband sits there ready to stick in his fork; he looks around him, first quietly, then grimly, but yet manages to contain himself for a few minutes. In

* The former fills the office of lord high steward, the latter of chief carver, to the crown of Bohemia.

the mean time, having such good leisure near the roast beef, he reflects upon his misery. At last out bursts the first clap of thunder from his storm, and he screams out: "Thunder and lightning! here have I been sitting a whole seculum, and every thing is getting cold. Wife! wife!"

In Lenette, as in other women, it was neither ill-nature, nor stupidity, nor stubborn indifference to the matter itself, or to her husband; but it was quite out of her power to do otherwise, and that is a sufficient explanation.

But my friend Siebenkäs, who will get this representation into his hands even sooner than the compositor, must not take it ill of me that I also reveal his breakfast-fault to the world. I have it from his own mouth. When he was lying stretched out in his trellis-bed in the morning, with his eyes closed, he fell upon ideas and forms of expression for his book which would never have entered his head while he was standing or sitting; and indeed, I have read of many scholars, such, for instance, as Des Cartes, the Abbé Galiani, and Basedow (not to count myself), who belong to the bug species of back-swimmers (*Noctonectæ*), and thus make most progress when they are lying down, and who find the bed the best brewing-pan of the most witty and unheard-of thoughts. I could myself refer to much that I have written immediately after getting up. He who is desirous of giving a satisfactory explanation of this circumstance may adduce the morning vigour of the brain, which follows the guidance of the spirit more easily and energetically after the internal and external holydays; let him add to this, the freedom of the brain both in thought and motion, the

day not having as yet impressed its numerous directions upon it; and lastly, he may adduce the strength of the first-born, with which the first thought in the morning, like the first impressions of youth, is endowed.

Now, in accordance with the above explanation, nothing could be more unpleasant to the Advocate, while he was thus growing in the warm forcing-house of the pillows, and bearing the best blossoms and fruits, than to hear Lenette call out from the sitting-room, "Come in, the coffee is ready!" He generally contrived, nevertheless, to give birth in his haste to one or two happy lively thoughts in his childbed, though in continual dread of a second order to march. But as Lenette was already aware that he allowed himself a few minutes' grace or respite before getting up, she called to him in the bedchamber when the coffee was only just beginning to boil, "Get up; it will be quite cold!"

The satirical back-swimmer, on his side, soon learnt this advance of the equinoxes; and he remained quite snug and happy, labouring in the feathers, and went on breeding after Lenette's first call, and merely answered, "This minute!" availing himself of the double usance* allowed by law.

This, in turn, again obliged the wife to go still further back, and to call out, while the coffee was yet cold at the fire, "Come, it will get cold!" But in this way, mutually getting earlier and later, the matter became every day more ticklish, and there was no seeing how it was to end; indeed, it was to be feared Lenette

* Technical term for the period fixed for the payment of bills of exchange. —*Tr.*

would call him to his coffee a whole day beforehand, though eventually it would come to the same thing, and both would act exactly as before,—just as the suppers of the present day threaten to become early breakfasts, and the breakfasts early and unfashionable dinners. Unfortunately Siebenkäs could not hold by the sheet-anchor of hearing the coffee ground, and then by an easy calculation get up, so as to be ready by the time it had reached the boiling point; for, having no coffee-roaster and coffee-mill, nothing but ready-ground coffee was bought in the whole house. To be sure, coffee-roaster and coffee-mill might have been dispensed with, could Lenette have been induced not to call him to his coffee one moment before it boiled and smoked upon the table, but to this she was not to be induced.

Little disputes before marriage are great ones after it; as northerly winds, which are warm in summer, blow keen and cold in winter. The zephyr-breeze from married lungs resembles the zephyr in Homer, about the cutting cold of which the poet sings so much. From this time forward Firmian set about looking for new cracks, feathers, ashes, clouds, in the bright diamond of Lenette's heart. Poor fellow! in this way one stone after another must fall down from the crumbling altar of thy love, and thy flame of sacrifice must waver and be extinguished. He now discovered that Lenette was far from being as learned as the Miss Burmanns and Miss Reiskas. It is true no book caused her ennui, but neither did any one afford her pleasure; and she could read her book of sermons as often as scholars read Homer and Kant. The whole of her profane library consisted of one married pair of authors; the

authoress of the cookery-book and her husband, whose works, however, she never read. She paid the tribute of the greatest admiration to his essays, but never looked into them. Three sensible words with the bookbinder's wife were of more value to her than all the printed words of the bookbinder and bookmaker. A scholar, who makes nothing all the year long but new arguments and new ink, cannot imagine how a person can exist who never has a book or a pen in his hand, and has no other ink but the borrowed rusty ink of the village schoolmaster.

He often undertook a new professorship, and ascended the pulpit in order to initiate her into some of the elementary principles of astronomy; but either she had no pineal gland as the castle of the soul and its thoughts, or the chambers of her brain were already so crammed and satiated and stuffed to the very skin with lace, caps, shirts, saucepans, and frying-pans, that, in a word, it was quite out of his power to put a star into her head which was bigger than a ball of thread.

With pneumatology (psychology), on the contrary, he had exactly the reverse difficulty to contend with. In this science, where the infinitesimal calculation applied to the small would have been as serviceable to him as the calculation of the infinitely great in the science of astronomy, Lenette pulled and stretched angels, souls, and every thing else, and put the most subtle spirits on the stretching-machine of her imagination. Angels, of which a scholiast would have invited whole companies to a private ball on the tip of a needle, or which he could have threaded in pairs exactly in

the same spot,*—these expanded so in her hands that she was obliged to put every angel into a separate cradle, and the devil swelled out to such a size that at last he grew as big as her husband. He also found a terrible ironmould, or pock-mark, or wart, in her heart. He could never inspire her with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth, and every thing else. She could count the strokes of the town-clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the saucepan that was boiling over with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighbouring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" and he could never banish from his remembrance that once when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but towards his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must first darn it."

The author of this history declares that he has sometimes almost lost his wits at such feminine interludes, against which there is no security for one who loves to mount up into the ether with these pretty birds of paradise, and rocks himself up and down near them, and expects to hatch the eggs of his imagination there aloft on the backs of these birds.** Suddenly, as if by en-

* The scholiasts believe that two angels have room in one and the same spot: Occan. 1 qu. quæst. and others.

** It was fabulously said, that the male of the birds of paradise hatched the eggs of the female on her back, while hovering in the air.

chantment, the winged female glimmers greenly down below on a clod of earth. I grant this is nothing but an additional excellence; for in this they resemble the hens, whose eyes are so well ground by the Optician of the universe, that they see the furthest sparrowhawk in the sky and the nearest grain of barley on the dung-hill. It is, indeed, devoutly to be wished that the author of this history, in case he marry, may get a wife to whom he can read the first principles and *dictata* of the sciences of psychology and astronomy, and who will not introduce his stockings just at the moment when he is carried away by his enthusiasm. But he would be content, even if one should fall to his lot who were less gifted, but who would nevertheless be able to fly with him as far as he went; into whose expanded eye and heart the blooming earth and the bright heavens do not enter infinitesimally but in sublime masses; for whom the universe is something more than a nursery and a ball-room; and who, with a feeling that is at once tender and delicate, and with a heart that is at the same time pious and large, continually improves and hallows the man she weds. This is the utmost limit to which the author of this history extends his wishes. He desires no more.

While the blossom if not the leaves fell off from Firmian's love, Lenette's was like a full-blown rose past its bloom, the beauty of which is scattered to the winds on the slightest touch. The everlasting argumentation of her husband at length wearied her heart. She belonged, moreover, to that class of women whose loveliest blossoms remain dormant and unfruitful unless children throng about to enjoy them,—even as the blossoms of the vine produce no grapes unless bees

swarm amongst them. She resembled the same women also in being born to be the spiral spring of a domestic machine—the theatrical directress of a great household drama; but in what condition the principal shares and state shares and theatrical treasury of his household were, that we all know from Hamburg to Ofen. Like Phœnixes and giants, they had no children, and they stood apart, like separate columns, not united by any garland of fruit or flowers. Firmian, in imagination, had already rehearsed the parts of father and godfather-seeker in his humorous way, but it never came to a representation.

What did him the most injury in Lenette's heart was, every point of character in which he differed from Pelzstiefel. The Schulrath was as tiresome, as pompous, as grave and reserved, as pedantic and stiff, puffed up and ungainly, as—these three lines. All this pleased our born-housekeeper. Siebenkäs, on the contrary, was all day long a harlequin. She often said to him, "The people will think you are not in your right senses;" to which he would answer, "And am I?" He disguised his beautiful heart beneath the grotesque comic mask, and concealed his height by the trodden-down *soccus;* turning the short game of his life into a farce and comic epic poem. He was fond of grotesque actions, from higher motives than mere vanity. In the first place, he delighted in the sense of freedom experienced by a soul unshackled by the trammels of circumstance; and secondly, he enjoyed the satirical consciousness of caricaturing rather than imitating the follies of humanity. While acting, he had a two-fold consciousness—that of the comic actor and of the spectator. A humorist in action is but a satirical *im-*

provisatore. Every male reader understands this; but no female reader.

I have often wished to give a woman who beheld the white sunbeam of wisdom decomposed, chequered, and coloured from behind the prism of humour, a wellground glass which would *burn* this variegated row of colours *white* again; but it would not answer. The woman's delicate sense of the becoming is scratched and wounded, so to say, by every thing angular and unpolished. These souls, bound up to the pole of conventional propriety, cannot comprehend a soul which opposes itself to these relations; and therefore in the hereditary realms of women—the courts, and in their kingdom of shadows—France, there are seldom any humorists to be found, either of the pen or in real life.

It was quite natural that Lenette should fret and be angry with her whistling, singing, dancing husband, who did not even assume an official mien before his clients; who, alas! (so it was currently reported) often went walking about in a circle round the Rabenstein (gallows-hill); of whose understanding very clever people spoke dubiously; and in whose behaviour she complained, no one would discover that he resided in an imperial city; and lastly, who was only shy and abashed before one single person in the world—himself. Did not chambermaids, for instance, often come with caps to be sewed from the most respectable houses into his, and behold him—the devil-may-care fellow that he was—standing at his worn-out piano, which still possessed all its keys, and almost as many strings as keys, while he held a yard-measure in his mouth, along which, as a let-down drawbridge, the tones came up to him from

the sounding-board through the portcullis of his teeth, and at last through the eustachian-tube over the drum-skin of the ear into the soul? He held the yard between his teeth like a stork's bill in his own, in order to elevate the increasing pianissimo of his instrument into a fortissimo. But the humour, it is true, assumes a milder tone of colouring in the reflection of a narration than it possessed in the brightness of reality.

The ground upon which these two good creatures were standing was rent by so many shocks ever further asunder into two separate islands. Time again brought an earthquake.

The Heimlicher again came upon the scene with his action of objection, in which all that he demanded was justice and equity—namely, the inheritance, unless Siebenkäs could prove that he was—himself; that is, the ward, whose patrimony the Heimlicher had, up to this period, preserved in his paternal hands and purse.

This judicial hell-river took away our Firmian's breath, and went like ice to his heart, although he had jumped over the previous three petitions for postponement as easily as the crowned lion in the arms of Gotha jumps over the three rivers. The wounds which are cut into us by the instruments of destiny soon close; but a wound inflicted by the rusty, blunt instrument of torture of an unjust man begins to suppurate, and it is long ere it closes.

This cut into exposed nerves, which had already been bared by so many rude grasps and sharp tongues, caused our friend severe pain; and yet he had foreseen the impending blow, and had previously called out to his soul, "Beware! head aside!" But alas! in every sorrow there is something new. He had even taken

judicial measures against it beforehand, and had received some weeks before from Leipsic, where he had studied, written evidence to prove that he formerly went under the name of Leibgeber, and consequently was Blaise's ward. A notary of that place, of the name of Geigold, an old chamber-chum and literary comrade, but who had not yet been matriculated, had done him the favour to take the depositions of all the people who were acquainted with his Leibgeber-ship; especially of one rusty, mouldy professor, who had often been present at the arrival of the guardian's registerships; also of the postman or pilot who piloted them into harbour, and of his landlord, and several other well-informed people, all of whom were ready to take the *juramentum credulitatis* (the oath of self-conviction) —of all these, I say, the young Geigold had taken the depositions, and despatched the document to the Advocate. It was easy enough for Siebenkäs to pay the postage while he was king of the hawkers.

With this stout club of testimony, he answered and combatted his guardian and thief.

When the refusal of Blaise appeared, the timid Lenette believed that she and the lawsuit were both lost. In her eyes, stern Poverty now clasped them both with thongs of ivy; and they had nothing in view but to wither and crumble into ruins. The first thing she did was to let loose a torrent of abuse against Meyern; for as he had lately confessed that it was he who had prevailed upon his future father-in-law to petition three several times for postponement in order to spare her, she in consequence looked upon the refusal of Blaise as the first thorn-sucker proceeding from Rosa's revengeful soul, on account of his having

suffered in Firmian's house, firstly, imprisonment and sacking,—all which he ascribed to Lenette,—and secondly, because he had lost so much.

He had formerly supposed it was only the husband, and not the wife, whose indignation was roused against him; but the bird-shooting had convinced him that this was a sweet delusion of his own vanity, and had wounded his pride. But as the Venner was not there to listen to her anger, she was obliged to direct it against her husband, who was the cause of all, she said, by so sinfully giving away his name Leibgeber. He who has married a wife will be willing to spare me the proof—for it rests with himself—that nothing the husband could bring forward for his defence was of the slightest avail. He adduced the wickedness of Blaise, who, being the greatest Iscariot and arch-Jew in this terrestrial Jerusalem of earth, would equally have robbed him, even if he had preserved the name of Leibgeber, and would have discovered a thousand by-paths of equity to plunder his wards. It had no effect. At last the following words escaped him:

"You are as unjust as I should be were I to lay this document of Blaise to the charge of your behaviour to the Venner."

Nothing exasperates a woman more than a depreciating comparison, for they accept no distinction. Lenette's ears stretched themselves out, like those of Fame, into tongues. Her husband was at once out-screamed, and no longer listened to.

He was obliged to send off secretly to Pelzstiefel, and ask him where he had hidden himself all this time, and why he had forgotten their house. But Stiefel

was not at home, having gone out to walk on such a lovely day.

"Lenette!" suddenly exclaimed Siebenkäs, who frequently chose to jump over a morass by the leaping-pole of an idea, rather than to wade laboriously out of it by the help of the long stilts of syllogisms, and who desired to banish from Lenette's memory the innocent remark he had made about Rosa, which she had so misunderstood,—"Lenette," said he, "listen to what we will do this afternoon. We will take a strong cup of coffee and a walk, and enjoy ourselves. True, it is not Sunday in the town to-day; but it is, at all events, the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, which is celebrated by every Catholic in Kuhschnappel; and, by heaven! the weather is too lovely! We will go and sit in the unheated room of the shooting-house—for it is too warm out of doors—and from thence look down upon all the heterodox of the city, promenading in their gala-dresses; and perhaps we shall see our Lutheran Stiefel besides."

Either I must be very much deceived, or Lenette was very agreeably surprised; for coffee, which even in the morning is the water of baptism and altar-wine of women, is in the afternoon both a love-potion and water of strife—although the latter only towards the absent. But what an excellent moving stream upon all the mill-wheels of her ideas a real afternoon cup of coffee on a simple work-day must be for a woman, like poor Lenette, who had seldom drank it except after an afternoon's sermon on Sunday, because, even before the continental blockade, it was too dear for her!

Under a genuine impulse of joy, women require

but little time to put on their black silk bonnets, take their broad church-fan in hand, and, contrary to all their usual habits, be ready dressed and prepared for the walk to the shooting-house in a few minutes; having even boiled the coffee while they were dressing, that they might take it with them ready-made, together with the milk, into the club-room.

The married pair sallied forth at two o'clock in a cheerful mood, and carried warm in their pockets all that was afterwards to be warmed up.

A radiance like the flush of sunset was shed thus early in the day by the low December sun over all the mountains to the south and west; and the cloud-glaciers, scattered about the heavens, cast a cheerful light upon the whole scene, and every where there was a brightness about the world; and many a dark, confined life was made lighter.

Siebenkäs pointed out to Lenette, while yet at some distance, the bird-pole, which had been the Alpine stick or oar that had lately helped him out of his most pressing need. Arrived at the shooting-house, he led her to the shooter's stand—his conclave, or Frankfort Römer of coronation—where he had raised himself by his rifle to a bird-emperor, and out of the Frankfort Jew-street of creditors, having on ascending the throne given freedom to *one* debtor at least—himself. In the spacious saloon of the honourable members of the club, they could spread themselves comfortably out,—he at a table placed before the right window occupied with his writing, she at another table in the left window at her sewing.

How the coffee gave additional warmth to the December festival in both may be imagined, but not de-

scribed! Lenette drew on one of the Advocate's stockings after the other—that is, on her left arm, for in the right she held the darning-needle—and as she thus sat with the stocking, which was frequently quite out at heel, she resembled, in one arm at least, a lady of the present day, who is adorned by the long Danish mitten, with holes for the fingers. But she did not pull up the arm-stocking high enough to be seen by those who were promenading on a higher walk of art; and she nodded her "most humble maid," "most obedient servant," out of the open window almost incessantly. She beheld many of the most genteel heretics below, carrying her own artificial cap-structures along the walks to celebrate the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary; and more than one was the first to greet obligingly her roof-slater up at the window.

In consequence of the religious equality that by law of the empire prevailed in the imperial market-town, Protestants of rank likewise went walking on the Catholic festival; and I rise progressively from the notary Börstel to the morning-preacher Reuel, up to Herr Oelhafen, member of the Board of Health. And yet the Advocate was probably as happy as his wife. He went on writing his Devil's papers, and gazed, at the same time, not at the high ones, but at the heights of the place.

On his first entrance into the room he had received great pleasure from a child's trumpet which had been left there by accident, and from which all the colour had not yet been licked off; it was not so much its squeaking voice as the smell of the paint which delighted him, for it wafted him back on this day of the Christmas month into all the vague raptures of the

Christmas festival of childhood. Thus one pleasure was added to the other. He could get up from his satires, and point out to Lenette, with his forefinger, the large rooks' nests in the naked trees, and the exposed benches and tables in the leafless arbours of the garden, and the invisible guests who in summer evenings there found their "seats of the blessed," and who yet cherish the event in their memory, and look forward to the time went they shall sit there again. It was easy, too, from his position to draw Lenette's attention to the fields, whence, thus late in the season, volunteer female gardeners brought away salad—that is, wild salad or rampions, which, if he pleased, he might eat that evening for supper.

And now he gazed from his window upon the ruddy evening mountains, towards which the sun descended, growing larger and larger, and behind which lay the lands where his Leibgeber wandered and sported away his life.

"How delightful it is, dear wife," said he, "that I am not parted from Leibgeber by a broad flat plain, with only little swellings of hills, but by a fine majestic wall of mountains, behind which he stands, as it were, behind the *grille* of a *parlatorio*.

To her, indeed, this almost seemed as if her husband rejoiced in the wall of separation; for she herself had little or no liking for Leibgeber, having only found in him the money-clipper of her husband, one who cut him rougher and sharper than he was already: however, in such dubious cases she was glad to be silent, in order not to ask questions. He had meant quite the contrary, viz: that we prefer being parted from beloved hearts by the holy mountains, because it is be-

hind these alone, as behind higher garden-walls, that we seek and behold the blooming thicket of our Eden, while on the border of the longest threshing-floor of level country we expect nothing better than a still longer one over again. This holds good even with nations. Neither the heath of Lüneburg nor the Prussian steppes will direct even the Italian's gaze to Italy; but the inhabitant of the steppes, when in Italy, will gaze upon the Apennines, and yearn to be with his German loved ones behind them.

From the sunny mountain-partition of two divided spirits, much, it is true, flowed into the eyes of the Advocate of the Poor, amid his satirical labours, that looked like a tear; but he moved his chair a little aside, that Lenette might make no inquiry about it, for he was aware of a weakness he had, and therefore endeavoured to guard against it, of growing angry when any one asked him, "What ailed him, that he wept?" Was he not to-day tenderness personified? and did he not express the comic in presence of his wife by the more serious middle tints alone, because he took pleasure in the flourishing growth of her joy, which had been sown by himself? It is true, Lenette did not at all suspect this delicate consideration; but in the same way as he was perfectly satisfied, when no one but himself—she, least of all—was aware that he made the most delicate sallies upon herself, even so it was when he paid her the most delicate attentions.

At length, filled with warmth, they abandoned the spacious apartment just as the sun had dressed them in purple. As he stepped out of the shooting-house, he pointed out to Lenette the liquid golden glance on the long glass roofs of two greenhouses, and he clung

to the sun, now cut in twain by the mountain, in order that he might go with it to his friend, who was far away. Ah, how much we love one another in the distance, whether it be the distance of space, the distance of the future or of the past, or, more than all, that double distance beyond the earth! And thus the evening might have concluded excellently, had not something intervened.

Some sharp-witted evil spirit or other had conducted the Heimlicher Blaise, and posted him out of doors as a promenader, so that the Advocate must needs stumble upon him within shot and greeting distance, just on this festival of annunciation designed only for pure souls.

When his guardian had formally greeted him, though with a smile which, thank God, can never appear on a child's face, Siebenkäs politely returned his bow, but accompanied it only by pulling and twisting his hat, and not by taking it off. Lenette sought to make amends for this non-descent of the hat by a doubly profound curtsy on her part; but, as soon as she had looked behind her, she held her husband a little curtain—that is, garden-paling—lecture upon his behaviour, saying, that he always purposely made his guardian more malicious.

"Really, love, I could not help it," said he; "I meant no ill, and least of all to-day."

The fact was, Siebenkäs had some time before complained to his wife that his hat, which was of fine felt, was much injured by continually pulling it off in the little-townish market-town, and that he saw no other means of preserving it than by covering it with the armour of a stiff green oil-skin case, in order that

when packed up in this bandage and roller, he might use it daily for the politeness which men owe to one another out of doors, without the least wear and tear.

The first walk he took after he had put on his double hat, or hat-hat, was to a grocer's, where he pulled out his fine underhat, and changed it into six pounds of coffee, which kept the four chambers of his brain warmer than the hare's-skin. With the coadjutor alone on his head, he returned home tranquilly and undetected, and henceforth wore the empty case in the crookedest streets, delighting himself with the secret consciousness of no longer pulling off his true hat or going *chapeau bas* before any living soul; and thinking of other jokes, that he might derive in future from his sugar-loaf.

It is true, that when he had forgotten, as to-day for instance, when it was most excusable, to stiffen out the hat-case with the necessary artificial rafters, it became impossible to lift off the case straight for the purpose of greeting, and he could therefore only touch it most politely, like a very fine gentleman-officer; but thus he was obliged, much against his will, to assume the character of a rude ill-bred fellow. And he was forced to bear this imputation this very day of all others, and could not by any possible means lift his *couvert* from his head,—this love-letter to all who went walking.

But the walk was not to conclude even with this; for one of the above-mentioned sharp-witted evil spirits changed the scenes again so rapidly, that our gaze is directed to a new spectacle. A master-tailor, of the Catholic confession, stalked neatly dressed before our

married couple, in order, like every one else of his con- and pro-fession, to celebrate the Annunciation-festival. Unluckily the tailor had so elevated his coat-tails in the narrow path, whether from fear of the mud or in his festive joy, that the backbone or rather background of his waistcoat was plainly visible from below, which, as every one knows, is executed, like the background of paintings, with less lively colours than the nearer and more brilliant foreground of the front part of the body.

"He! master!" screamed Lenette violently, "how came you by my chintz there behind?"

And, in sooth, the tailor had put aside and reserved for his own particular use as much of an Augsburg green chintz, of which, immediately on becoming queen, she had employed him to make her a pretty spencer or bodice, as, according to the rule of gratuitous winesamples, he deemed necessary and Christian.

This little sample-piece had barely sufficed for a sober background to his bright green waistcoat, for which he had selected so dark a reverse, in the hope that, as underside of the card, it would not be seen. As the tailor still continued to walk on quietly, after Lenette had bawled out her question behind his back, as if it did not concern him in the least,—the little flame in her grew into a large flame, and, in spite of all her husband's winks and whispers, she screamed out, "It is my own chintz from Augsburg; do you hear, Master Mouser? and you have stolen it from me —*you*, fellow!"

Hereupon the chintz-robber coolly turned round for the first time, and said, "Prove it—if you can; but

when I get home, I'll chintz you, if there is a high government in Kuhschnappel."

She now flared up into a blaze. The prayers and commands of the Advocate were but as wind to her: "You riff-raff! I'll have my own, you villain!" screamed she.

The only answer the master-tailor made to this epilogue was by lifting up his coat-tails, with both hands, unusually high, above the endorsed waistcoat; and, stooping a little, he retorted, "There!" Whereupon he marched on slowly, keeping in the same focal distance from her, in order to enjoy her warmth so much the longer.

Most to be pitied, on so rich a festival, was poor Siebenkäs, who, with all his juridical and theological exorcisms, was unable to cast out the devil of discord —when luckily, his guardian angel Pelzstiefel, taking his evening walk, suddenly emerged from a side path. Gone, for Lenette, was the tailor—the quarter of a yard of chintz—gone the apple and the devil of discord—and, like the evening blue and the evening red, the blue of her eyes and the blush of her cheeks lay cool and serene before him. Ten yards of chintz, and half as many tailors to boot, who had withheld it and patched it into their garments, were at this moment but as light feathers in her estimation, and not worth a word or a kreuzer, — so that Siebenkäs instantly perceived that Stiefel drew near her as the true fruit-bearing Mount of Olives, stuck full of the olive-branches of peace; although, for devils of discord from another quarter, an oil might easily be pressed from its olives which could not be poured with impunity upon any

such a matrimonial fire of contention as that which Stiefel, with his bucket, was intended to extinguish.

If Lenette, even out of doors, was a soft white butterfly which silently fluttered and hovered over the blooming paths of Pelzstiefel, in her own room, to which the Schulrath accompanied her, she became a Greek Psyche; and I must enter it into this protocol, notwithstanding all my partiality for Lenette, or all the rest will be disbelieved,—that on this evening, alas! she seemed to be nothing but a winged soul, with its transparent wings detached from the clammy body—a soul which, in former times, when it was yet clothed with a body, had stood in love-correspondence with the Schulrath, but which now hovered about him with horizontal wings, fanning him with her fluttering feathers, which at length, tired of floating, descended towards the material resting-pole of a body; and, no other female one being at hand, settled upon Lenette's with closed pinions. Thus seemed Lenette: but why was she so to-day? Great was Stiefel's ignorance, and joy at it; small were both in Firmian. But, before I tell the cause, I will first express my pity for thee, poor man, and for thee, poor woman! for why must either sorrows or sins always break the smooth stream of your (and our) life? and why, like the Dnieper stream, must it have thirteen waterfalls ere it falls into the Black Sea of the grave? But the reason why Lenette revealed her affection for the Schulrath, almost without the convent-grating of the breast, more particularly to-day was, because she felt her misery to-day —her poverty. Stiefel was full of treasures of solid gold; Firmian only of brazen ones (*i. e.* talents). I am quite sure she would have loved her own Siebenkäs,

whom she loved as coldly as a wife before marriage, as warmly as a bride after marriage, if he had only had something to crumble and to bite. Hundreds of times does a bride fancy she loves her betrothed, while it is only in wedlock itself that the jest becomes earnest—for good metallic and physiological reasons. Lenette would have remained faithful enough to the Advocate in a full room and full kitchen, filled with income and twelve Herculean household labours; and even though a whole learned club of Pelzstiefels had beset her; for she would hourly have thought and said coldly, "Much obliged! I am already provided!" But, as it was, in such an *empty* room and *empty* kitchen, the chambers of her woman's heart became *full:* in a word, no good comes of it; for a woman's soul is by nature a beautiful fresco-painting painted on rooms, tables, clothes, silver-waiters, and upon the whole domestic establishment; and consequently, all the splits and cracks of the establishment become so many in herself. A woman has much virtue, but not many virtues; she requires a confined sphere and social forms, without the flower-stick of which these pure white flowers trail upon the dirt of the border. A man can be a citizen of the world; and when he has nothing else to take in his arms, he can press his bosom upon the whole earth, even though he cannot clasp much more of it than what is contained in a grave. But a female citizen of the world is a giantess, who goes through the earth without having any thing but spectators, and without being any thing but a dramatic character.

I ought to have painted this whole evening much more circumstantially; for, on this evening, after so

much friction, the wheels of the *vis-à-vis* chariot of marriage began to smoke, and the fire of jealousy threatened to consume them. It is with jealousy as it was with the small-pox of Maria Theresa, which suffered this princess to pass uninjured through twenty hospitals full of small-pox patients, and first attacked her beneath the Hungarian and German crown. Siebenkäs had worn the Kuhschnappel crown (of the bird) for some weeks on his head.

After this evening, Stiefel, who every day took greater pleasure in basking in the rays of the continually ascending sun, Lenette, came much oftener, and looked upon himself as the peace-maker—not as the peace-breaker.

It is now my duty to paint very circumstantially to the Germans the last and most important day of this year, the thirty-first of December, with its whole background and foreground, and all its accessories.

Before the thirty-first of December came the Christmas festivals, which were to be gilded, and these changed his silver age, that followed upon the royal shot, into a brazen and wooden one. The money came to an end; but what was still worse, poor Firmian had fretted and laughed himself ill.

A man who has always passed over the snares and pitfalls of life on the upper wings of the imagination and on the lower wings of humour—such an one, when he chances to be impaled upon the ripe points of the full-blown thistles, above whose sky-blue blossoms and honey-vessels he had formerly hovered, beats about him, bleeding, hungry, and convulsively. A light-hearted, joyous man is withered by the first sun-stroke of grief. To the growing heart-polypus of anxiety, we

must also add Firmian's fervour of authorship; for he wished to have his selection from the Devil's Papers soon finished, in order to support his life and his law-suit on the profits. He almost sat through whole nights, and chairs; and sat astride upon his satirical carving-bench until he wrote himself into an illness, which the author of this history also caught, probably in a similar manner, that is, by too great liberality to the learned world.

He was attacked, like myself, by a sudden interruption of his breathing and of the pulsations of his heart, followed by a blank, as if the spirit of life were all passing away; and then there was a violent rush of blood to the brain; and this occurred most frequently when he was at his literary spinning-wheel and spool.

Nevertheless, not a soul offers either of us authors a farthing of indemnification on that account. It would seem that authors are not meant to go down to posterity living, but merely their images,—as delicate trout are boiled before they are sent away. The sprig of laurel, like the lemon in the mouth of the wild boar, is not put into ours until we are shot and dished up. It would do me and my colleagues good, if a reader, who has had his heart and the ears of his heart moved by us, were only to say, "This sweet emotion of my heart was not produced without an hypochondriac palpitation of theirs." Many a head is enlightened and illumined by us, without ever considering that pain in our own, headache, and disease of the eyes, is all the reward we get for our pains. Indeed, the reader ought to interrupt me in such satires as the present, and boast: "However much pain his satire occasions me now, he suffered more himself; for my pain at *least*

is only mental." Health of the body only runs parallel with health of the soul, but turns aside from learning, too active an imagination, and great depth of thought; all which belong as little to spiritual health, as stoutness, a good runner's legs, and good fencing-arms, to the health of the body. I often wished that all souls were poured into their bodies or bottles, like the Pyrmont water. Its best spirit is first suffered to escape, otherwise the bottles would burst. But if we are to believe Gorani, it seems this precaution is adopted only with the souls of the college of cardinals, many of the chapters of cathedrals, and some others, whose extraordinary spirit, which would otherwise have burst their bodies, is first allowed to evaporate before they are bottled and sent upon the earth. The bottles now last seventy or eighty years perfectly well.

Thus, sick at heart, with a sick soul, and without money, Siebenkäs began the last day of the year. The day itself had donned its best summer robe, namely, a dress of Berlin blue, and looked as sky-blue as Crisna, or as Graham's new sect, or as the Jews in Persia. It had ordered the balloon-stove of the sun to be heated; and the snow upon the finely candied earth, like that upon ornamental dishes artificially frosted, melted into winter-green as soon as the sphere was carried before the oven. The year seemed to take leave of Time with warmth, and with a cheerfulness full of joyous drops. Firmian longed to run out and sun himself upon the moist green; but he was first obliged to review Professor Lang of Baireuth.

He composed his reviews, as others their prayers, only in the hour of need. It was the water-carrying of the Athenian, that he might afterwards devote himself

to the study of his favourite science without suffering hunger. In his reviews he sheathed his satirical bee's sting, and drew the mild clothing of his criticisms only out of his soft wax-and-honey stomach. "Little authors," said he, "are always better, and great ones worse, than their works. Why am I to pardon moral faults—self-conceit, for instance—in a genius, and not in a dunce? If any thing, I ought not to pardon it in the former. Unmerited poverty and ugliness are not deserving of our mockery, and merited just as little (though in this Cicero is against me); for a moral fault, and consequently its punishment, cannot become greater because of the same fortuitous physical consequence, which sometimes follows, and sometimes does not. Is an extravagant person, who chances to become impoverished, deserving of a greater punishment than one who does not become so? If any thing, the reverse."

If this be applied to bad authors, whose worthlessness is concealed from themselves by their own impenetrable self-conceit, and upon whose innocent hearts the critic pours forth all the wrath that is due to their guilty heads, it may still be permitted, indeed, to employ bitter irony against the race, but with the individual we should deal gently. I think it would be the gold-test and crucible-test of a morally perfect scholar to give him a bad but celebrated book to review.

I will allow myself so be reviewed by Dr. Merkel for all eternity, if I digress again in this chapter. Firmian worked somewhat hastily at the review of Lang's programme: "Præmissa historiæ superintendentium generalium Barhuti non specialium continuatione XX." It was necessary that he should earn a few dollars, and

yet he wished to go out walking a little on this warm, motherly day. Lenette had already celebrated the preliminary festival of cleansing the day before, Thursday (the new year began on Saturday); for she now always washed more and more in advance; but on this day she celebrated in addition the gleaning of the furniture, and administered a purgative to the apartment to clear away all impurities. She looked into the *index expurgandorum*—she drove every thing that had wooden legs into the water, and waded after them with balls of soap—in short, she paddled and dabbled for once in this Levitical cleansing of the room quite in her moist, warm element. Siebenkäs sat upright in the purgatory fire, and soon began to emit a smell of burning.

He was madder than usual to-day, as it was: in the first place, he had resolved to pawn the striped-calico gown, even though whole nunneries were to cry out against it; and he foresaw, therefore, that he would have to grow unusually warm. He had taken the resolution to pawn the calico gown to-day (and this was the second reason why he was madder than usual), because he was vexed that their good days were all gone again, and that their music of the spheres had been spoiled by Lenette's gloomy *miserere*.

"Wife," said he, "I am reviewing for money!"

She scraped on.

"I have Professor Lang open before me, at the seventh chapter, in which he treats of the sixth General Superintendent of Baireuth, Stockfleth."

She was about to leave off in a few minutes; yet she could not leave off at once. Women love to be

dilatory; and therefore they come into the world later than boys.

"The Messenger of the Gods should have reviewed this speech," continued Firmian, with assumed coolness, "half a year ago. The Messenger must not canonise, like the general German Library and the Pope, a hundred years after date."

Had he only been able to maintain his assumed coolness one minute longer, Lenette would have ceased buzzing; but he could not.

"The devil take me, and you, and the Messenger of the Gods!" cried he, starting up and throwing away his pen. "I don't know," he continued, collected and subdued, and he sat down as unnerved and weak as though he were stuck all over with cupping-glasses,— "I don't know," said he, "what I am translating, and whether I write Stockfleth or Lang. It is a pity an Advocate is not as deaf as a judge: if I were deaf, I should be exempt from torture. Do you know how many people it requires, according to law, to constitute a riot? Either ten, or you alone in your musical washing academy."

He was less inclined to be reasonable than to resemble the Spanish inn-keepers, who always put the noise made by their guests into the bill. She had had her will, and therefore she was silent both in word and deed.

He finished his review in the forenoon, and despatched it to the president Stiefel. The latter wrote back word that he would come in the evening and bring him the fee for it in person; for he now seized every opportunity of paying a visit. During dinner, Firmian, in whose head the sultry, stinking fog of ill-humour

would not fall, said: "I can't comprehend how it is you have so little love of order and cleanliness. Of the two, it would be better that you exceeded on the side of cleanliness rather than on the contrary. The people say, it is a pity that such an orderly man as the Advocate has such a disorderly wife."

She always opposed good solid reasons to his irony, even though she knew it to be such. He could never bring her to relish his jests, instead of contradicting them, or to join in his ridicule of society. Thus a woman abandons her opinion the moment her husband adopts it: even in church the women sing an octave higher than the men, in order not to agree with them in any thing.

In the afternoon the great hour approached in which the ostracism or banishment of the striped calico from land and house was at length to take place—the last and greatest deed of the year 1785. He was sick of this signal for quarrelling—this hostile red ensign of Timur and Mahomet—this Ziska's skin, which always set them by the ears. He would much rather the calico had been stolen, if it was only to get rid of the tiresome, threadbare thought about the miserable rag. He did not hurry himself, but supported his petition with all the eloquence which a parliamentary speaker possesses —at home. He let her guess what was the greatest favour she could accord him wherewith to conclude the year. He said that under the same roof with him dwelt an hereditary enemy and antichrist—a dragon—tares sown among his wheat by the evil enemy, which it stood in her power to root out if she pleased. At length, with a *chiaro oscuro* sorrow, he drew the striped calico out of the drawer.

BOMBAY BRANCH

"This," said he, "is the bird of prey which pursues me—the net which the devil lays for me—my sheep-skin—my martyr-frock—my Casem's slipper! Dearest, do me but this one favour, and pawn it! Don't answer me yet," said he, covering her lips gently with his hand. "Consider first what a foolish village did, whose only blacksmith was to be hanged. It proposed to offer as a substitute to the gallows a few innocent tailors, who could better be spared; and you, as a wiser person, should rather give up the simple work of the tailor, since we can never use the mourning calico in our lifetime, than metal utensils, from which we eat daily. But now say what you think, dear."

"I have long remarked," said she, "that you are endeavouring to deprive me of my mourning gown; but I won't give it. It is just as if I were to say to you, Firmian, pawn your watch!"

Perhaps men become accustomed to command imperiously without giving any reasons, because the latter are of so little avail, and serve rather to strengthen opposition than to break it down.

"The devil!" said he. "I have now had enough of it. I am not a turkey or a bull, that I should for ever get enraged at the coloured rag. It shall be pawned to-day, as sure as my name is Siebenkäs."

"Your name is also Leibgeber," said she.

"The devil take me, if the calico remains in the house!" said he.

She now began to weep and wail over her hard fate, which left her nothing, not even her dress. Thoughtless tears often fall into a man's boiling heart, like other drops of water into melted bubbling copper. The liquid mass bursts asunder with a crash.

"Heavenly, good, gentle devil," said he, "come in and break my neck! May God be merciful to such a woman! Well, keep your calico then and your rag of hunger; but I give you my word of honour, that I will be hanged, if I don't this very day clap the old stag's horns, left me by my father, on my head, like a condemned poacher, and carry them for sale through the whole town in broad daylight, how ridiculous soever it may appear to all the Kuhschnapplers, and I will only say you have put them on my head. This is what I'll do, by the devil!"

He went up to the window grinding his teeth, and gazed vacantly upon the street. A village funeral was passing by below. The bier was a shoulder, and upon it tottered a child's rude coffin.

This sight is touching in itself, when we reflect on a little hidden human creature, which has passed from the fœtus-slumber into the sleep of death, out of the amnios-skin of this world into the shroud, the amnios-skin of the next; whose eyes close upon the beaming earth without having seen its parents, who gaze after it with moist eyes; who was loved without loving; whose little tongue decays ere it has spoken, even as his face without having smiled upon our orb of contradictions. The cut-off buds of earth will find some stem on which Fate will engraft them; these flowers, which, like some others, fold themselves to sleep in the morning-hour, will find a morning-sun to awaken them.

When Firmian beheld this cold, shrouded child pass by, at the moment when he was disputing about the mourning-dress, which was to mourn for him—at this moment, when the last drops of the year were

flowing away, and when, owing to the fainting fits of his heart, he dared scarcely hope to witness the completion of another, he heard, in the midst of his many sorrows, the river of death, as it were, murmuring hollowly beneath his feet,—so the Chinese undermine the ground of their gardens with rushing streams,—and the thin crust of ice on which he stood seemed as if about to break down with him, and hurl him into the wintry waves. He was inexpressibly touched, and said to Lenette:

"Perhaps you are right, after all, to keep the mourning-gown, and you have a presentiment of my death. Do as you please; I will not further embitter this last day of December, since I don't know but what it is the last for me in another sense, nor but what in another year I shall be nearer to the poor infant than to you. I am now going out to take a walk."

Lenette was surprised and silent. He withdrew hastily, ere she could answer.

His absence must plead best for him. All men are better than their passions, that is, their bad ones, for all are likewise worse than their noble ones; and if we allow the former an hour to allay themselves, we have won something better than our cause—our opponent. However, he left Lenette a subject for serious reflection, in his word of honour and the stag's horns.

I have already mentioned, that the winter lay upon the earth, naked, without the sheet and Chrism-cloth of snow, beside the dry withered mummy of the bygone summer.

With an unsatisfied feeling Firmian gazed upon the naked fields, over which the cradle-quilt of snow and the milky flowers of frost were yet to be thrown, and

down upon the brooks, which were to be struck palsied and speechless. Warm, bright days at the close of December inspire us with a gentle melancholy, in which there are four or five more bitter drops than in the melancholy inspired by the close of summer.

Until twelve o'clock at night and until the thirty-first of the twelfth month, the wintry and night-picture of dissolution oppresses us; but already at one o'clock after midnight and on the first of January, living morning-breezes waft the clouds away from the soul, and we look towards the dark, pure morning blue, and towards the rise of the star of morning and of spring.

On such a December day the dun motionless world of frozen, bloodless plants around us, the insect-cabinets covered with earth, which have fallen beneath them, and the rafters of naked, wrinkled, withered trees,—all these inspire us with a sentiment of anxiety. The December sun, which hangs at mid-day as low down as the June sun in the evening, throws a ghastly hue of death, like burning spirits of wine, over the faded, pale meadows, and every where, as on an evening of nature or of the year, long giant shadows sleep, or creep along as if they were the ruins and ashes of the equally long nights. The glistening snow, on the contrary, covers the blooming earth beneath us, as though it were but a few feet of fog; the blue foreground of spring, the pure dark heaven, bends closely over us, and the white earth seems to be a white moon, whose sparkling fields of ice melt into dark waving fields of flowers as soon as we approach nearer.

Sad at heart was our poor Firmian on this yellow, desolate fire-place of nature. The daily recurring interruption of the pulsation of his heart seemed to

him to be that stillness and silence of the storm-bell in his bosom, which denotes a speedy cessation of the thunder, and the dissolution of the tempest-clouds of life. He attributed the stopping of his clock-work to a peg that had fallen between the wheels, a heart-polypus, and his vertigo to an approaching apoplexy. This day was the three hundredth and sixty-fifth act of the year, and his curtain was about to fall. To what should this lead him but to make gloomy comparisons with his own epilogue and the winter solstice of his shortened, wasted life?

The weeping image of his Lenette now placed itself before his forgiving departing soul, and he thought: "She is not in the right indeed; but I will yield to her, since we have not long to dwell together. I am willing, for her sake, that *my* arms shall fall away from her in decay, and that her friend shall take her into his."

He ascended the scaffold of blood and of sorrow on which his friend Henry had ended his embrace. From this eminence, as often as his heart was heavy, his glance pursued the path of Leibgeber as far as the mountains; but to-day his eyes were moister than usual, because he no longer hoped to see the spring. This height was to him the hill which the Emperor Hadrian permitted the Jews to ascend twice in the year, that they might gaze towards the ruins of the holy city, and bewail what they might visit no more.* The sun closed the old year with shadows; and when those stars arose in the evening, which in the spring adorned the morning, Fate broke the most beautiful liana boughs full of

* Justin: vide Bastholm's Jewish History, translated from the Danish, 1785.

blossoms from his spirit, and pure water flowed from them.

"I shall see nothing of the future spring," thought he, "but its blue, which in it, as in enamel painting, is soonest finished."

In general his heart, educated to love, always sought repose from his satires, the dryness of business, and sometimes from Lenette's coldness, upon the heart of the eternal, warm, embracing goddess, Nature. Hither, into the free, unveiled, blooming universe, beneath the great heaven, he loved to bring his sighs and his grief,—and in this garden, even as the Jews in small ones, he made all his graves. And when man forsakes us and wounds us, the heaven, the earth, and the little blooming tree, still ever stretch forth their arms and take the sufferer in their embrace, and the flowers nestle up to our wounded bosoms and the rills mingle with our tears, and the breezes flow cooling along with our sighs. A high Angel stirs and infuses spirit into the ocean-pool of Bethesda, and we dive with our thousand stings beneath its warm billows, and rise healed and renovated, and with our spasms allayed, out of the water of life.

Firmian returned slowly, with a heart full of reconciliation, and with eyes which he no longer dried in the dark. He repeated over to himself all he could urge in Lenette's excuse. He sought to win himself over to her side by reflecting that she could not, like himself, take Minerva's helmet, the parachute of thought, philosophy, and authorship, against the rubs and stones of life. He again resolved to be as polite to her as to a stranger* (he had already taken the same resolution

* The husband should rather act the lover, and the lover the husband. It

a hundred times before); he even drew over himself the mosquito-curtain or shirt-of-mail of Patience, in case on his return he should really find the striped calico safe at home. This is the way of man: he closes his ears with both hands, in order to enjoy the *siesta* of mental repose; and thus the soul in passion reflects the sunshine of truth, like mirrors or smooth water, with one flashing point alone, while round the focus of reflection the surface is darkened by deeper shadows.

But how differently all fell out! Stiefel came forward to meet him full of gravity and pomp, and with a church-visitation-face full of inquisitorial sermons. Lenette scarcely raised her swollen eyeballs towards the windward of his entrance. Stiefel held the mien-strings of his face tight, lest it should relax before the friendly softened countenance of Firmian, and commenced thus:

"Mr. Advocate of the Poor! I came to bring the money for the review of Lang, but friendship demands of me something more important,—to exhort you to behave to your poor wife here as a true Christian man to a true Christian woman, or still better," said he. "But what is it all about, Mistress?" She kept an embarrassed silence. She had asked aid and counsel from the Schulrath in the calico-affair rather for the sake of telling it than for any assistance he might

is not to be described what a soothing influence little acts of politeness and innocent flattery exercise upon those who expect and exact none—wives, sisters, relations; even though they look upon the politeness to be what it is. We ought to apply this softening salve for our rough chapped lips the whole day long, even though we have only two or three words to speak, and we should have a similar hand-ointment in action. I trust I shall keep my resolution not to flatter any woman—not even my own wife; but four and a half months after my marriage I shall begin to flatter her, and continue to do so all my life after.

render; for, just before the Schulrath had surprised her in the midst of the bitterest flow of her tears, she had, in fact, sent out the striped prickly caterpillar-skin to be pawned, because—knowing how her husband kept his word, and his indifference to appearance, which was most excessive when he was most in need—she was sure, from his having given his word of honour, that he would not hesitate to carry the ridiculous horns on his head for sale through the whole place. Perhaps she would have wept and kept silence before the healer of souls, if she had had her own will and her gown,—but having sacrificed both, she needed some compensation or revenge. At first, she only counted up her grievances to him in unknown numbers; but, on his pressing her further, her bursting heart overflowed, and all her sorrows streamed out. Stiefel, contrary to the law of equity and of many universities, always considered the plaintiff in the right, because he spoke first. Most men mistake the impartiality of their hearts for impartiality of head. Stiefel declared he would speak to her husband as he deserved, and that the calico should come back this very day.

This confessor jingled his bunch of keys to bind and unloose before the Advocate, and related to the husband the general confession of the wife, and then the pawning of the gown.

If two different actions are to be told of a person —the one vexatious, the other agreeable—the effect depends upon which of the two is related first. The first gives the ground-tint to the mind, and the last painted becomes but a secondary figure, and is thrown into the shade.

Firmian should have heard of the pawning of the

gown in the street, and of her tell-tale babbling in the room; but, as it happened, the devil was in it. "What!" (such were, if not his thoughts, at least his feelings) "she makes my rival her confidant and my judge. I bring back a reconciled spirit to her, and she wounds it anew, and thus vexes me on the last day of the year with her confounded babbling!"

By this last expression his feelings meant something which the reader does not yet understand; for I have not yet related that Lenette had the bad habit of being ill-bred, and consequently made common people of her own sex—such, for instance, as the bookbinder's wife—receivers of her secret thoughts and electric dischargers of her little storms; while, at the same time, she took it ill in her husband; not indeed that he let servants, maids, and plebeians, into his own secrets, for that he never did, but that he entered into theirs.

Stiefel, according to the custom of all people without tact, who will always teach and never take any thing for granted, now read from his pulpit a long theological funeral oration upon the love of Christian husbands and wives, and ended by insisting on the recall of the calico, his Necker, so to say. Firmian was irritated by this speech, more particularly because his wife thought he had no religion, or at least not so much as Stiefel.

"I recollect," said he, "having read in the French history, that the first prince of the blood, Gaston, made some trifling manifestations of war against his brother, and that in the compact of peace that was afterwards drawn up, he promised, in a special clause, to love the Cardinal Richelieu. This clause, that a

married pair should love one another, should by all means form a secret separate article in all marriage-contracts, since love indeed is at first like Adam, eternal and immortal, but afterwards becomes mortal owing to the snake's deceit:—but as regards the calico, let us all thank God that the apple of discord is thrown out of the house."

Stiefel, in order to make a sacrifice and burnt-offering to Lenette, insisted on the recall of the gown the more readily because Firmian's gentle compliance in little sacrifices and services up to this period had inspired him with the conceit of his overwhelming authority. The excited husband said, "Let us drop the subject."

"No," said Stiefel, "we will do so presently. Now, before every thing else, I demand that the woman shall have her gown."

"Mr. Schulrath, that cannot be."

"I will advance you," said Stiefel, in the warmest indignation at such a marked disobedience, "as much money as you require."

It was now still more impossible for the Advocate to retract. He shook his head eighty times!

"Either you or I are quite demented," said Stiefel. "I will count up the reasons once more."

"In former times," answered Firmian, "advocates were so fortunate as to have domestic chaplains; but none could be converted, therefore they are no longer preached to."

Lenette wept more bitterly. Stiefel, in consequence, was more violent and loud. In the first moment of embarrassment at the failure of his expectations, he felt himself obliged to put his request in a

still ruder form—his opponent was obliged to oppose a still stronger resistance.

Stiefel was a pedant; and no one has a more barefaced blind self-conceit than such a character,—an unceasing wind, as it were, which blows from all the thirty-two quarters of the compass (for a pedant even displays his person).

Stiefel, like a good dramatist, must needs sustain his character throughout, and say "either," "or," Mr. Advocate of the Poor! "Either the mourning-gown comes back, or I remain away—*aut—aut.* My visits, to be sure, cannot be of much consequence; but I set a small price upon them for your wife's sake."

Firmian, doubly indignant, first at the arrogant unpoliteness of such a vain alternative; and, secondly, at the low market-price for which the Schulrath renounced their meeting, was obliged to answer, "No one can henceforth determine but yourself—not I. It is very easy for you, Mr. Schulrath, to part from us, and you could do otherwise; but it is hard for me, and I cannot do otherwise."

Stiefel, from whose head the waxen laurel-wreath was melted in the presence of his beloved, could now do nothing but depart,—but with three sharp, bitter feelings,—for his pride was humbled, his beloved wept, and his friend rebelled and braved him.

And when the Schulrath had taken his eternal farewell, a terrible sorrow stood expressed in the eyes of Lenette, which I still see, in all its rigidity, before me; though it has long since been covered by the hand of the Past. She could not accompany her departing friend down stairs as usual, but retired alone, with

her bursting, breaking heart, into the unlighted chamber.

Firmian's heart laid aside its hardness, but not its coldness, on beholding the fixed, dry grief of his wife at the destruction of all her little plans and joys; and he did not add to her pain by a single reproach. "You see," he merely said, "it is not my fault that the Schulrath returns no more: he ought not to have heard any thing. Now it is all over."

She made no answer. The hornet's sting, which makes a three-fold wound, or the dagger thrust into her by a revengeful Italian, still remained fixed in the wound, which therefore could not bleed. Thou poor one! thou hast deprived thyself of much. But yet Firmian did not at all repent. He, the mildest and most indulgent man under the sun, angrily ruffled up all his soft feathers against any compulsion—especially if it were at the cost of his honour. He accepted presents; but only from his Leibgeber, or from others in the warmest hour of soul-communion: and he and his friend were of one mind,—that, in friendship, not only was a red heller* equivalent to a piece of gold, but a piece of gold to a heller, and that the greatest gift should be accepted as readily as the smallest; therefore he reckoned it as part of the unacknowledged blessedness of children, that they can receive presents without shame.

In a mental stupor, he seated himself in his grandfather's armchair, and covered his eyes with his hand. The mist now arose from the future, and revealed a wide, dreary land, full of burnt patches, of withered

* The smallest coin.—*Tr.*

bushes, and of the skeletons of animals in the sand. He saw that the cleft, or land-slip, which severed his heart from hers, would gape ever wider asunder; he saw it all so plainly and so cheerlessly! His old beautiful love would never return; Lenette would never lay aside her obstinacy, her whims, her habits—the narrow limits of her heart and head would remain fixed for ever. She would as little learn to understand him as to love him; while her disinclination to him, on the contrary, would grow with the absence of his friend, and, with both, her love to the latter, whose wealth, gravity, religiousness, and attachment, tore the sharp bond of wedlock asunder by a more complex and softer tie.

He gazed sadly into long silent days, full of hidden sighs and hostile accusations.

Lenette worked silently in her chamber; for her wounded heart shrunk from words and looks as from cold cruel winds.

It was already quite dark—she brought no light. All at once a wandering female minstrel with her harp, and her little child with a flute, commenced playing in the house below. It seemed to our friend as if his full bursting heart received a thousand cuts, that it might gently bleed away. As nightingales love most to sing near an echo, so does our heart speak loudest near tones of music. Oh! as the, so to say, three-stringed tone brought his almost irrecognisable hopes before him—as he gazed down the Arcadia, already deeply covered by the stream of years, and beheld himself there below, with all his young fresh desires, among his long-lost friends, with his joyous eyes, which gazed round the circle, full of confidence; and with his grow-

ing heart, which hoarded up and cherished its love and its fidelity for a warm heart in the future—and when he now chimed in with a discord, "And I have not found such a one, and now all is over!"—and when the cruel tones, like a camera-obscura, led all the living, moving pictures of blooming springs, flowery lands, and loving circles, past this solitary being who had nothing—not even *one* soul to-day in this land, which loved him; oh, then his stedfast spirit sank down, and laid itself, as if dissolved, upon the earth to rest, and nothing now soothed him but that which gave him pain.

Suddenly the night-wandering tones vanished, and the pause struck a chill to his heart, like a silent night-corpse. During this melodious stillness he went into the bed-chamber, and said to Lenette, "Carry them down the little we have." But he could scarcely falter out the last words, because, by the reflection of a flash of light from the opposite house, he beheld her whole glowing face full of streaming, undried tears; for, on his entrance, she pretended to be occupied in wiping the window-panes, which were clouded by her warm breath. He laid the money upon the window, and said in a milder tone, "Lenette, you must take it, I think, directly, or they will be gone." She took it. Her tearful eyes, as she turned, caught the glance of his tearful eyes. She went—but thereupon both became almost dry, so divided already were their souls.

They were suffering in that terrible situation when not even the hour of mutual emotion conciliates and warms. His whole bosom overflowed with love, but his no longer belonged to hers: he was oppressed at the same moment by the wish to love her, and the

impossibility of doing so—by the perception of her failings, and the certainty of her coldness.

He seated himself in the window-seat and leaned his head upon the sill, and by chance touched the handkerchief she had left there, which was moist and cold with tears. The mortified one had solaced herself after the long weary pressure of a whole day with this mild effusion,—as we are bled after severe contusions. On touching the handkerchief, an icy shudder passed down his back, like a pang of conscience, but was immediately succeeded by a hot, burning glow, when the thought occurred, that she had wept over the loss of a very different person from himself.

The voice and the flute now began again, but without the harp, and both mingled in a slow song, every verse of which concluded with the words, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!"

Sorrow seized him, like the cloak-fish, in its dark suffocating folds. He pressed Lenette's wet handkerchief hard against his eyeballs, and only darkly heard, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!"

All at once his soul was melted by the thought, that perhaps his stopping heart would not suffer him to survive any other new year than that of the morrow, and he pictured himself to his imagination as dying; and the cold handkerchief, cooling him with the tears of both, lay on his burning face; and the notes, like bells, marked all the points of time, and he could hear the departure of time; and he beheld himself asleep in the silent cavern, as in the grotto of serpents, and instead of snakes, the worms alone licked off the hot, subtle poison of life.*

* Half-decayed, diseased persons were formerly brought to the grotto of

The music was over. He heard Lenette go into the room and light the candle. He went out and gave her her handkerchief; but his inner man was so wounded and bleeding, that he felt he must embrace some outward being, whoever it might be. He must press, if not his present, at least his former Lenette,—if not his loving, yet his suffering Lenette, to his pining heart; nevertheless, he was neither able, nor did he desire to speak a word of love. He clasped his arms round her slowly and without bending, and pressed her to his heart; but she bent back her head coldly and prematurely from an unoffered kiss. This pained him greatly, and he said, "Am I then happier than you are?" and he bent down and rested his face upon her averted head, clasped her once more in his arms, and then left her; and when the vain embrace was over, his whole heart echoed, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!"

The silent room, in which the music and the words had ceased, resembled an unfortunate village from which the cruel enemy had carried off all the bells, and where all is silent in the belfry, day and night, as if time were past.

Firmian thought, as he laid himself down: "Sleep concludes the old year like a last year, and begins a new one like a life; and I now slumber towards an anxious, ill-shaped, thickly-veiled futurity. Thus man sleeps at the barred gate of dreams; and though his dreams lie only a few minutes or steps from the threshold, he knows not beforehand what sort of dreams await him when the gate is opened,—whether beasts

serpents near Civita Vecchia, and while they were in a deep sleep produced by opium, snakes came and licked off the diseased matter.—Labat's *Travels*, vol. vi. p. 81.

of prey lie in wait for him with glistening eyes, or sitting, smiling, playful children shall surround him in the senseless night, nor whether the firmly-moulded vapour will strangle or embrace him."

END OF VOL. I.

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FLOWER,

FRUIT AND THORN PIECES:

OR THE

Married Life, Death, and Wedding

OF

THE ADVOCATE OF THE POOR,

FIRMIAN STANISLAUS SIEBENKÄS

BY

JEAN PAUL FRIEDERICH RICHTER.

Translated from the German

BY EDWARD HENRY NOEL.

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FLOWER, FRUIT, AND THORN PIECES.

CHAPTER X.

The Solitary New-Year's Day. The Learned Schalaster. Wooden Leg of Appeal. Post in the Room. The 11th February, and Birth-Day 1786.

I REALLY cannot congratulate my hero on a new year's morning, on which he turns his swollen eyes heavily in their burning sockets towards the morning red, and then again embraces the pillow with his weary, aching head. In a man, who rarely weeps, such physical pains always accompany moral sufferings. He stayed in bed beyond his usual hour, in order to reflect upon what he had done, and what he should do. He awoke, feeling much colder towards Lenette than when he fell asleep.

If a common emotion has no longer the power of uniting two persons, if the glow of enthusiasm is no bond between two hearts, still less do they mingle together when cool and more brittle. There is an uncertain state of incomplete half-reconciliation, when the perpendicular tongue of the jeweller's balance in its glass case is turned by the slightest puff of another's tongue. Alas! this day the scale sunk a little on Firmian's side, and on Lenette's entirely. Nevertheless he prepared himself, at the same time that he feared, to give and return a new year's wish; but he took

courage and entered the room with his usual hearty step, as if nothing had happened. Rather than call him, she had allowed the coffee-pot to become a refrigerator, and stood with her back turned towards him at the drawer of the commode, occupied in tearing hearts in pieces, to see what was within them. These were printed new year's wishes in verse, which she had brought with her from Augsburg, mementos of a happier time, the gift of friends.

The friendly wish was hidden by a bunch of hearts cut out in paper and twisted together in a spiral line. As the Holy Virgin is covered with waxen hearts, so are other virgins covered with paper assignat-hearts, and with these fair ones all warmth and friendship bears the name "heart,"—as map-makers also fancy that the outline of torrid Africa resembles a heart.

Firmian easily divined all the longing sighs which arose in the bosom of the impoverished Lenette over so many ruined wishes, and all the sad comparisons she drew between the present time and that smiling time, and all that sorrow and the past say to a soft heart. Ah, if on New-year's day even the happy sigh, surely the unhappy may well be permitted to weep!

He breathed his "good morning" gently; and after a gentle answer, he intended to add his good wishes to the torn ones; but Lenette, who was much deeper and more frequently wounded than he had been yesterday, muttered a cold quick answer in return. *Now* he could no longer offer any wishes, neither did she; and thus, unhappy and hard, they pressed together through the gate of a new year.

I must say it—he had already, eight weeks ago,

looked forward with joyful anticipations to this morning—to the sweet melting of their two hearts, to the thousand warm wishes to which he would give utterance, to their close embraces, and the enchanting silence of lips on lips. Oh, how different it all was—so cold, so deadly cold!

Why and wherefore his satirical vein served as a means of relieving his sensitive heart, of which he was at once both proud and ashamed, must be explained elsewhere, when I have more paper at command; for at first sight one would be inclined to presume the contrary. What most contributed to this was the imperial town of Kuhschnappel, upon which, and on several other German places, as upon metals, the dew of sensibility had not fallen, and where the people had provided themselves with bony hearts, on which, as on frozen limbs, or witches branded with the marks of the devil, no wound of any consequence could be inflicted. Among such cold people we are more ready to pardon, and even to seek, exaggerated warmth. A person, on the other hand, who happened to dwell in Leipzic in the year 1785, where most of the hearts and arteries were filled with the spirit of tears, might be tempted to carry his humorous indignation at it too far; as in wet seasons cooks mix more strong spices among watery vegetables than in dry seasons.

Lenette went to-day three times to church; but it was quite natural. When I use the word "three times," I am not horror-struck for the sake of the church-goers, who may be greatly blessed by it, but for the sake of the poor clergymen, who are obliged to preach so often on one day, that they may consider themselves fortunate if, instead of becoming hoarse, they only be-

come damned. A man who preaches for the first time certainly affects no one so much as himself, and is his own proselyte; but when he preaches morality for the millionth time, it is with him as with the Egerian peasants, who drink the Egerian waters every day of their lives, and in consequence cease to be purged by them, however many *sedes* they may produce in the visitors of the establishment.

At dinner the sad couple were silent. The husband only asked her who was to preach, when he saw her preparing to go to the afternoon service, which she had not attended for a long time past.

"Probably the Schulrath Stiefel," said she, "although generally he only preaches in the morning; but the vesper-preacher, Schalaster, is unable to do duty: he has received a chastisement from heaven, having dislocated his collar-bone."

At any other time Siebenkäs would have had a word or two to say to this remark; but now he did nothing but strike the prong of his fork upon his plate and raise it quickly to one ear, while he stopped the other. The bass of this humming euphony drew his afflicted soul into the billows of sound; and this murmuring sounding-board—this trembling clapper—seemed to sing to him on the new year: "Hearest thou not from afar how the mass of thy cold life is ringing to an end? It is questionable whether thou wilt hear at all on another new year—whether thou wilt not then be lying in thy grave, crumbling into dust!"

After dinner he gazed out of the window, not so much into the street as up to the sky. He there beheld two mock suns, and almost in the zenith half a

rainbow, which was intersected by a paler one.* The coloured stars began to sway his heart strangely, and made it as melancholy as though he beheld on high the image or reflection of his half-coloured, pale, and shattered existence; for to a man under the influence of emotion, nature is ever a great mirror full of emotions. To the satiated and quiescent alone, she is a cold, dead window for the outward world.

In the afternoon, when he was sitting alone in the room, the joyful church-hymns and the cheerful song of the canary-bird in the neighbourhood came over his weary soul like the sound and tumult of years of joy buried alive,—and when a bright gleam of sunshine traversed his apartment, and thin shadows of clouds glided over the field of light on the boards, and appealed to his sick, moaning heart by a thousand sad resemblances, "Is not all so? do not thy days pass away as vapours through a cold heaven over a dead earth, and so float on into the night?"—he was obliged to open his heart with the soft blade of music, that the largest drops of sorrow might flow out. He struck a single chord upon the piano again and again, and let its billows gradually subside; and as the clouds flew by, the tones melted away, the euphony flowed along more slowly, quivered, and died; and silence was there—like a grave.

Whilst he was listening, his breathing was arrested, and his heart ceased to beat—a swoon came over his soul; and now, in this dreamy, languid hour, the stream of his heart, like a flood which washes the buried from the churches and the graves, cast up a new corpse out

* The author observed a similar phenomenon in Baireuth on the 19th January, 1817.

of the future, and tore away its pall of earth. It was his own body—he was dead! He gazed out of the window upon the cheerful light and stir of life; but a voice within him continued to cry, "Deceive thyself not: ere the new year's wishes come round again, thou wilt have departed hence!"

When the shivering heart is thus leafless and naked, every air that blows on it is a cold one. How warmly and mildly Lenette must have touched it, in order not to shock it! Thus the somnambulist feels the icy chill of death in the touch of every hand from without the magic circle.

He this day resolved to enter into the so-called corpse-lottery,* that he might at least be enabled to pay the tax on his departure into the next world. He told Lenette so; but she thought his resolution alluded to the mourning gown. Thus, full of gloom and fog, passed the first day; and the first week was still more rainy. The border-shrubs and hedge of Lenette's love to Stiefel were torn away, and her love now stood free and revealed. Every evening, on which the Schulrath had been wont to come, vexation and grief made still deeper furrows in her young face, which gradually fell away into the open fretwork of sorrow. She inquired the days on which he was to preach, that she might hear him; and every time a funeral passed, she went to the window in order to see him. The bookbinder's wife was her correspondent, and from her she made new discoveries relative to the Schulrath, and repeated to her the old ones. How much warmth the Schulrath must gain by his focal distance, and how much the husband must necessarily lose by his propinquity, need

* A benefit-club to defray the expenses of burial.—*Tr.*

not be said; even as the earth receives least warmth from the sun when nearest to it, that is to say, in winter.

To all this was added a new ground of disinclination on Lenette's part. The Heimlicher von Blaise had secretly spread abroad the report that her husband was an Atheist, and no Christian. Respectable old maids and clergymen form a beautiful contrast to the revengeful Romans under the emperors, who often accused the most innocent man of being a Christian, in order that they might weave for him a crown of martyrdom. The old maids and clergymen above alluded to, on the contrary, take the part of a man who labours under such a suspicion, and deny that he is a Christian. In this, also, they are distinguished from the modern Romans and Italians, who always say "there are four Christians present," instead of saying "four men."

The virtuous damsel in St. Ferieux, near Besançon, was rewarded with a veil worth five francs; and this beautiful prize of virtue, viz. a moral veil worth six francs, men such as Blaise are fond of throwing over good people. They therefore call thinkers, freethinkers, or unbelievers, and heterodox wolves, whose teeth help to smooth and polish; and therefore a wolf is engraved on the best steel blades.

When Siebenkäs first communicated to his wife this report circulated by Blaise—to wit, that he was no Christian, not to say that he was an infidel—she did not pay much attention to it, since it was impossible that she could believe such a thing of a man with whom she was united in marriage. It only afterwards occurred to her that once, when there had been too long

a continuance of dry weather, he had declared himself openly, not only against the Catholic processions,—of which she did not think much herself,—but also against the Protestant prayers, for a change of weather; for he demanded whether the processions of a mile long, called caravans, in the Arabian desert, had ever produced a single cloud by all their prayers for rain; and why the clergy held processions only against wet and dry weather, and not also against a severe winter, whereby, for those at least who joined in the procession, it would be rendered milder; or why not in Holland against fog, or in Greenland against northern lights? But what surprised him most, he added, was, that the converters of the heathen, who so frequently, and with such good effect, pray for the sun when it is only concealed by clouds, do not likewise petition for the solar body itself, which would be much more desirable in polar lands, where it does not appear for whole months at a time, even when the sky is clear; or why, demanded he, lastly, do we not adopt measures against great eclipses, which are seldom subjects of rejoicing, but allow ourselves to be outdone by the savages, who at least succeed in howling and praying them away?

How many words, at first innocent, even sweet, contract poisonous qualities on the shelf of time, like sugar which has been kept for thirty years in the warehouse!* These few words now made a great impression on Lenette, as she sat beneath the pulpit of Stiefel, which was made entirely of apostles, and heard him utter one prayer after the other, now for, now against illness, government, child-birth, harvest, &c. How

* Sander, Concerning the Great and Beautiful in Nature, vol. i.

dear, on the other hand, Pelzstiefel became to her, and how beautifully his sermons were converted into real love-letters for her heart! Indeed, in general, the clergy stand in close connexion with the female heart, and hence the heart on German cards originally denoted the clergy.

And what did Stanislaus Siebenkäs do and think all this time? Two things which contradict each other. If he happened to say a hard word, he then pitied the weary, forsaken soul, whose rose-parterre of joy was all rooted up, whose first love to the Schulrath languished in want and misery, and whose soul, now a closed flower, would have unfolded its thousand charms in presence of a beloved heart, for *his* was not that beloved heart. "And do I not see," he continued to himself, "that a pin or a pin's head cannot possibly be as good a pointed lightning-conductor for her sultry storm-clouds, as the pointed pen is to me? A man can write much off his mind; but not sew much off; and, setting aside astronomy and psychology, when I consider what swimming-clothes and cork-waistcoats I possess for the deepest floods, in the self-contemplations of the Emperor Antoninus and in Arian Epictetus, neither of whom she is acquainted with either by name or by the binding, and what good firemen these are to me when I get into a conflagration of anger, as I did just now, while she must let her anger burn down without any assistance; verily I ought rather to be ten times milder towards her, instead of being more angry."

But when, on the contrary, it occurred that, instead of having given hard words, he had received them; he then pictured to himself the strong yearning

she felt towards the Schulrath, which she could secretly cherish during her mechanical needle-labours, and increase as much as she pleased; and, on the other hand, he reflected on the continual yielding of his own too soft heart, for which his strong-minded friend Leibgeber would have scolded him without further ceremony, and his wife still more for the contrary defect: "And she would scarcely find such indulgence," thought he, "in her Stiefel, if any conclusion might be drawn from the late rude and hasty manner in which he had called in the capital of love."

He was in this latter humour one Sunday, when perceiving that she was again about to visit the vesper-service, he asked her, with a spirit laden with anger, the light question: "Why she formerly went so seldom to church in the evening, but now so often?"

It was because formerly the vesper-preacher Schalaster performed the service, she answered; but now, since he had put out his collar-bone, the Schulrath preached in his stead. When the bone was restored, then God preserve her from attending his church-service.

By degrees he drew out from her, that she held the young Schalaster for a dangerous teacher of false doctrine, who differed from the Holy Scriptures of Luther, since he believed in Jesos Christos, Petros, Paulos, in fact, *os'd* all the apostles, so that it was a scandal to all good Christian souls, and he had named the holy Jerusalem in such a manner that she could not even repeat it—since that time he had put out his collar-bone—but she would not judge.

"Don't do so, dear Lenette," said Siebenkäs; "either the young man is short-sighted, or is not well

versed in the Greek Testament, for the *u* looks there like an *o*."

Oh, how many Schalasters are there, who, in their several sciences and doctrines, say Petros instead of Petrus, and thus needlessly and without corner-stone bring division among men by consanguineous vowels!

But for once Schalaster brought them a little nearer. It was a consolation to the Advocate to discover, that he had hitherto been in error, and that not love to Stiefel alone, but love to pure religion, had taken Lenette to the evening service.

The difference, in sooth, was slight; but in our need we accept every consolation. Siebenkäs therefore rejoiced in secret, that his wife did not love the Schulrath quite so much as he had supposed. Let no one here depreciate the thin cobweb which bears us and our happiness. When we have spun and drawn it out of ourselves, as the spider draws her thread, it sustains us tolerably well, and like the spider we hang suspended in the midst, and the storm-wind rocks us and our web uninjured to and fro.

From this day forward Siebenkäs went again straightway to the only friend he had in the place, the Schulrath, whose slight fault he had long since forgiven—I believe half-an-hour afterwards—from the bottom of his heart. He knew his coming would be a consolation for the banished apostle in his room-Patmos, and for his wife it was likewise one. He even carried greetings, which were not uttered, to and fro, between the two.

In the evening, the little pieces of news he threw out about the Schulrath were the young green shoots which the scraping partridge scratches out from beneath the deep snow. However, I disguise it not, I feel pity

both for him and for her, and I cannot be the miserable partisan, who is unable to give sympathy and love at the same time to two persons who misunderstand and make war upon one another.

Out of this grey sultry sky, whose electrical machines every hour charged with accumulating fluid, fell at last the first violent thunder-clap. Firmian lost his suit. The Heimlicher had been the rubbing cat's-skin and whipping fox's-tail, which had filled the Chamber of Inheritance, or pitch-cake of justice, full of little pocket-flashes of lightning. But the loss of the suit was adjudged to the Advocate on legal grounds, viz. on the plea that the young notary Giegold, with whose notary's instrument he had armed himself, was not yet matriculated.

There can be few who are ignorant that no legal instrument is valid in Saxony which is not drawn up by a notary who has been matriculated; and no document can be of more value as evidence in a foreign land than in the land where it was originally drawn up. Thus Firmian lost the law-suit, and for the moment the inheritance; but it nevertheless remained untouched as long as any legal dispute was pending. Nothing, indeed, secures a fortune better from thieves, and clients, and advocates, than its being a *depositum* or object of contention *(objectum litis)*. Nobody can touch it, because the sum is distinctly specified in the acts, unless the acts themselves were previously got rid of. In the same manner, the husbandman rejoices when the weevil has spun its web all over his rick, and dressed it in white curling-papers, because then the grains which the spinner has not eaten into, are safe against all other weevils.

It is never easier to gain a lawsuit than when it is lost; for then an appeal can be made. After the payment of all ordinary and extraordinary costs, and after the redemption of the acts, the law offers the *beneficium appellationis* (the benefit of an appeal to a higher court); although in this comedy of benevolence and legal benefit, other extraordinary benefits are first requisite before the legal ones can be made available.

Siebenkäs might appeal. It was easy for him to establish the proof of his name and his ward-ship by another notary of Leipzic, who was matriculated, and nothing was wanting but the weapon or instrument of battle, which was at the same time its object, viz. money.

During the ten days in which the appeal, like a fœtus, had to be matured, he was ill and thoughtful. Each of the decimal days exercised one of the ten persecutions of the early Christians upon him, and decimated his cheerful hours. The time was too short, and the way too long, to demand money from his Leibgeber in Baireuth; besides, Leibgeber, to judge from his silence, had probably leapt over many a mountain with the leaping-pole and shoe-spikes of his profile-scissors. Firmian therefore renounced all hope, and went to console himself and relate every thing to his old friend Stiefel. The latter waxed wroth at the boggy, bottomless road of law, and pressed the Advocate to accept stilts for it—the money for making his appeal. Ah, it seemed to the unsatisfied, yearning Schulrath as if he once again grasped Lenette's beloved hand; and his honest blood, frozen by icy cold days, once more began to thaw and to circulate. It was from no cheating of his sense of honour, that Firmian, who preferred hunger to borrow-

ing, nevertheless accepted every dollar from Stiefel, as a little stone with which to pave the marshy path of law, and pass over without getting dirty. But the motive that chiefly influenced him was the thought that he should soon die, and his helpless widow would then at least have the enjoyment of the little inheritance.

He appealed to the highest court, and ordered a new instrument to be executed for him in Leipzic, at another notary's forge by the witness-confessor Lobstein.

These new rubs and scratches of fortune on the one hand, and the goodness and money of the Schulrath on the other, accumulated oxygen in Lenette's mind, but the acid of her ill-humour was condensed, like other acids, by a season of frost, on which subject I will immediately communicate my meteorological observations.

Ever since the quarrel with Stiefel, Lenette remained silent the whole day; and it was only the presence of strangers which cured the paralysis of her tongue. There must be, no doubt, some clever physical explanation of the fact, that a woman is often unable to speak except to strangers; and we ought likewise to be able to discover the opposite cause of the opposite phenomenon,—that a somnambulist can only speak with the magnetiser and his associates. All the people in St. Hilda cough on the landing of a stranger; and coughing, if not itself speaking, may at least be considered as the preliminary creaking of the wheels of the speaking machine. This periodic dumbness, which, as is frequently the case with the permanent disease, probably proceeds from checked eruptions of the skin, has long been known to physicians. Wepfer cites the case of a paralytic woman who

could only utter the paternoster and the creed; and, in married life, attacks of dumbness are frequent, during which the wife can only speak to the husband the few words that are absolutely necessary. A person sick of a fever, in Wittenberg, could not speak during the whole day except from twelve to one o'clock; and we find many such female mutes, who are only able to bring out a word for a quarter of an hour during the day, or in the evening, but relieve themselves by means of the little bell of the dumb, for which they use keys, plates, and doors.

This dumbness at last hardened the poor Advocate so much, that he caught the complaint himself. He mimicked his wife, as a father mimics his children, in order to improve her. His satirical humour often wore the appearance of satirical wickedness; but he assumed it merely for the purpose of keeping himself cool and composed.

When chambermaids disturbed him amid his boiling and brewing of authorship, so that, with Lenette's assistance, they turned his room into a herald's chancery and rostrum, he at least dragged down his wife from the platform (this had been previously agreed upon between them) by knocking three times with the gilded bird's sceptre upon his writing-desk: thus, too, by a sceptre, the freedom of the press is easily taken away from a sister-speaker. Indeed, when he sat before these talking Cicero's heads, without being able to give birth to a thought or a line, and reflected, not so much on the injury to himself, as on that which accrued to countless persons of the greatest intelligence and rank, who thus lost a thousand bright ideas through these learned talkers,—he was often induced to give a terrible rap

with the sceptre or ruler upon the table, even as a pond is struck in order to silence the croaking of the frogs. What most vexed him was the robbery committed on posterity by such evaporating gossip, should his book chance to be handed down to it, deprived, by this means, of much of its merit. It is a fine thing that authors, even those who deny the immortality of the soul, seldom venture to attack the immortality of their own names; and, as Cicero declared he would believe in a future life, even if there were none, so they too still cling to the belief in the second eternal life of their names, even though critics should most conclusively prove it to be a fallacy.

Siebenkäs now made known to his wife that he would speak to her no more, not even about the most necessary things; and this simply that he might not be disturbed, or cooled in his fervour, while he was writing, or become excited against her by long speeches about gossiping, washing, &c. The same thing, indifferent in itself, might be said in ten different tones and discords; in order, therefore, to leave his wife in ignorance, and stimulate her curiosity about the tone in which a thing might be spoken, he would only communicate with her in future, he said, by writing.

I have the best explanation quite at hand. The grave, discreet bookbinder, for instance, was never so vexed with any one throughout the whole year as with his Schliffel, as he called him, his light-headed son, who read the best books better than he bound them, who cut them crooked and too close, and, by screwing the bookbinder's press as tight as a printing-press, both attenuated and doubled the size of the wet sheets. The father could not endure to see it; and became so angry that

he resolved not to speak another word to this devil's own imp. He, therefore, handed over the sumptuary laws and golden rules, which he had to give to his son while he was binding, to his wife, as imperial post-woman, who, with her needle as messenger's staff, got up from the furthest corner of the room, and brought the commands to the son, who was planing close to his father.

The son, who delivered his answers and questions again to the messenger, was quite pleased with this turn of affairs; for his father could not now scold so much: with the latter, at length, it became a habit never to treat any thing by word of mouth. He sought, indeed, to communicate his sentiments to his son by looks, and shot warm glances at him, like a lover, as he sat opposite to him; but, though we have eye-letters as well as palate-letters, teeth-letters, and tongue-letters, yet an eye full of glances is but a confused box of pearl type. Nevertheless, as the invention of writing and of the post has luckily enabled a man who is circumnavigating the North Pole on a block of ice, to communicate with another who is sitting among parrots beneath a palm-tree in the torrid zone,—so father and son, while they were sitting apart opposite one another at the work-table, could now, by means of this invention, sweeten and lighten their separation by a correspondence carried on across the table. The most important letters of business were despatched to and fro unsealed, yet safely, since two fingers constituted the mail-bag and packet in this penny-post.

The correspondence by letter and courier was carried on upon such smooth roads, and with such excellent *postes aux ânes* between the two mute powers, that,

with such freedom of intercourse, the father could easily obtain an answer to the most important communication from his correspondent in one minute; indeed, they were as little divided from one another as if they dwelt in neighbouring houses.

If a traveller should happen to arrive at Kuhschnappel before me, I beg he will saw off the two table-corners, one of which was the post-office to the other, and put these *bureaux* in his pocket, and exhibit them, in some great town, to the curious, or to me in Hof.

Siebenkäs, in some sort, imitated him. He cut out, beforehand, little written decrees for the most needful emergencies. If Lenette happened to put an unforeseen question, for which his pocket-book, as yet, contained no answer, he wrote three lines, and handed her the prescription across the table. Those royal notes-of-hand or orders-in-council, which were to be repeated daily, he demanded back again in the evening by a standing written requisition, in order to save writing-paper, and spare himself the trouble of writing them each time anew—he merely handed over the scrap. But what said Lenette to this?

I shall be able to give a better answer after having related what follows. He spoke only once in this deaf and dumb institution. It was while he was eating wild salad out of an earthen dish, which was ornamented, not only with flowers, but with a motto in verse. He lifted off the salad which hid this little border *carmen* with his fork. It ran thus:—

"Peace feeds, and strife
Consumes our life."

Every time he lifted off a fork-full, he could read one or two feet more of this didactic poem, and he did so aloud. What said Lenette to it, we demanded above. Not a word, I answer. She did not allow his silence and anger to drive away hers; for he seemed to her at last to be doggedly spiteful, and she determined not to be outdone by him. And, indeed, he went further every day, and continually pushed new commandments, in broken tablets, across the table to the corner, or carried them to her table. I will only mention a few: for instance, the carronade slip (for he always invented new titles for his own amusement), containing these words, "Stop the overflowing mouth of that tall sewing-animal, who sees that I am writing, or I will seize her by the throat with which she baits me;" the official paper, "Bring me a little water; I wish to cleanse my bear's paws of ink;" the pastoral letter, "I wish to have a moment or two of peace, in order to read Epictetus on the endurance of all men, therefore disturb me not;" the pinpaper, "I am working at one of the most difficult and bitter satires upon women—take the screaming bookbinder's wife down to the barber's wife, and converse together as briskly as you please;" the torture-bench folio, "I have borne as much as possible this forenoon, and have wrestled and overcome brooms, and feather-dusters, and cap-heads, and tongue-heads —might I not now, towards evening, be allowed to look over these penal acts before me for a little hour, untormented and in peace?"

No one will persuade me that the stinging and pin-paper pricking of these visiting-cards, which he left at her door, was much mitigated by his changing the writing occasionally into speech, when others happened

to be present, and jesting with them in some such manner as the following. One day he said to the hairdresser Meerbitzer, in presence of Lenette, "It is quite incredible how much we yearly consume in our domestic economy. My wife, as she there stands, alone consumes every year ten hundred weight of food; and," added he (as she and the barber struck their hands together over their heads), "I also." It is true, he shewed it to Meerbitzer in print, in Schlözer, that every human being consumes that quantity; but who in the room would have conceived it possible?

Pouting or sulking is catalepsy of the spirit, in which, as in the physical disease, every limb rigidly maintains the position in which it was surprised by the attack; and the spiritual disease has likewise this in common with the physical disease, that women are oftener attacked by it than men.* Siebenkäs, consequently, only doubled the rigidity of his wife by the apparently malicious jest, the sole motive of which was to keep himself cooler; and yet much would have been overlooked had she only seen Pelzstiefel once in each week, and had not the household cares for food which consumed and melted all the pewter from the bird-pole, so to say, decomposed and dried up the last glad warm drops of blood in her unhappy heart. The sorrow-laden one! but, as it was, there was no help for her, nor for him, whom she misunderstood!

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it. Had Firmian been alone, he would scarcely have cast a glance upon these fissures and holes in our path of life, since at every thirty steps Fate places little heaps

* Tissot on nervous diseases.

of stones wherewith to fill them up. And there was always a haven, or diving-bell, open to him in the greatest storm, besides that of glorious philosophy, his watch, namely, or rather its cost price.

But his wife, with her pieces of funereal music and her Kyrie eleison, and a thousand other things, and Leibgeber's incomprehensible silence, and his growing illness,—all these together, with their many impurities, turned the breeze of his life into a sultry enervating sirocco wind, which excites in a man a dry burning thirst, to cure which he often takes into his bosom what the soldier takes into his mouth to cool and quench his physical thirst—cold lead and gunpowder.

On the eleventh of February, Firmian sought to relieve himself.

On the eleventh of February, Euphrosyne's day, 1767, Lenette was born.

She had often told it to him, and to her sewing-customers still oftener, but he would have forgotten it nevertheless, had it not been for the General Superintendent Ziehen, who published a book in which he reminded him of the eleventh of February. The Superintendent had prophesied that on the eleventh of February, 1786, a piece of southern Germany would be swallowed up, like Lagerkorn, into the lower region by an earthquake; in which case the Kuhschnapplers would have been let down by the coffin-ropes or falling drawbridge of sinking earth, and have tumbled into hell *en masse*, instead of going, as heretofore, as single *envoyés*. But nothing came of it.

The day preceding the earthquake and Lenette's birthday, Firmian went in the afternoon up to the lifting-machine and springboard of his soul—the old height

where his Henry had forsaken him. His friend and his wife stood in cloudy images about his soul. He reflected that from Henry's departure up to the present time as many important divisions had taken place in his marriage as Moreri counts in the church of the apostles up to the time of Luther, viz. 124. Harmless, quiet, glad labourers were smoothing the path for the spring. He had passed by gardens where they were clearing the trees from moss and autumn-leaves; by beehives and vines which they were transplanting and cleaning, and by the clipped twigs of the willow-trees. The sun shone brightly over the budding landscape. All at once it seemed to him (and this often happens to people of strong imagination, who therefore easily become visionaries) as if his life dwelt in a soft warm tear instead of in a solid heart, and as if his heavily-laden spirit were forcing and dilating itself out of a crack in its prison, and melting into a tone—a blue wave of ether.

"I will forgive her on her birthday," said his softened soul; "hitherto, perhaps, I have been too hard upon her."

He resolved to bring back the Schulrath into the house, and previously the striped calico, and of these and a new sewing-cushion to make her a birthday present. He seized his watch-chain, and pulled out by it the means—the Elias- and Faust-cloak—which could bear him over all evils, that is to say, by selling the cloak.

He went home with nothing but sunshine pervading all the corners of his heart, and, making his watch stop artificially, he told Lenette it must go to the watchmaker's to be mended. In fact, its movement

had hitherto been like those of the upper planets, in the commencement of their clock-day progressive, then stationary, then retrograde. By this means he concealed his project from her. He carried it himself to market and sold it, although he knew for certain that he could not write well unless he heard it ticking on his writing-table,—as, according to Locke, there was a nobleman who could only dance in a room where an old box was standing;—and in the evening the redeemed bloody shirt and seed-bag of weeds was secretly smuggled into the house. Firmian went the same evening to the Schulrath, and with the fresh warmth of his eloquent heart announced to him his resolution, —the birthday, the return of the calico, his request of a visit, his approaching death, and his resignation to every thing.

Warm breath of life was breathed into the sick Schulrath, who had been gnawed paler by absence or love, like the shadows in fresco-paintings by the lime, on hearing that to-morrow the long-denied voice (Lenette could at least hear his in the church) would once more stir all the chords of his being.

I must here introduce a defence and an accusation. The former concerns my hero, who almost seems to crumple up his honour's patent of nobility by this request to Stiefel; but he intended thereby to do a great favour to his wife, and a small one to himself. Not even the strongest and most violent man can hold out in the long-run against the eternal pouting and undermining of a woman. To have peace and quietness, such an individual, who, before marriage, swore a thousand oaths that he would have his own way, at last lets the mistress have hers. As to the rest of

Firmian's behaviour, I need not attempt to defend it, because it is indefensible.

The accusation I promised regards my companions in labour. I accuse them of departing in their novels so much from this biography or from nature, and of describing the quarrels and reconciliations of people as possible and as actually occurring in so short a period, that one might stand by with a second-watch and count the time. But a man is not torn away from a beloved being all at once; but the ruptures are succeeded by little bast and flower-bindings, until the long alternations of shunning and seeking end in a total separation; and thus, at last, the poor creatures become most poor. With the union of souls it is in general the same; and even when sometimes an invisible, infinite arm, as it were, presses us suddenly upon a new heart, still we had long known this heart intimately among the holy pictures of our longing, and had often taken down the picture, and often uncovered it and worshipped it.

Later in the evening Firmian found it impossible to wait patiently in his solitary chair of cares, with all his love, until the morrow. The restraint itself made his affection ever warmer; and when anxiety, lest he should die of apoplexy before the spring equinox, overtook him, he was exceedingly terrified, not at the thought of death, but at the idea how embarrassed Lenette would be to obtain the fees necessary to pay for this last trial—the anchor-proof* of man. He was just now possessed of money in superfluity—he jumped up and ran this very night to the director of the Burial

* This consists in casting down the anchor from a height on a hard ground.

Insurance Company, in order that his wife might inherit fifty florins at his death, wherewith to cover the sucker of his body decently with earth. I am not aware how much he paid, but I am used to this embarrassment, which a novel-writer, who can invent any sum he pleases, is quite unacquainted with, but which is exceedingly burdensome and inconvenient to the historian of a true biography, inasmuch as the latter ought to write nothing but what he could confirm by documents and by recourse to archive chambers.

On the morning of the eleventh of February, or on Saturday, Firmian entered the room softened in heart —for every illness and weakness, as loss of blood or sorrow, for instance, softens us; and he was still more so because he anticipated a mild, gentle day. We love much more warmly while cherishing the intention of giving pleasure than an hour afterwards, when we have given it. It was as windy this morning as if the breezes were holding races or a tournament, or as if Æolus were shooting his winds out of air-guns. Many therefore thought that it was the commencement of the earthquake, or that some had already hung themselves from fright. Firmian met in Lenette's face two eyes from which thus early the warm rain of tears had fallen on her first day. She had not in the least guessed his love, or his intentions; she had not thought about them at all; but the following reflection merely passed through her mind: "Alas! now that my parents are dead, no one thinks any more of my birthday."

It seemed to him as if she was pre-occupied by something. She looked once or twice inquiringly into his face, and appeared to be cherishing some intention; he therefore deferred pouring out his full bosom, and

uncovering the double gift. At length she approached him slowly, blushing, and, with embarrassment in her manner, sought to get his hand into hers, and said, with downcast eyes, in which as yet there was no whole tear, "We will be reconciled to-day: if you have given me any pain, I forgive you from my heart. Do the same by me."

This address opened his warm heart, and at first he could only stammer out, as he drew her to his oppressed bosom, "Forgive *thou* only—ah, I love thee more than thou lovest me!" and here heavy hot drops, called forth by a thousand recollections of the previous days, poured from his full deep heart, as deep streams flow more slowly.

She looked at him in surprise, and said, "We are then reconciled, and it is my birthday too to-day; but I have a very sad birthday!"

This reminded him of his present. He ran away and brought the sewing-cushion and the calico gown, and also the news that Stiefel was coming in the evening. She now first began to weep, and said, "Ah, you did that yesterday—then you knew of my birthday? I thank you from my heart for the pretty—pincushion. I did not suppose you would think of my poor birthday."

His manly beautiful soul, which did not put a guard on its enthusiasm, like a woman's, told her every thing, and also of his having yesterday subscribed to the burial-club, that she might inter him with less expense. Her emotion now became as great and visible as his own. "No, no," said she at last; "God will preserve you! But to-day—if we only live over to-day—what does the Schulrath say about the earthquake?"

"Be assured that there will be no earthquake," said Firmian.

He let her go from his glowing heart unwillingly. As long as he remained at home—for it was impossible for him to write—he gazed incessantly into her bright face, from which all the clouds had cleared away. He practised an old trick upon himself, which I have learnt of him; when he wished to love a dear person very dearly, and forgive him every thing—he looked long into his face; for we, that is, I and he, find upon a human face, when it is old, the notched counting-stick of severe sorrows which have so rudely passed over it, and when it is young, it appears to us like a blooming flower-bed on the slope of a volcano, whose next eruption will overwhelm it with destruction. Ah! either the future or the past is written in every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.

Firmian would fain have kept his restored Lenette the whole day upon his heart,—especially before the evening came,—and the glad tears in his eyes; but to her, her occupations were pauses, and her tear-glands were fountains of hunger as well as fountains of the heart; however, she had not the courage to ask him about the metallic source of this gold-bearing brook, on whose soft cradle she was this day rocked; but her husband willingly revealed to her the secret of the sold watch. Marriage was to him to-day what the season before marriage is—a *cembal d'amour* enclosed between two sounding-boards, which, instead of doubling the strings, double their melodious tones. The whole day was a little piece cut out of the clear moon, unveiled by any foggy atmosphere, or rather, out of the second world, into which even the inhabitants of the moon

proceed from that orb. Lenette, by her morning warmth, resembled the so-called moss-grown violet-stone, which yields the fragrance of a little bed of flowers whenever it is warmed by rubbing.

At length, in the evening, the Schulrath made his appearance, nervously embarrassed, looking somewhat proud, but on proceeding to congratulate Lenette; unable to do so for tears, which were as much in his throat as in his eyes. His embarrassment concealed hers. At last the opaque fog between them melted away, and they could gaze upon each other; then they were right joyful. Firmian forced himself to feel contentment, and it entered spontaneously into the bosoms of the other two.

The heavy teeming storm-clouds now hung less densely over three appeased, consoled hearts, the departing threatening comet of the future had lost its sword, and already brighter and whiter sped onward into the blue expanse, passing by more brilliant constellations. In the evening Leibgeber sent a short letter, whose joy-giving lines adorn the evening of our favourite and the next chapter.

And thus in the brain-chambers of the triple alliance, as at this moment in the reader's, the darting, glancing, trembling flower-pieces of the imagination grew into living blossoms of joy,—even as the fever-patient mistakes the waving flowers of his bedcurtain for living forms. Verily the winter-night, like a summer-night, could scarcely be cooled and extinguished on its horizon: and on parting from one another at twelve o'clock, they said, "We were all very happy!"

CHAPTER XI.

Leibgeber's Letter upon Fame. Firmian's Evening Chronicle.

I HAVE cheated the reader in the preceding chapter from pure love. Nevertheless he must still remain in error until he has read the following short letter from Leibgeber:

"Vaduz, Feb. 2, 1786.

"My Firmian Stanislaus,—I shall be at Baireuth in May, and you must also come thither. I have nothing else of importance to write to you, but this is important enough, that I command you to arrive at Baireuth on the first day of May; for I have the most mad, weighty, and unheard-of project respecting you, as sure as there is a God in heaven. My joy and your own happiness depend on this journey. I would reveal the secret to you in this letter, did it go direct out of my hands into none other but yours. Come! you might travel with a certain Kuhschnappler Rosa, who is coming to fetch his bride out of Baireuth; but if the Kuhschnappler, which God forbid, should be that Meyern of whom you have written to me, and should this gold fish come swimming hither to give his beautiful bride more coldness than warmth with his dry withered arms,—as snakes are placed round the bottles in Spain to cool them,—I will then give her my opinion of him when I come to Baireuth, and insist upon it that he is ten thousand times better than the Heresiarch Bellarmin, who committed adultery much oftener in the course of

his life, that is to say, two thousand two hundred and thirty-six times. You know that this champion of the Catholics had a *crim. con.* with one thousand six hundred and twenty-four women. As cardinal, he wished to shew at the same time the possibility of Catholic celibacy, and the possibility of the papal description of a harlot, which the gloss exalts to the possessor of a regiment of twenty-three thousand men. I am heartily desirous of seeing the Heimlicher von Blaise. Were he nearer to me, I would give him a few hard thumps from time to time, for there is always something sticking in his throat which he can't swallow—an inheritance, for instance, or another person's house and farm. I would give him, I say, a few hard knocks on the hollow of his back, as is the custom, in order to cure him, and await the issue—of the morsel.

"I have been limping about everywhere with my profile scissors since we last met, and am now reposing in Vaduz with a studious library-loving count, who really deserves that I should love him ten times more than I do; but I have already more than enough to satisfy the heart in you, and in general I find the human race and the cheese of green herbs into which it gnaws itself every day more mouldy and rotten. I must tell you, the devil take fame. In a short time I shall disappear, and mingle among the people, and turn up again every week with a new name, that the fools may not know me. Oh, there was once a time, for a few years, when I wished to be something,—if not a great author, at least a ninth elector,—if not laurelled, at least mitred,—if not sometimes a pro-rector, frequently at least a deacon. It would then have afforded me pleasure, had I had the most terrible pains from the

stone, and consequently proportionately large bladder-stones, in order that I might have extracted stones from my bladder to build up the altar or temple of my fame still higher than the pyramid which Ruysch piled up in the cabinet of natural history with the forty-two bladder-stones of an honest woman.* Siebenkäs! at that time I would have wreathed myself a thorny philosopher's beard of wasps, as Wildau did of bees, only to become known by it. 'I grant,' I then said, 'it is not the good fortune of every child of clay, and he ought not therefore to expect it, that a town should kill him like Mr. Romuald (as is related by Bembo in his life), in order to steal his holy body as a relic; but it seems to me that, without being wanting in humility, a man may desire that a few hairs should be plucked, if not out of his fur-coat," as happened to Voltaire in Paris, at least out of his skull, as a *souvenir*, by those who know how to appreciate him; I refer more especially to the reviewers.' Thus I then thought; but I now think more wisely. Fame merits no fame.

"Once, on a cold wet evening, I sat out of doors on a milestone, and looked at myself, and said, Well, in sober earnest, what can be made of you? Is the path open to you to become secretary of war to the Emperor Maximilian and historiographer to the Emperor Charles V., like the late Cornelius Agrippa?** Can you raise yourself to the rank of syndic and advocate of

* Dict. des Merveilles de la Nature, par Ligaud. The manner in which an Egyptian queen built up a pyramid of loose stones, higher indeed, but with less pain than the above-mentioned woman, is well known, and does not belong to Ligaud's Merveilles de la Nature.

** This and what follows about Agrippa, what he became and possessed, is in Naudé (Treatise of the Learned Men who were held for Sorcerers), under the name Agrippa.

the city of Metz? Can you become body-physician to the duchess of Anjou,—a professor of theology in Padua? Do you perceive that the cardinal of Lothringen is as willing to become godfather to your child as he was to the son of Agrippa? And would it not be ridiculous if you were to give out and boast that a margrave in Italy, the King of England, the chancellor Mercurius Gatinaria, and Margarita princess of Austria, all desired to engage you in their service in the same year? Would it not be ridiculous, and a lie into the bargain, not to speak of the difficulty of the thing, inasmuch as all these people exploded into the sleep-powder of death at Niklausruhe, many years before you flared up as priming and detonating powder of life? In what known work, I pray you, does Paulus Jovius call you a *portentosum ingenium*, and what other author reckons you among the *clarissima sui sæculi lumina?* Would it not have been mentioned by Schröckh and Schmidt, in their History of the Reformation, if you had stood in extraordinary credit with four cardinals and five bishops, and with Erasmus, Melancthon, and Capellanus? Even supposing I were really resting under the same great bower and shrub of laurel-crowns as Cornelius Agrippa, the same would happen to me as to him. We should both rot in obscurity underneath the foliage, and no one would come for centuries to lift up the branches and take a peep at us two.

"It would still less avail me were I to manage matters more cleverly, and get myself praised in an appendix to the general German library; for I might stand for years with my laurel-wreath on my hat, in this cool pocket-pantheon, in my niche among the greatest scholars, who reclined or sat around me on their state-

beds—for years, I say, we crowned ones might stand together, all alone in our temple of fame, ere any one opened the door and looked in upon us; or came in and kneeled before me; and our triumphal chariot would only be a wheelbarrow, from time to time, on which the garnished temple, with all its riches, was wheeled to an auction.

"However, I should perhaps raise myself above all this, and make myself immortal, could I but indulge a faint hope that my immortality would come to the ears of others beside those who were still denizens of mortality. But can I feel encouraged when I perceive that it is precisely to the most celebrated personages, over whose faces the laurel-wreath yearly grows thicker in their coffins, as the rosemary over others, I remain an inner, unknown Africa? especially to a Ham and Japheth —to Absalom and his father—to the two Catos—the two Antonini—to Nebuchadnezzar—the seventy interpreters and their wives—to the seven wise men of Greece—even to such simple fools as Taubmann and Eulenspiegel? When a Henri IV., and the four evangelists, and Bayle, who knows all the scholars in the world, and the lovely Ninon, who knows them still better, and the sorrow-laden Job, or, at least, the author of Job,—are ignorant that a Leibgeber ever existed; when I am and remain to a whole former world,—that is, to 6000 years, full of great men and nations,—nothing but a mathematical point, an invisible darkness, a miserable *je ne sais quoi*, I don't see how posterity, in which, perhaps, there may not be much, or the next 6000 years, can afford me compensation.

"Besides, I cannot know what glorious heavenly

hosts and archangels live upon other universes, and little spheres of the milky way—this paternoster rosary of globes,—seraphs, in comparison with whom I cannot be looked upon in any other light than in that of a sheep. We souls, it is true, rise and advance considerably upon the earth; the soul of the oyster rises to a frog's the latter to that of a stock-fish; the spirit of the stock-fish ascends into a goose, then into a sheep, then is elevated into an ass, or even into an ape,—at last (nothing higher can be conceived) into a bush-Hottentot. But such a long peripatetic climax only inflates a man until he makes the following reflexion: We observe among the animals of a class, among which, as among ourselves, there must be geniuses, good clear heads, and thorough blockheads,—nothing but the last, or, at most, extremes. No class of animals is near enough to our visual membrane to prevent our confounding the middle tints and degrees of their value. And thus it will be with us, when a spirit, sitting in heaven, looks upon us all. On account of his remoteness, he will find it a difficult task (a vain one) to distinguish a real difference between Kant and his shaving-mirrors of Kantites, between Goethe and his imitators; and the above-mentioned spirit will scarcely, or not at all, know how to distinguish masters of faculties from dunces, professors' houses from mad-houses,—for little steps are entirely lost to the vision of one who stands upon a higher step.

"But this deprives a thinker of all pleasure and courage; and may I be hung, Siebenkäs, if, in such a state of affairs, I ever lay myself out to become properly celebrated, or give myself the trouble to pull down, or to build up, the most learned and acute system

or write any thing longer than a letter. Thine, not mine.

"L.

"P.S. I would that God would grant me a second life after this, and that I could occupy myself in the next world with realities; for this is really too hollow and too insipid, a wretched Nuremberg toy,—only the sinking froth of a life,—a leap through the ring of eternity,—a rotten, ashy apple of Sodom, the taste of which I cannot get out of my mouth, spit and splutter as I may. Oh!"—

To such readers as may find this piece of humour scarcely serious enough, I will shew in some other place that it is too much so; and that only an anxious bosom can thus jest,—only a too feverish eye, round which the fireworks of life circulate like the flying sparks which precede amaurosis, can see and draw such pictures.

Firmian understood all, especially at this time .... but I must return to the 11th Feb., and almost take away from the reader the pleasure he must have felt in sympathy with that of the united trefoil.

Lenette's trembling request that her husband would forgive her, was the hot-bed fruit of Ziehen's earthquaking prophecy. She believed that the ground, and she herself, were about to sink in and perish; and, at the near approach of death, who already wagged his tiger's tail, she offered her husband the hand of Christian peace. In presence of his disembodied, beautiful soul, hers, it is true, poured out tears of love and rapture; but she herself, perhaps, confounded her joyful with

her loving emotions, pleasure with fidelity; and the hope of again seeing the Schulrath, in the evening, with her longing eyes, expressed itself, unawares even to herself, by a warmer love towards her husband.

It is here very necessary that I should not withhold from any man one of my best maxims, which is, that in his intercourse even with the best woman in the world, he should endeavour always carefully to discriminate between her wishes, both as to what and whom she desires at the time being; and it is not always the person who thus discriminates. In the female heart there is such a flightiness of feelings, such a casting-out of coloured bubbles, which reflect every thing, but especially what is nearest, that while a woman under the influence of emotion is shedding one tear for you out of the left eye, she can go on reflecting, and sprinkle one for your predecessor or successor out of the right. A feeling of tenderness excited by a rival half falls to the share of the husband; and in general a woman, even the most sincerely faithful, weeps more over what she reflects upon than what she hears.

It is vexatious that so many men are stupid on this point; for a woman who regards the feelings of others more than her own is neither the deceiver nor the deceived, but the deception itself, both optical and acoustic.

Such well-digested reflections upon the 11th February Firmians do not make until the 12th. Wendeline loved the Schulrath—that was the fact. In common with all the wise women of Kuhschnappel, she believed in the Superintendent-General and the kick he gave to the earth, until, in the evening, Pelz-

stiefel openly declared that the opinion was impious; then she fell off from the prophetic Superintendent, and sided with the unbelieving worldling, Firmian. We all know that he was as addicted to the masculine humour of exaggerating consistency, as she was to the feminine one of going too far in inconsistency; it was, therefore, foolish in him to hope to regain, by one great effusion of the heart, a friend who had been embittered by so many out-pourings of gall. Not even the greatest benefit, not the highest manly enthusiasm, can at once tear out an ill-will that has insinuated its thousand little root-fibres into every corner of the heart. The love lost by a continued cooling can only be regained by as persevering a warming.

In short, it was manifest, after a few days, that all was in the same position as it was three weeks before. Lenette's love had been so strengthened in its growth by Stiefel's absence, that it no longer found room, with all its leaves, beneath the bell-glass, but grew out into the open air. The *aqua toffana* of jealousy at length circulated through all Firmian's veins, and, flowing into his heart, slowly consumed it. He was but the tree on which Lenette had inscribed her love to another, and which withers in consequence of the incisions. It had been so sweet to him to hope that, on Lenette's birthday, the recalled Schulrath would close, or cover, the greatest wounds, while it was he who, without knowing it, opened them ever more and more. But how much this pained the poor husband!

Thus he became, at the same time, both internally and externally poorer and weaker, and abandoned the hope of seeing the 1st of May and Baireuth. February,

March, and April swept over his head, with heavy dripping clouds, in which there was no blue opening, and no evening red.

On the 1st of April he lost his suit for the second time; and on the 13th, on green Thursday, he concluded for ever his evening paper (so he called his journal, because he wrote it in the evening), in order to forward it, along with as much of his Devil's Papers as was finished, to the faithful hands of his friend Leibgeber in Baireuth, instead of his body, which was soon about to evaporate; for he thought his friend would prefer clasping his soul, which dwelt in the papers, to embracing his withered body, of which Leibgeber, indeed, possessed a second unaltered edition, man upon man as it were, in his own person, and he could consequently have it at any moment he pleased. I do not scruple to insert here unchanged the whole of the concluding passage of the evening paper, this song of the swan, which was afterwards committed to the post:—

"Yesterday my suit suffered shipwreck, in the second appeal, or shallow. The defendant's counsel, and the first chamber of appeal, have brought up against me an old law, which is valid not only in the territory of Baireuth, but also at Kuhschnappel, according to which nothing can be proved by depositions drawn up by a notary—the depositions must be made before a justice of the peace. These two actions render the up-hill road to the third easier. On account of my poor Lenette, I shall appeal to the little senate, and my good Stiefel will advance the money. Truly, the same ceremony must be observed in putting questions to the oracle of justice, as formerly in submitting other ques-

tions to heathen oracles. It is necessary to *fast* and *mortify* oneself.

"I am in hopes to escape from the state-knaves,* or huntsmen with the hanger and blade of the Themis-sword, and through the traps and nets of acts and documents, not so much by means of my purse, which, being stretched out as thin as a whipping-post, I might draw through all the narrow meshes of the net of justice like a leathern pig-tail,—as with my body, which, on approaching the lofty nets, will change into the dust of death, and will then fly free through and beyond all meshes.

"I will this day withdraw the last hand from this evening paper, ere it becomes a complete martyrologium. If life could be given away, I would give mine to any mortal who desired it: I would not, however, have any one suppose that, because a total eclipse of the sun is above my own head, I therefore affirm that there is an eclipse in America too; or that, because snow-flakes are falling before my own nose, I believe that the Gold Coast is snowed up likewise. Life is beautiful and warm—even mine was so once. If I should melt away before the snow-flakes, I beg my heirs, and every Christian, not to publish any part of my 'Selection from the Devil's Papers,' except that which I have copied out fairly, which extends as far as the 'Satire upon Women' (inclusive). Neither must he publish any satirical idea he may chance to find in this journal,—that I most earnestly deprecate.

"If an inquirer into the history of this day or night-book should wish to know what heavy weights, nests, and linen to dry, were suspended to my branches and

* Servants were formerly called *knaves*,—now seldom the reverse.

summit, that they could so bend it down; and if he is only made the more curious because I have written humorous satires,—although my only object was to support myself by my satirical prickles, as by absorbing vessels, like the thistle,—I here inform such inquirer that his curiosity seeks more than I know, and more than I am willing to say; for man and the horse-radish are hottest when rubbed and grated, and the satirist is sadder than the wit for the same reason that the ourang-outang is of a graver disposition than the ape, because his nature is more noble. If, indeed, this paper falls into your hands, my Henry, my beloved, and you desire to hear something of the hail which has fallen, ever thicker and thicker, upon my sownfields, count not the melted hail-stones, but the crushed stalks. I have nothing left that gives me joy but thy love, and nothing that stands erect near that. Since, for more reasons than one,* I shall scarcely be able to visit you in Baireuth, we will take leave on this page like spirits, and give one another hands of air. I hate sentimentality; but fate has at last almost grafted it upon me; and of the satirical Glauber salt, which is taken for it at other times with advantage,—even as sheep which become diseased with the rot, in damp meadows, are cured by licking salt,—I swallow whole spoonsful almost as large as that I gained from the bird-shooting, but without any perceptible benefit. However, it is a matter of small moment. Fate, unlike our penal sheriffs' benches, does not defer our execution until we are cured. My vertigo, and other apoplectic symptoms, warn me that the Galenian** blood-letting will soon be

* Want of money and health.

** A bleeding until fainting takes place is so termed.

prescribed to me as a cure for the nose-bleeding of this life. Not that I exactly desire it; on the contrary, I am vexed with a person who immediately demands that destiny shall unswaddle him—for we are swaddled up in bodies, and our nerves and veins are the swathes —as a mother unswaddles her child because it screams and has the belly-ache. I should like to remain some time longer a swaddled child among children of the rope,* and the more so since I have reason to fear that I shall be able to make little or no use of my satirical humour in the next world—but I must go. After this has taken place, I would beg you, Henry, to come some day to this town, and look upon the uncovered face of your friend, who will scarcely again be able to make the Hippocratic mien.** Then, my Henry, when you gaze long upon the spotted grey new-moon face, and reflect that little sunshine fell on it, either of love, or of fortune, or of fame,—then you will not be able to look up to heaven, and say to God, 'And at last, after all his sorrows, good God, Thou hast annihilated him! And on his stretching out his arms to thee and thy universe in death, Thou hast crushed him here as he lies, poor fellow!' No, Henry; when I die, you must believe in an immortality.

"Now when I have finished writing this evening paper I will extinguish the light, because the full moon spreads out broad imperial sheets full of light in the room. Then, because no one is up in the house but myself, I will seat myself in the twilight stillness, and while I am gazing at the white magic in the black

* This name was applied to those who were condemned by the secret tribunal.

** The countenance distorted in death is termed the Hippocratic.

magic of the night, and listening to yonder sounds of whole flights of birds of passage, which come forth in the clear blue moonlit night from warmer lands, into whose sister-land I am about to depart,—then, once more undisturbed, I will stretch out my feelers, as it were, from this snail-shell before the last frost closes it up. Henry, I will to-day clearly picture to myself all that is past,—the May of our friendship,—every evening when we were too much affected, and were obliged to embrace,—my old grey hopes, which I can scarcely recognise,—five old but bright, warm springs, which are yet cherished in my memory,—my departed mother, who, when she was dying, put a lemon into my hands, which she thought would be put into her coffin, saying, 'I should rather stick the lemon into my flower-wreath;' and of that future minute of my death I will think when thy image for the last time on earth will appear before the broken eyes of my soul, and when I shall part from thee, and with a dark inward sorrow which can no longer send a tear into the cold glazed eyes, disappearing and darkened, fall down before thy shadowy form, and still only call to thee with a hollow voice out of the thick mist of death!

"Henry, good night! good night! Ah, farewell! I cannot say more."

END OF THE EVENING PAPER.

CHAPTER XII.

Flight out of Egypt. The Glory of Travelling. The Unknown. Baireuth. Baptism in the Storm. Natalie and Hermitage. The most important Conversation in this Book. The Evening of Friendship.

ONE day in the Easter week, when Firmian returned from half an hour's excursion of pleasure, full of forced marches, Lenette asked him why he had not come home sooner. The postman had been with a thick book, but had said that Mr. Siebenkäs must sign the receipt of the packet himself. In a small and humble household, such an occurrence ranks with the great events of the world, and the principal revolutions of history; the minutes of expectation now lay like cupping-glasses and blisters on the soul. At length the yellow-liveried postman put an end to the bitter-sweet throbbing of their arteries. Firmian acknowledged the receipt of fifty dollars; while Lenette interrogated the messenger, asking who had sent it, and from what town it came. The letter was as follows:—

"My Siebenkäs, I have received thy evening leaves and Devil's Papers in safety, the rest by word of mouth!

"*Postscript.* But, hear! if you have the least regard for the waltz of my life, my pleasure, my cares, and my aims; if it is not a matter of the most perfect indifference to you that I frank you, by defraying all your expenses for food and travel, as far as Baireuth, because of a plan whose distaffs the spinning-machines of Futurity must either spin into the snares and gallows'

ropes of my life, or into rope-ladders and anchor-cables; if such, and other things yet more important, still possess the last charm for you, then Firmian, for heaven's sake, pull on a pair of boots, and come!"

"By thy holy friendship, I will pull on a pair," said Siebenkäs; "and even though the lightning-flash of apoplexy should fall from the blue sky of Suabia, and strike me dead beneath a cherry-tree full of blossoms, nothing now shall keep me back."

He kept his word; for, six days afterwards, at eleven o'clock at night, we behold him ready to start, —with clean linen on his body and in his pocket, a hat-case on his head, which was again secretly loaded and saturated with an old fine hat, with new boots on his feet (the antediluvian pair, relieved from their post, remaining in the mean time in garrison), a watch that he had borrowed from Pelzstiefel in his pocket, freshly washed, shaved, and combed,—standing near his wife and his friend, who this day direct all their kind looks and devote all their polite attention to the departing traveller alone, and not at all to one another.

He took leave of both of them in the night, intending to pass it in the great arm-chair, and to depart at three o'clock, whilst Lenette was still sleeping. He appointed the Schulrath to the office of treasurer of the Widow's Fund to the forsaken mock-widow, and confided to him the directorship of the theatre, or at least the parts performed by a stranger, in his little Covent Garden full of Gay's beggars' operas; the journal of which I am now editing for the use of half the world.

"Lenette," said he, "when you require advice, apply to Mr. Schulrath; he will do me the favour to

call on you frequently." Pelzstiefel asseverated in the most solemn manner that he would come daily. Lenette did not accompany Pelzstiefel down stairs as usual, but remained in the room, drew her hand out of the well-filled purse, the starved coats of whose stomach had hitherto rubbed against one another, and snapped it. It is scarcely important enough to mention, that Siebenkäs begged her to put out the candle, and lay herself down to rest; and that he gave her sweet face the long parting kiss, and said good night, and the touching farewell, almost beneath the earth-portal of dreams, with those feelings of redoubled love which swell the bosom when we part and meet.

The last call of the watchman at length drove him out of his chair into the starlit breezy morning. But first he crept once more into the chamber, and went up to the warm, dreaming, rosy girl, shut a window, from which a chilling draught blew secretly on her unprotected bosom, and restrained himself from giving the waking kiss; and he gazed at her, as well as the starlight and pale aurora would permit, until the thought, "I am looking at her perhaps for the last time," made him turn away his eyes, that were becoming too dim to see.

As he passed through the sitting-room, her distaff of flax, with the broad strips of coloured paper she had twined round it for want of ribbon, and her silent spinning-wheel, at which she was wont to work in the morning and evening hours when it was not light enough to sew, seemed as if they were looking at him; and when he pictured her to himself, sitting quite alone in his absence, so industriously engaged at her wheel and distaff, every wish in his heart cried out:

"Oh may all be well with her, poor thing, now and ever, even if I should see her no more!"

This thought of the *last time* gathered still more strength out of doors, from the slight vertigo produced by his late excited feelings, and the interruption of his night's rest; and from the sentiment of melancholy which came over him on looking back upon his receding home and the darkened city, upon the changing of the foreground into a background, and the disappearance of all the walks and heights on which, during the past winter, he had so often walked his freezing heart into warmth. The leaf on which he had been crawling about and feeding, like a caterpillar or grub, fell down behind him a leaf-skeleton. But the first foreign spot, which was as yet unmarked by any stations of his suffering,* already drew, like the serpent-stone, a few sharp poison-drops of sorrow out of his heart.

The flame of the sun now shot up ever nearer to the kindled morning clouds; at length, in the heavens, in the brooks and ponds, and in the blooming cups of dew, a hundred suns arose together, while a thousand colours floated over the earth, and one pure, dazzling white broke from the sky.

As gardeners prune their flowers in the spring, so Fate plucked most of the old yellow withered leaves from Firmian's soul. The act of moving rather diminished than increased his giddiness. A second unearthly sun arose in his soul, simultaneously with that in the heavens. In every valley, in every little grove, upon every height, he cast off some of the confining rings of the narrow chrysalis-case of his wintry life and

* Alluding to the stations or chapels on a holy mountain of pilgrimage, each designating a different passion or suffering of Christ.—*Tr.*

of his grief, and expanded his moist upper and lower wings, and let himself float on the May-breezes with four outspread pinions in the blue sky, beneath lower day-butterflies, and above loftier flowers.

But how powerfully his excited life began to ferment and bubble up within him, when, ascending out of the diamond-pit of a valley full of shadows and drops, he made a few steps beneath the heaven-gate of spring! It seemed as if an almighty earthquake had forced up from the ocean, yet dripping, a new-created blooming plain, stretching out beyond the bounds of vision, with all its young instincts and powers; the fire of earth glowed beneath the roots of the immense hanging garden, and the fire of heaven poured down its flames, and burnt the colours into the mountain-summits and the flowers; between the porcelain towers of white mountains the coloured blooming heights stood as thrones of the Fruit-Goddesses: over the far-spread camp of pleasure, blossom-cups and sultry drops were pitched here and there, like peopled tents; the ground was inlaid with swarming nurseries of grasses and little hearts; and one heart detached itself after the other with wings, or fins, or feelers, from the hot breeding-cell of nature, and hummed, and sucked, and smacked its little lips, and sung; and for every little proboscis some blossom-cup of joy was already open. The darling child of the infinite mother, man, alone stood, with bright, joyful eyes, upon the market-place of the living city of the sun, full of brilliancy and noise, and gazed delighted around him into all its countless streets; but his eternal mother rested veiled in immensity; and only by the warmth which went to his heart did he feel that he was lying upon hers.

Firmian rested in a peasant's cottage after this two hours' intoxication of his heart. The foaming spirit of this cup of joy mounted more readily into the heart of a sick man like himself, than into the heads of other sick persons. When he again went forth, the brilliancy sobered into brightness, his enthusiasm into cheerfulness; every red floating lady-bird, and every red church-roof, and every flowing stream, which glistened and threw off sparks and stars, cast joyful lights and deep colours upon his soul. When he heard the shouts of the charcoal-burners, the resounding of the whips, and the crashing of falling trees in the loud-breathing and snorting woods, and then again came forth and saw the white chateaux and roads, which, like constellations of milky-ways, crossed the dark ground of green, and the beaming cloud-flakes in the deep blue, and flashing sparks, now dropping from trees, now shooting upwards from the brooks, now gliding over distant saws, —then no foggy angle of his soul, no dark corner, was without its sunshine and spring: the moss of gnawing, consuming care, which grows only in the damp shade, fell off from his bread and liberty-trees under the free sky; and his soul could not but chime in with the thousand choral voices which hovered and buzzed around him, and unite in their song—"Beautiful is life—beautiful is youth—and most beautiful of all is spring!"

The past winter lay behind him like the dark, frozen-up south pole. The imperial market-town lay beneath him like a dreary, deep school-dungeon, with damp, dripping walls. Above his room alone hung a few cheerful gleams of sunshine; and he pictured to himself his Lenette in it, as despotic mistress, who to-

day could cook, wash, and talk as she pleased, and would besides all the day long have her head and hands full of the pleasure that was to come in the evening. He did not grudge her in her narrow egg-shell, sulphur-hut, and chartreuse, the brightness which the entering angel Pelzstiefel would bring with him into her Peter's prison. "Ah, in God's name," thought he, "let her be as joyful to-day as I am, and still more so, if possible."

The more villages he passed, with their strolling players, the more theatrical life appeared to him.* His burdens became actors' parts and Aristotelian problems, his clothes opera-dresses, his new boots buskins, his purse a theatrical cash-box, and one of the sweetest recognitions on the stage was preparing for him in the bosom of his beloved friend.

At half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, in a Suabian village, of which he did not even ask the name, every thing in his soul melted into water—into tears—so that he himself wondered at his own emotion. From the neighbourhood, one would rather have presumed a contrary effect. He stood near an old and crooked hawthorn, with a withered top; the peasant-women were watering some linen, glittering in the sunlight on the common, and throwing chopped eggs and nettles as food to the yellow, downy goslings; a nobleman's gardener was clipping the hedges; and the sheep, which were already shorn, were called together around the hawthorn by the Alpine horn of the shepherd. All was so young, so sweet, so Italian-looking: the beauti-

* Every journey changes the village-nationality and *little-townism* in us into something cosmopolitan, and into God-citizenship (citizen of the town of God).

ful May had already half or quite undressed every thing —the sheep, the geese, the women, the horn-blower, the hedge-clipper and his hedges.

Surrounded by so smiling a scene, why did his heart become too softened? Not so much because he had been too joyful this whole day, as because the shepherd-minstrel with his fife had called his flock beneath the May-tree. A hundred times in his childhood Firmian had driven his father's sheep under the crook of the horn-blowing shepherd; and this Alpine *ranz des vaches* at once woke up his rosy childhood; and it arose out of the morning dew, and out of its bower of blossom-buds and sleeping flowers, and came up to him heaven-like, and smiled on him innocently with its thousand hopes, and said: "Look at me, how beautiful I am! we have played together; once I gave thee so much—great kingdoms, and meadows, and gold, and a beautiful long paradise behind the mountain; but now thou hast nothing left, and thou art besides so pale. Come and play with me again!" Oh! who is there among us in whom childhood is not a thousand times awakened by music? And she speaks to him, and asks him: "Have not the rose-buds yet opened that I gave thee?"—Ah! yes, indeed, they have opened; but they were white roses!

The evening closed the honey-cells of his joy-flowers with their leaves, and the evening dew of melancholy fell upon his heart, colder and more abundantly the longer he walked. Just before sunset he came to a village; but whether it was Honbart, or Honstein, or Jaxheim, is, alas! as if scratched out of my memory: this much, however, I may say for certain, that it was one of the three, because it was situated

on the river Jagst, in the territory of Anspach, on the borders of Ellwangen. His night-quarters smoked before him in the valley. Before he entered, he laid himself down on a hill, under a tree, whose leaves and branches were a choir of singing-beings; not far from it, the tinsel of a trembling piece of water glittered in the evening sun; and the gilded foliage and the white blossoms fluttered above him, like the grass round flowers. The cuckoo, which is his own sounding-board and his own multifarious echo, spoke to him from the dark tree-tops with his sad complaining voice. The sun melted away, the shadows threw a deeper mourning-crape over the brightness of day; and he asked himself, "What is my Lenette doing now? and who will be with her?".

And here the thought, "I have no loved one to go hand in hand with me!" fell like ice upon his heart; and when he pictured to himself the beautiful, tender female soul, which he had often invoked, but never seen,—to which he would willingly have sacrificed so much—not only his heart, not only his life, but all his wishes, all his whims,—he walked down the hill, indeed, with swimming eyes, which he vainly attempted to dry. But at least every good female soul that reads this story, and has loved in vain, and become impoverished in love, will pardon him these burning drops; for they have experienced how the inner man journeys, as it were, through a wilderness traversed by a poisonous Samiel-wind, in which, struck by the blast, lie scattered lifeless forms, whose arms detach themselves from the crumbling breast when touched by the living being who would press them to his own warm bosom. But you, in whose hands so many a

heart has become cold, from fickleness or the frost of death,—you should not complain, like the lonely, who never lost any thing because they never *won* any thing, and who yearn after an eternal love, of which not even a temporal delusive image was ever sent to console them.

Firmian brought to his night-quarters a calm, tender soul, which healed itself in dreams. When he lifted up his gaze from his slumbers, the constellations, which were framed by his window, twinkled lovingly upon his glad, bright eyes, and beamed down upon him the astrological prophecy of a cheerful day. He fluttered up out of the furrow of his bed with the first lark, and with as many shakes of song, and as much vigour. To-day, when fatigue plucked the bird-of-paradise wings out of his imagination, he could not quite quit the territory of Anspach.

The following day he reached the county of Bamberg, leaving Nuremberg, and its *pays coutumiers* and *pays du droit écrit*, to the right. His road led from one paradise to another. The plain seemed to be composed of gardens inlaid with mosaic; the mountains seemed to kneel down upon the earth, that man might the more easily mount upon their backs and humps; the leafy woods were spread around like garlands on a festal day of nature; and the sinking sun often gleamed behind the trellis of an arbour, upon the slope of a hill, like a purple apple in a network fruit-dish.

In this dell, one would have enjoyed taking a *siesta;* in that, a breakfast; in yonder brook, to see the moon reflected when she stood in the zenith—at her rising, behind those trees; beneath that height of

Streitberg to watch the sun when it enters a green trellis-bed of trees.

As he arrived at Streitberg, where all the above-mentioned pleasures might be enjoyed at once, the following day at noon, supposing him to be as good a pedestrian as his historian he could easily have seen, towards evening, the towers of Baireuth don the red robe of the evening aurora; but he would not. He said to himself; "I should indeed be a fool to break into the first hour of the most delightful of meetings so dog-tired and dried up, and thus deprive myself and him (Leibgeber) of all sleep, and, in the end, of half the pleasure (for what could we talk about to-day?). No; rather let it be to-morrow morning early, at six o'clock, that we may have a whole day before us for our millennium."

He therefore passed the night in *Fantaisie*—an artificial vale of pleasure, and roses, and flowers, about two miles from Baireuth. It is with regret I find myself obliged to lay aside the paper model of this miniature valley, until a more convenient place presents itself to fix it up in. But so it must be; and if I should find no other, there is always a wide space open to me at the end of the book, before the book-binder's page.

Firmian walked on, side by side with bats and cock-chafers, the advanced guard and outposts of a fine day, and behind the inhabitants of Baireuth, who had just concluded their Sunday, and ascension into heaven. It was the 7th of May, and indeed so late, that the moon in her first quarter could cast the profile of all the blossoms and branches upon the green ground. At this late hour, then, Firmian ascended

an eminence from which he could look down with tears and joy upon Baireuth, now softly covered with the bridal night of spring, and embroidered with Luna's spangles—Baireuth, where the beloved brother of his soul dwelt and thought of him. . . . In his name, I can affirm it with a "verily" that he had almost been tempted to follow my example; for, with such a warm, bubbling heart—in such a night, adorned at once with gold, and silver, and azure—I myself, before doing any thing else, would have made a leap into the "Sun" hotel, and upon the heart of my never-to-be-forgotten friend Leibgeber. . . . . But he turned back into the odour-breathing Capua; and moreover, in this short interval before his evening meal and evening prayers, and just as he was passing near a dry basin, inhabited by stone water-gods, he met with nothing less than an agreeable adventure, which I will relate.

Against the walled bay stood a female figure, entirely clad in black, with a white veil, holding a faded nosegay in her hand, the flowers of which she was turning over with her fingers. She stood averted from him towards the west, and seemed to be looking partly at the confused stone Swissery, and coral-reef of water-horses, tritons, &c., and partly at the mock ruins of a neighbouring temple. As he passed her slowly, he perceived by a side-glance that she threw a flower, not so much at him as over him, as if this sign of exclamation were meant to rouse a person from his reverie. He looked slightly round, merely to shew that he was awake, and went up to the glass door of the artificially ruined temple, in order that he might linger near the enigma. Within the building a pier glass opposite reflected the whole middle and

foreground behind him, together with the fair unknown, reversed into the green perspective of a long background. Firmian observed in the mirror that she threw the whole nosegay at him, and, upon this falling short of the mark, at last rolled an orange, which she had kept back, up to his feet. He turned and smiled, when a soft but hurried voice said: "Do you not know me?" He answered, "No." And before he had added, more slowly, "I am a stranger," the unknown had approached nearer, and, having hastily drawn the Moses-veil from her face, asked in an elevated tone, "And not yet?" And a female head, which might have been sawn off the neck of the Vatican Apollo, and softened only by eight or ten feminine traits and a narrower forehead, shone before him, like a marble head before the blaze of a torch.

Upon his adding that he was a stranger, and after she had gazed at him still closer, unveiled, and had again let fall the gauze portcullis (all which movements occupied a shorter space of time than one beat of the pendulum of an astronomical clock), she turned away, saying, in a tone which expressed less of embarrassment than of a woman's wounded feeling, "Pardon me!"

He was about to follow her almost mechanically. In lieu of stone goddesses, he now adorned the whole "Fantaisie" with nothing but plaster-of-Paris casts of the departed head, which had only three pleonasms in its face; too much red on the cheeks, too much curve of the nose, and too much running fire and fuel in the eyes. Such a head, thought he, if properly dressed, might exhibit itself in a front box, near the sparkling head of a royal bride, and that too without any dis-

advantage, and it might contain as much philosophy as it could rob others of.

It is pleasant to take such a charming adventure with us into our dreams, because it resembles a dream itself. May now stuck little flower-sticks close to Firmian's drooping trembling flowers, as she had done to those around him, and tied them on loosely. Oh, how brightly do even little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by the clouds of sorrow,—as stars come forth from the empty sky when we look up to them from a deep well or from cellars!

On the following glorious morning the earth arose with the sun. His ever-faithful friend filled his head and heart more than the unknown of yesterday, although, for curiosity's sake, he selected the way by the sea and by the shell out of which the Venus had arisen; but to no purpose; and he waded through the moist radiance and foggy vapour of the glistening silver mine, and tore away from the blossoms on which they hung suspended the strings of gossamer, and spiders' webs strung with seed-pearls and pearls of dew, and pushing aside the branches, which were the keys of an harmonica set in carved foliage and blossoms, he swept away, in his haste to climb to his yesterday's Olympus, chilled butterflies, and blossoms, and drops. He mounted the platform of pleasure, and the burning theatre-curtain of fog hung over Baireuth. The sun stood as king of the stage upon the mountain, and looked down upon the burning of the variegated veil, whose fluttering, sparkling, tinder-pieces were blown and scattered by the morning breezes over the flowers and gardens. Amid this

radiance he entered the seat of pleasure, the town where his beloved friend resided, and all its buildings seemed to him like bright enchanted castles of air, fallen from the ether, and solidified. It was strange, but on seeing some curtains drawn in, with which the draught of the street was toying, as they hung out of the window, he could not help imagining that it was done by the unknown, though at this early hour, for it was only eight o'clock, a lady of Baireuth could as little have concluded her flower-sleep as the red henbit, or the Alpine pippau.* Every new street excited his beating heart; a slight deviation from the right road was agreeable to him, as serving to delay or increase his delight. At last he came to the Sun Hotel, near his own sun,—to the metal sun which attracted this wandering star as well as the astronomical one. He asked below the number of Mr. Leibgeber's apartment, and was told that he lodged at the back of the house, No. 8, but that he had to-day set out on a journey into Suabia, unless perchance he were still up-stairs. Luckily some one turned into the hotel from the street, who confirmed the latter possibility by wagging his tail before the Advocate. It was Leibgeber's Saufinder. To rush up stairs, to burst open the door of joy, and fall on the beloved heart, was the work of a moment. And now the barren minutes of life passed unheard and unseen over the silent close bond of two mortals. They clung together on the waters of life, like two shipwrecked brothers, who, embracing and embraced, swim together in the cold waves, and who have nothing left save the heart on which they die. As yet they had not spoken a word.

* The former opens after eight, the latter at eleven o'clock.

Firmian, who had been weakened by a long period of sorrow, wept undisguised in the presence of his recovered friend. Henry's features were distorted as by pain. Both had their hats on, prepared for travel. Leibgeber, in his embarrassment, knew of nothing better to hold by than the bell-rope. The waiter came.

"Nothing," said he, "but that I am not going away.—God grant, Siebenkäs," he afterwards added, "that we get entangled in a conversation,—pull me into one, brother."

He could very well commence with the pragmatical narration, "*Nouvelle du jour*," or better, "*de l'ennui*," in short with the town or rather country news of what he had yesterday experienced near the veil of the beautiful *je ne sais quoi*.

"I know her," answered Leibgeber, "as well as my own pulse; but I would rather not tell you any thing now, or I should have to sit still and wait. We will defer every thing until we sit in the warm bosom of Abraham, in Hermitage, which, after Fantaisie, is the second heaven in the neighbourhood of Baireuth, —for Fantaisie is the first, and the whole country the third."

They now made an ascension into heaven, in every subject of conversation, and in every street through which they passed.

"You shall sooner knock off my head, like a poppy's, from its stalk," said Leibgeber, on Firmian's betraying, alas! as uncontrolled a longing to learn his secret as I perceive in the reader,—"than induce me to transfer my mysteries either to-day, to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, from my head into yours;

thus much only I may tell you, that your Selection from the Devil's Papers (your Evening Chronicle contains more diseased matter) is quite divine, and very heavenly, and pretty good, and not without its beauties, but perhaps passable." Leibgeber then told him how much joy it had given him, and how it had astonished him to find that he, advocate in a little town, enlivened only by the souls of shop-keepers and jurists, together with a little appendix of high and mighty government, should have been able to rise in his satires to such freedom and purity of art; and, indeed, I myself have sometimes said, in reading the "Selection from the Devil's Papers," that I could not have composed such things even in Hof and Voigtland, where I have written many humorous things. Leibgeber put the finishing touch to the laurel-wreath, by assuring him that he could laugh more easily aloud, and with both lips, at the world, *en masse*, than silently with the pen, according to the most approved rules of art. Siebenkäs could scarcely contain himself for joy at this praise; but let no one take this ill in the Advocate, or in any other writer, who, in solitude and without panegyrist, has stedfastly pursued the honestly chosen path of art without the support of the smallest encouragement, if, on attaining the goal, the fragrance of a few laurel-leaves, from a friend's hand, penetrate him like spice, and strengthen and reward him. If even the far-famed and arrogant require warmth from the opinion of others, how much more the humble and unknown! Happy Firmian! to what a distance, deep in the south-south-west, did the sweeping storms of thy days now depart; and, as the sunbeams fell upon them, nothing could be seen in them but a gentle,

dropping rain. At the *table d'hôte*, it gave him pleasure to observe in his Leibgeber how much incessant intercourse with men and cities loosens the tongue and opens the head, though in such cases a heart-barrier frequently takes the place of a mouth-barrier. Leibgeber made nothing of talking about himself, even in a humorous manner, before the most distinguished counsellors of state and chancery officials who dined at the Sun; a subject which the imprisoned Advocate would scarcely have ventured upon even after a large bottle. I will here build in the discourse, because it made some impression on the Advocate of the Poor, and place over it the inscription:

LEIBGEBER'S TABLE-TALK.

"Among all the Christian gentlemen, and names, who sit here at table and stick in their forks, no one I fancy was fashioned into one with so much trouble as myself. My mother, a native of Gascony, was going to Holland by sea without my father, who remained in London, as diocesan of the German congregation. But never since the existence of a German court-councillor, did the German Ocean storm and rage so fearfully, as at the period when it was my mother's luck to cross over. Toss hell, with its hissing brimstone lake, molten copper, and plashing devils, into the cold sea, and observe the spluttering, roaring, and seething of the hell-flames and ocean-billows, until one of the two hostile elements has swallowed up or overpowered the other, and you will then have a faint, but, during dinner, a sufficiently vivid idea of the confounded storm in which I came upon the sea,

and into the world. You may imagine, when top-sail sheets, mainsail sheets, the stays of the topmast, the braces of the main-yard, not to speak of runners and other tackle, all of them things so used to the sea, were nearly destroyed, that it was nothing short of a sea-miracle that so tender a being as I then was could commence his life in such a storm. I had not then as much flesh upon my body as I have now fat, and might weigh altogether about four Nuremberg pounds, which, if the schools of anatomy are to be depended upon, is now the weight of my brain alone. I was besides quite a young noviciate, who had as yet seen nothing of the world but this devilish storm,—not so much a man of few years as of no years at all (although everybody is nine months older than he is recorded to be in the parish-register), delicate,—having, in opposition to all medical rules, been kept too warm and swaddled for the first nine months of my life, instead of being prepared, as I ought to have been, for the cold air of the world: thus, quarter grown, a tender flowerbud, and liquidly soft as first love, I did not create any greater expectations in such a storm (it was with great difficulty that I added my squeak once or twice to the roar of the tempest) than that I should be extinguished and cease to exist, even before it cleared up. The people did not like to let me go out of the world without an honest name and altogether without Christianity; for, as it is, one generally takes less out of the world than one brings into it; but nothing could be more difficult than for any one to *stand* godfather upon a tossing ship, which threw every thing down that was not bound fast. The ship's chaplain luckily lay in a hammock, and baptised from

thence downwards. My godfather was the upper boatswain, who held me for five minutes; but as he could not stand alone steadily enough for the baptist to touch the head of the baptisee with the water, he himself was held by the under-barber, who, in his turn, was fastened to a marine, the latter to the boatswain's mate, the mate to the coxswain, and the coxswain sat upon the lap of an old sailor, who hugged him grimly.

"Nevertheless, as I afterwards learned, neither the ship nor the child perished. But you all perceive that, however difficult the struggle may be for any one, amid the storms of life, to become and remain a Christian, or to gain a name, either in a directory, literary gazette, in a herald's office, or upon a medal, yet few have ever found it so hard as I did to get even the first elements of a name—the basis and binomic root of a baptismal name, upon which hereafter the second great name might be grafted, and to get what little Christianity a creature yet to be confirmed, and a catechumen who still sucks and is silly, is able to receive. There is only one thing in the world which is more difficult to make, which the greatest hero or prince can only make once in his life, but which no genius, not even the three spiritual electors, or the German emperor himself, with allied powers, could accomplish, even if they were to sit for years in the mint, and stamp with the newest coining-machines."

The whole *table d'hôte* entreated him to name what it was that was so difficult to model. "It is a crown-prince," answered he, coldly; "it is not easy, indeed, for a reigning sovereign to produce princes with an appanage; but, with all his efforts, even in his best

years, he cannot produce more than one sample of a crown-prince (for such a seminarist is no plaything, but rather the principal work—the mill and language-wheel of a whole people). But gentlemen, counts, barons, chamberlains, staff-officers, and, more especially, quite common people and subjects—in short, scurvy creatures of this sort, such a *generatio æquivoca*,—are begotten by a prince so easily, that he creates such *lusus naturæ* and preliminary swarms or *protoplasmata*, in considerable numbers, even in his earliest years, for his amusement, while in a more mature age he cannot succeed in producing a successor to the throne. After so many trial-shots, and so much exercise of arms, one would have come to the contrary conclusion."

END OF LEIBGEBER'S TABLE-TALK.

In the afternoon they both entered the green pleasure-grounds of the Hermitage, and the avenue that led to it seemed to their joyful hearts a path cut through a fragrant shrubbery. The young bird of passage, Spring, had settled upon the plain around them, and her unladen treasures of flowers lay scattered over the meadows, and floated down the streams; and the birds were drawn upwards by long sunbeams, and the winged world hung intoxicated in the sweet odours that were poured around. Leibgeber resolved to open his secret and his heart this very day in Hermitage; but previously a bottle or two of wine.

The first thing he did was to beg the Advocate to give him a short narration of his adventures up to the present moment, by sea and by land. Firmian did so, but with discretion; he passed hastily over the bad

year of his stomach, over his *hard* times, over the figurative winter of his life, upon whose snow he was obliged to brood like an ice-bird, and over all the cold north wind, which forces a man, like a soldier in winter, to bury himself in the earth: he touched lightly, I say, upon all these things, and therein he acted well; in the first place, because no one deserves the name of a *man* who makes a greater fuss about the wounds of poverty than a girl makes about those of her ears, since equally, in both cases, hooks whereby to suspend jewels are inserted into the wounds; secondly, because he wished to spare his friend whatever sympathetic repentance he might chance to feel on account of the exchange of names, which was the original source of all his springs of hunger; but in the eyes of his intimate friend, his pallid, withered face, and his sunken eye, formed the frontispiece of his month of ice, and was a winter-landscape of this snow-covered portion of his path of life.

But when he came to the deepest hidden wounds of his soul, he could scarcely restrain the drops of blood-water that rushed into his eyes—I mean, when he came to speak of Lenette's hatred and love. While he painted an indulgent picture of her small love to him, and her great love to Stiefel, he used much stronger colours for the historical piece he painted of her good behaviour towards the Venner, and of Rosa's corruption in general.

"When you have finished," said Leibgeber, "I will tell you that women are not fallen angels, but falling ones. By heaven! they stick the shears, while we stand like patient sheep to be sheared, more frequently into our skin than into our wool! If I were to go over the

bridge of St. Angelo in Rome, I should think of women, because there are ten angels standing as statues upon it, each one of whom is represented with a different instrument of torture—one with the nails, another with the reed, a third with the dice, &c.; and thus every one holds in its hands a different instrument for torturing us poor lambs of God. Whom do you suppose, for instance, that your yesterday's Palladium, your unknown beauty, is to bind with the wedding-ring, as with a nose-ring, to the marriage bed-post? But I must first describe her to you. She is a glorious creature—poetical, an enthusiastical admirer of learned men and the British, consequently of me, and, on the latter account, resides with a noble English lady, who is a sort of companion to Lady Craven and the margrave yonder in Fantaisie. She has nothing, and takes nothing, is poor and proud, thoughtlessly bold and virtuous, and is named Natalie Aquiliana. Now, whom do you suppose she is to marry? A spirit whose egg-shell was cracked open a few weeks too soon, and who now, with yellow hairy feathers, pips at our toes; one who in wedding-rings imitates Heliogabalus, who daily put on a new ring; a fellow whom I would sneeze over the north pole, and whom I need describe least of all to you, as you have already described him yourself, and whom you know as soon as I name him. The beautiful creature is to marry the Venner Rosa von Meyern."

Firmian did not fall out of the clouds, but right into them. In short, the unknown Natalie is the niece of the Heimlicher, of whom Leibgeber wrote some account in a letter in the first volume.

"Listen!" continued Leibgeber. "I will, however, let myself be cut up and chopped into smaller crumbs

than Great Poland,* into little particles such as could not cover a Hebrew vowel, if any thing comes of the affair; for I will prevent it."

Since, as is well known, he spoke to the maiden every day, and she was devotedly attached to his spotless soul and bold spirit, all that he would require, in order to break off the new marriage, would be to repeat and affirm what Siebenkäs had related of her bridegroom elect. His acquaintance with her, and his resemblance to Siebenkäs, had occasioned the mistake she had made yesterday, in confounding Firmian with the person he went to meet. Most of my readers will urge against me and Leibgeber the objection made also by the Advocate, that Natalie's love did not accord with her character, and that a marriage for money was inconsistent with her indifference to money; but, in fact, she had as yet seen nothing of the gaudy fly-catcher Rosa, save his Esau's hand—that is, his handwriting, his Jacob's voice. He had written to her nothing but irreprehensible, sentimental letters of insurance (papers full of Cupid's shafts and pins), and had thus guaranteed the paper-nobility of his heart. The Heimlicher, besides, had written to his niece that on St. Pancras-day, the 12th May (consequently in four days), the Venner would come and introduce himself to her, and if she jilted him she should never again call herself von Blaise's niece, but might starve, in God's name, in her Schraplau.** But, to be quite honest, I have not had above three of Rosa's letters, and those

* He does not allude to the last still more particular analysis of Poland, but to the first.

** A little town in the county Mansfeld, belonging to the Elector of Brandenburg.

scarcely the best specimens, more than a minute in my hand, and an hour in my pocket; and, to say the truth, they were not bad, and certainly much more moral than their author.

Just as Leibgeber had said he would act the part of consistory, and divorce Natalie and Rosa even before they were married, she drove up with some of her female friends, and got out of the carriage; but instead of accompanying them to the general promenade, she went alone through a solitary sidepath to the so-called temple. In her haste, she had not seen her friend Leibgeber sitting opposite the stables; for the Baireuth frequenters of "Hermitage," ever since the time of the margrave, have been used to sit in a little wood, always cooled by shade and breezes, in front of the extensive farm-buildings and stables, having the most beautiful prospect close behind their backs, for which they can easily change the blank wall, on which the eye pastures, if they only get up and walk a little beyond the wood on either side.

Leibgeber told the Advocate he would conduct him to her immediately, as she would be sitting in the temple as usual, whence, over the artificial shrubberies, she enjoyed the enchanting prospect of the city-towers and western mountains, in the light of the departing sun. He added, that unfortunately she paid too little regard to appearances, going alone to the summer-house, and thereby occasioning considerable annoyance to the English lady, who, like her countrywomen in general, never went any where alone, and did not even trust herself to approach a male wardrobe without an insurance-company and bible-society of women. He said he had it from good authority, that a British lady

never pictured a man to herself without at the same time surrounding him by the necessary images of women, who might bridle and restrain him, should he happen to take it into his head to conduct himself in the four chambers of her brain with as much licence as if he were at home there.

They found Natalie in the open temple, with some papers in her hand. "I bring you," said Leibgeber, "our author of the 'Selection from the Devil's Papers,' which, as I perceive, you are just now reading. Permit me to introduce him to you."

Blushing slightly at having confounded Firmian with Leibgeber, in Fantaisie, she said very kindly to Siebenkäs, "I could almost mistake you again, Mr. Advocate, for your friend, and, indeed, in a mental point of view. Your satires are often just like his, and it is only the more serious appendices, which I am just now reading, and which please me much, that do not seem to have been composed by him."*

I have no leisure at this moment to defend, in long printed pages, Leibgeber's unauthorised communication to one friend of the papers of another. In answer to such of my readers as may exact and observe scrupulous delicacy in these matters, suffice it to say, that Leibgeber took for granted that every one who loved him should help to love his other friends; and that Siebenkäs, and even Natalie, looked upon his bold communication in no other light than that of a friendly circular, and of his presupposing a triumvirate of sympathy.

* The poetico-philosophical chapters of the "Selection," which was published many years ago in Gera, and which went off like wildfire, as waste paper.

Natalie looked kindly and comparingly at both, especially at Leibgeber, whose dog she stroked. She seemed to be seeking points of dissimilarity between them; for, in fact, Siebenkäs did not appear to her exactly to resemble his friend, but to be taller, thinner, and younger-looking in the face; but this was in consequence of a habit which Leibgeber, whose shoulders and chest were of a somewhat stronger make, had contracted of bending his singular and more earnest countenance forward when he spoke, as if he were speaking to some one in the earth. He himself said that he never had looked young, not even as an infant at his baptism, as his godfather and godmother could vouch for him; and he could scarcely become young again before his old age and second childhood. But if Leibgeber stood erect, and Siebenkäs stooped a little, then they resembled each other closely enough. But these hints are more for those who may write their passports than for any one else.

We may congratulate the Advocate of Kuhschnappel on this opportunity of enjoying a few minutes' conversation with a woman of rank, and of so much cultivation of mind—sufficiently cultivated, indeed, to appreciate satirical compositions; and he himself desired nothing so much as that such a phœnix, of which, in life, he had only seen a few ashes, or a phœnix-feather or two in books, might not flutter away again immediately, but that it might be his lot to listen to a long conversation between her and Leibgeber, and help to spin it himself, when suddenly her Baireuth friends came running with the intelligence that the waters were about to play that moment, and there was no time to be lost. The whole party, therefore, took the path

down to the water-works; and all that Siebenkäs could now do was to seek to remain as near as possible to the most noble spectatress.

Arrived below, they stood on the brink of the basin, and looked at the beautiful play of waters, which have doubtless long ago played before the reader, either on the spot, or on the paper of the various writers of travels, who have sufficiently expressed their admiration and astonishment at them. All the mythological demi-gods and demi-beasts spouted out water; and out of the peopled world of water-gods grew a crystal forest, whose descending branches again rooted in the earth, like lianas. They diverted themselves a long time with the gossiping mingling water-world; till, at last, the flutter and growth of the *jets d'eau* subsided, and the transparent lily-stalks became every moment shorter to the eye.

"Whence is it," said Natalie to Siebenkäs, "that a waterfall raises the spirits and heart, but that this visible sinking, this dying of the water-streams from above downwards, gives me a feeling of anxiety every time I witness it? In life, this terrible falling-in of heights is never made visible to us."

While the Advocate of the Poor was reflecting upon a very correct answer to this true expression of sentiment, Natalie suddenly plunged into the water to save a child who had fallen in at the distance of a few steps from the place where she was standing; for the water had already risen to more than half a man's height. Before the men who stood near, and who might have saved the child more easily, had thought about it, she had already accomplished it: and she was right; for, in this case, rapidity without calculation was the good

and beautiful action. She lifted up the child, and handed it to the women; but Siebenkäs and Leibgeber seized her hands, and easily pulled her up, blushing in soul and body, to the banks of the basin.

"What does it signify? it won't hurt me," said she, laughing, to the alarmed Advocate, and then hurried away with her friends, who were struck dumb with astonishment; but first she begged Leibgeber to come, without fail, on the following evening, to Fantaisie, with his friend.

"That is a matter of course," answered he; "but first I shall come early in the morning alone."

The friends now mutually wished for one another's society, and for privacy. Leibgeber, under this fresh excitement, could scarcely wait until they reached the birch-wood, where he intended spinning to an end their previous conversation about Firmian's domestic and conjugal position. With regard to Natalie, he observed to his astonished friend, *en passant*, that this was what he so much loved and admired in her, namely, her decision of character and straightforwardness, both in word and deed, and her manly cheerfulness, upon which the world, and poverty, and accidents, only floated, vanishing again like fleecy, shining, summer clouds, without obscuring her day.

"As respects yourself and your Lenette," he continued, when they had reached the solitude of the wood, as deliberately as if he had been speaking on the subject up to this moment, "if I were in your place I would take a dissolvent, and would get rid of the heavy gall-stone of marriage. If you go on scratching and scraping the bonds of wedlock with your hair-saws and bone-saws for years, you will not be able

any longer to endure it for pain. The ecclesiastical court will make a bold cut and rent, and you are sundered."

Siebenkäs was terror-stricken at the idea of a divorce; not that he did not wish it as the only possible opening in the thunder-clouds that surrounded him; not that he grudged it to Lenette, or the marriage with the Schulrath which would result from it; but because he knew that, notwithstanding the similarity of her desires, Lenette would never consent to a violent separation, from a feeling of shame and regard to appearances. On their way to a divorce, too, they would have to pass through cruel cutting hours, full of heart-anguish and nervous fever; besides, they could scarcely defray the expenses of a marriage, not to speak of a divorce. Another consideration also that pained him too deeply was, the thought that he should see the poor innocent creature, who had trembled near him in so many cold storms of life, pass away for ever out of his arms and his room,—and, moreover, with the handkerchief in her hand.

All these considerations he urged, more or less warmly, to his friend, and concluded with this last: "I confess to you, too, that if she were to go away from me with all her goods and chattels, and leave me alone in the empty room, as in a sepulchre, and near all the cleared blank places where we formerly sat many a glad and cheerful hour together, and saw flowers blossom around us, she could never pass by my window, especially if she bore my name, without a voice within me exclaiming, 'Throw thyself down, and fall shivered at her feet.' . . . . . Would it not be ten times wiser," continued he, changing his tone, and endeavouring to

speak more gaily, "for us to wait until I were to fall down in a similar manner in the room (or of what use is my vertigo?), and thus tumble out the window and the world together, in a more agreeable manner? Friend Hain* will take his long erasing-knive, and scratch my name, with other blots, out of her marriage-certificate and wedding-ring."

Contrary to all expectation, this only seemed to make his friend more lively and merry. "Do so," said he, "and die! The cost of the funeral cannot possibly amount to as much as the costs of the other separation; and, besides, you are a subscriber to the Burial Insurance Company." Siebenkäs looked at him with astonishment. Leibgeber, however, continued in the most indifferent tone: "But I must tell you that little good will come of it for us two, if you intend to be a long time saddling and dawdling, and don't die before a year or two. For my own part, I should consider it much more to the purpose, if you were to go at once from Baireuth to Kuhschnappel, and, immediately on your arrival, were to lay yourself on your bed of illness and death-bed, and die. But I will give you my reasons. In the first place, your Lenette's half-year of mourning will be concluded just before advent, and she would not then need a dispensation for the advent, but only a dispensation for the period of mourning, supposing she married Pelzstiefel before Christmas. It would also suit me better. I should then disappear among the world's crowd, and not see you again for a very long time. Nor can it be a matter of indifference to yourself to die soon; for the

* Death.—*Tr.*

sooner you are appointed to the office of 'inspector,' the more it will be to your advantage."

"This is the first time, dear Henry," answered Firmian, "that I have not understood one word of your jest."

Leibgeber, with a disquieted countenance, in which was written a whole future universal history, and which both betrayed and occasioned the greatest expectation, drew a paper out of his pocket, and handed it in silence to his friend. It was a letter from the Count of Vaduz, appointing Leibgeber to the inspectorship of the upper bailiwick of Vaduz. He then gave him an open letter written by the Count's own hand. While Firmian was reading it, he took out his pocket almanack, and muttered coldly to himself, "From quarter-day—(louder) does not the letter say so? from the quarter-day after Whitsuntide I am to enter on my office; that is, from to-day, being Stanislaus-day. Ah, listen! Stanislaus-day! One, two, three, four—four and a half weeks!"

When Firmian joyfully gave it back to him, he pushed it away and said, "I read it before you did—put it into your pocket, but write to the Count to-day, rather than defer it until to-morrow."

Thereupon Henry knelt down in solemn, passionate, humorous enthusiasm, that was increased by the wine he had drunk, in the middle of a long narrow glade, which, running between the lofty trees of the thickest part of the shrubbery, seemed like a subterranean passage, and which, in the far perspective in the east, was bounded by the weather-cock on the steeple of a church situated in a hollow, as by a turnstile. He knelt down towards the west, and gazed fixedly through the long

green hollow way upon the evening sun, which was sinking to the earth, like a bright falling-star; and the broad light streamed from heaven into the long green path, like gilded forest-water of the spring-time. He looked fixedly at it, and, blinded and surrounded by the halo, commenced thus: "Should there be a good spirit now hovering round me, or my genius or his near me, or should thy soul be yet living above thy ashes, thou old, deeply-buried, good father, oh! then, approach nearer, old dark spirit, and grant thy foolish son, who is still limping about in the fluttering dress of a body, the first and last favour, by this day entering into Firmian's heart, and, while thou art shaking it well, holding in it the following speech:

"Die, Firmian, for my son's sake, though only in appearance and in jest; put away your name, and take his, which was formerly your own; go to Vaduz as inspector, and pass yourself off for him. My poor son, like the round *jou-jou de Normandie* upon which he is sitting, and which whirls round the sun on strings of sunbeams, would also like to spin round a little more on the *jou-jou* himself. The ring of eternity is yet hanging before the rest of you parrots, and you hop upon it, and can rock yourselves to and fro in it, but he sees no ring; oh! give the poor parrot the joy of hopping about the bird-cage perch of earth, until, having wound the thread of his life sixty times, to a skein, the reel rings and snaps, and the thread is broken, and his fun is over. O good spirit of my father, move the heart of my friend this day, and guide his tongue, that it may not say 'No,' when I ask him, 'Wilt thou?'" Blinded by the evening radiance, he

sought to find Firmian's hand, and said, "Where is thy hand, dear friend? and say not 'No!'"

But Firmian, carried away by his feelings, knelt down,—for, in the enthusiasm of his long-restrained earnestness, Leibgeber attracted the heart irresistibly,—and without a word, and tearful, like an evening shadow, he knelt before the heart of his friend, and falling upon his bosom, and pressing it closely and firmly on his own, he said to him in a low tone, from inability to speak aloud, "I will die for you in a thousand ways—as you please; do but name them. But speak clearly what you wish; I swear beforehand to grant you every thing. By the soul of your dead father, I will willingly give you my life; and, as it is, I have nothing more to give."

Henry answered in an unusually subdued tone of voice, "We will now go up and mingle with the throng and the people of Baireuth. Surely I must have a dropsy on the chest to-day, or a hot mineral-spring, and my waistcoat is the enclosure round the fountain: a heart ought to have on a swimming-girdle in such a vapour-bath."

Up there, at the covered table beneath the trees, near the guests assembled for the spring wake, among the joyous, the conquest of emotion was not so difficult: there Henry hastily unrolled the long plan of his castles in the air, and the building-grant of his Babylonian tower. He had given his sacred word of honour to the Count of Vaduz, whose ears and heart expanded and opened hungrily to him, to return as his inspector; but his object was to let himself be represented by his dear coadjutor and substitute, *cum spe succedenti*, Firmian, who in humour and person was

such a tautology of himself, that the count would have examined and measured both in vain in order to select one of them. In bad years the situation yielded an annual income of twelve hundred dollars; therefore as much as the whole amount of Firmian's inheritance, which was sealed up by a lawsuit. By resuming his old name of Leibgeber, Siebenkäs would thus regain what he had lost by abandoning it. "For," continued Henry, "since I have read your devilish selection, I can't bear it, get over it, or swallow it down any longer, in any conceivable way, that you should continue to sit as unicorn, and solitary, and hermit, and unknown, in that cursed worn-out hole Kuhschnappel. And can you take as much time for consideration as the chancellor takes to shake out his pipe, when I tell you that I can't fill any office in the world but that of a grazioso, while you can fill every one gloriously; and that I can accept no situation in a college but that of a jester, because, though I possess more knowledge than any of the professors, I can only use it for satire, and because my language is a patchwork *lingua franca*, my head a Proteus, and I myself am a beautiful compilation of the devil and his grandmother? And even if I could, I *would* not. What! in my blooming youth I am to neigh and paw like a beast of office—like a state-prisoner in the dungeon, and trave* of a counting-house—without enjoying any more beautiful prospect than the saddle and harness suspended in my stable and stall, while out of doors the most beautiful Parnassus mountains and Tempe valleys lie spread out in vain before the horse of the Muses? Now, in the years when the milk of my life is about to throw up

* A wooden frame for shoeing unruly horses.—*Tr.*

some cream,—for, as it is, the years will come soon enough when a man grows sour, and changes into whey and curds,—shall I throw the rennet of an appointment into my morning's milk? But you must whistle in another key; for you are already half a place-man, and a whole married man. Ah! it will surpass all the Bremen contributions to the pleasures of the understanding and of wit, all comic romances and comic operas, when I go with you to Kuhschnappel, and you there become extinguished, first making your will; and after I have paid you the last honours, once more speedily arise, and advance to still greater honours —not so much by becoming one of the blessed, as by becoming an inspector—not so much by appearing after your death before a strict tribunal, as by sitting upon one yourself. Fun upon fun! I can't yet quite discern all the consequences. The insurance-company must pay your afflicted widow (you can repay the establishment as soon as you are in cash). Death will cut off your ring-finger, swollen with the wedding-ring. Your widow can marry again—yourself, if she pleases; and you too."

All at once Leibgeber struck his thigh forty times, and exclaimed, "Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay! . . . I can hardly wait until you die. Listen! your death can produce two widows. I will persuade Natalie to insure herself a yearly pension of two hundred dollars upon your death from the Royal Prussian General Widow's Provident Fund Institution; you can pay it back again as soon as you have the means. You must secretly give a bread and fruit basket to your future widow, when she gives a basket* to the Venner. Supposing you

* "To give a basket" means to refuse an offer of marriage.—*Tr.*

could not pay, and were *really* to die, I should be still living, and no treasury should be the loser the moment I had money again;" for Leibgeber lived in a secret intermitting fever, which he himself has never explained, between getting poor and rich, or, as he himself expressed it, between inhaling and exhaling the life-breath (*aura vitalis*) of money. Any one else except Leibgeber, who played so boldly with life,—whose burning fire for right, sincerity, and disinterested justice, had beamed upon his friend for years, as from Pharaoh's heights,—would have startled our Siebenkäs, especially in his character of Advocate,—perhaps even have angered, instead of overpowering him. But Leibgeber thoroughly imbued him; indeed, burnt him through and through with his ethereal spirit of humour, and hurried him on, without being able to stop, to a mimic deception, which had no selfish aims of lying or deceit.

But Firmian at least, in the intoxication of his spirit, still maintained enough power over himself to think of the danger to which he might expose his friend. "But suppose any one," said he, "should ever meet my true Henry Leibgeber, whose name I steal, alongside of me, a coiner of false names,—what will happen then?"

"No one will find me," said Henry. "For, look you! as soon as you have resumed your old, canonical, genuine name of Leibgeber, and given up my Firmian Stanislaus, which was created over a stormy, baptismal font,—and God grant that you do so!—I shall then fling myself under quite unheard-of names (it may be that, in order to celebrate three hundred and sixty-five birthdays, I shall borrow in turn the name of each

day in the calendar),—I shall fling myself, I say, off the continent into the ocean; and shall drive myself about with my back-fins, belly-fins, and other fins, through the floods and bays of life, to the muddy sea of death; and then it will probably be long before I see you again." . . . . He gazed fixedly on the setting sun, sinking behind Baireuth; his motionless eyes beamed with a moister glow, as he continued, more slowly: "Firmian, this day, in the almanac, is Stanislaus-day, and your name-day and mine, and, at the same time, the death-day of this wandering name, for you must abandon it after your mock death. I, poor devil, for the first time for many a year past, will be serious to-day. Go you home alone through the village of Johannes: I will go by the avenue, and we will meet again in the hotel. By heaven! here every thing is so beautiful and rosy, as if the 'Ermitage' were a piece of the sun: but don't be long!"

But a bitter pain came over Henry's face, scoring it with furrows; and he turned aside the bas-relief imagery of sorrow, and his blinded eyes, full of radiance and water, and hastened away past the spectators, with a countenance that wore the expression of having the attention fixed upon something else, and disappeared among the shrubbery paths.

Firmian stood alone, with moist eyes, before the mild sun, which melted into colours over the green world. The deep gold-mine of an evening cloud, under the influence of the near sun's fire, dripped down from the ether upon the neighbouring hills, and the streaming evening-gold hung transparently on the yellow-green buds, and on the pale-red mountain-tops, and an immeasurable smoke, as if from an altar, cast,

shifting, a strange reflection of enchantment and liquid transparent distant colours on the mountains; and the mountains and the happy earth, reflecting the sun, seemed to receive the declining orb in their embraces .... but when the sun sunk beneath the earth, then suddenly the angel of a higher life flew into the beaming world, which, to the tearful eyes of Firmian, trembled like an expanded, flickering, fiery meteor, and the angel stepped forth, flashing like the day, in the midst of the night torch-dance of the moving living creatures, and they all grew pale and stood still. When he dried his eyes, the earth was stiller and paler, and night came dewy and wintry out of the woods.

But the melted human heart now pined for its relatives, and for all whom it loved and knew, and it throbbed insatiate in this solitary prison of life, and wished to love all mankind. Oh, on such an evening the soul is too unfortunate which has resigned much or lost much!

In a sweet trance, Firmian went through the hanging gardens of the flowery fragrance—through the midst of the American flowers which open beneath our night-heaven—through the sleeping apartment of closed fields and amid dripping blossoms; and the half-moon stood upon the ramparts of the heavenly temple, in the midday radiance which the sun cast up to her from the deep, over the earth and its evening red.

As Firmian passed through the embowered village of Johannes, whose dwellings were scattered amidst orchards, the evening bells from distant villages rocked the slumbering Spring to sleep with their cradle-songs,

and Æolian harps, breathed on by the breeze, seemed to send forth their tones from the evening red, and their melodies flowed gently into the wide region of sleep, and there became dreams. His overflowing heart pined for love; and he was obliged, from very longing, to press his flowers hastily into the white hands of a beautiful child in Johannes, who was playing with a willow-wand, merely for the sake of touching human hands.

Good Firmian! go with your softened soul to your softened friend. His inner man also stretches forth its arms towards an image, and you are nowhere so happy to-day as with one another. When Firmian entered into their common chamber it was only illumined by the red twilight. His Henry turned, and they fell silently into each other's arms, and with bowed heads poured forth all the tears that burned within them; but some were tears of joy, and they concluded the embrace but not the silence. Henry threw himself, in his clothes, on the bed, and covered himself up. Firmian sunk upon the second near it, and drops of happiness fell from his closed eyes. After some intoxicating hours, heated by fancies, dreams, and sorrows, a soft light fell upon his burning eyelids—he opened them; the pale glowing moon hung near the window, and he arose. . . . . But when he beheld his friend, silent and pale, like a shadow of the moon on the wall, leaning against the window, and suddenly Rust's melody, like the voice of a nightingale, arose from a neighbouring garden,

"Not for this terrestrial land
Friendship ties her holy band,"

he sank back again under the pressure of a bitter remembrance, and of too great an emotion, and a spasm closed his sorrowful eyes, and he said, in a hollow voice, "Henry, believe in immortality: how can we love if we decay!"

"Peace, peace!" said Henry; "to-day I celebrate my name-day, and that is enough; for man has no birthday, and consequently no death-day."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Human Clock. The Refusal. The Venner.

WHEN, in a former chapter, I spoke of short sleepers, who awake six hours earlier than their antipodes, I think I did well not to insert the model of a clock, long ago invented by me, among the thickly crowded events of the twelfth chapter, but to keep it for the thirteenth. Into this I now insert it and put it up. I believe the flower-clock of Linnæus in Upsal *(horologium floræ)*, whose wheels are the sun and earth, and whose index-figures are flowers, of which one always awakens and opens later than another, was what secretly suggested my conception of the human clock. I formerly occupied two chambers in Scheerau, in the middle of the market-place; from the front room I overlooked the whole market-place and the royal buildings, from the back one the botanical garden. Whoever now dwells in these two rooms possesses a capital harmony, arranged to his hand, between the flower-clock in the garden and the human clock in the market-place.

At three o'clock the yellow meadow goat's-beard opens, and brides awake, and the stable-boy begins to rattle and feed the horses beneath the lodger. . . . At four o'clock (if it is Sunday) the little hawk's-weed awakes, also holy communicants, who are clocks with chimes, and the bakers. At five, kitchen-maids, dairy-maids, and buttercups awake; at six, the sow-thistle and cooks. At seven o'clock many of the ladies' maids are awake in the palace, the salad in my botani-

cal garden, and some tradeswomen. At eight o'clock all their daughters awake, the little yellow mouse-ear, all the colleges, the leaves of flowers, of pie-crust, and of deeds. At nine o'clock the female nobility already begins to stir, the marygold, and even many young ladies, who have come from the country on a visit, begin to look out of their windows. Between ten and eleven o'clock the court-ladies, and the whole staff of lords of the bedchamber, the green colewort, and the Alpine dandelion, and the reader of the princess, rouse themselves out of their morning sleep; and the whole palace, considering that the morning sun gleams so brightly to-day from the lofty sky, through the coloured silk curtains, curtails a little of its slumber. At twelve o'clock the prince, at one his wife and the carnation, have their eyes open in their flower-vase. What awakes late in the afternoon, at four o'clock, is only the red hawk's-weed and the night-watchman, as cuckoo-clock, and these two only tell the time, as evening-clocks and moon-clocks. From the hot eyes of the poor devil who, like the jalap-plant, first opens them at five o'clock, we will turn our own, in pity, aside. It is a sick man who has taken the jalap, and who only exchanges the fever-fancies of being griped with hot pincers for waking gripes.

I could never know when it was two o'clock, because at that time, together with a thousand other stout gentlemen, and with the little yellow mouse-ear, I always fell asleep; but at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at three in the morning, I awoke as regularly as though I were a repeater.

Thus we mortals may be a flower-clock for higher beings when our flower-leaves close upon our last bed;

or sand-clocks, when the sand of our life is so run down that it is reversed in the other world; or picture-clocks, because, when our death-bell here below strikes and rings, our image steps forth from its case into the next world. On each event of the kind, when seventy years of human life have passed away, they may perhaps say, "What! another hour already gone? Good God! how the time flies!"

I also am made aware of that by this digression. Firmian and Henry arose cheerfully in the morning; but the former could not stay quiet a moment all the day long, either in a chair, or in the room. The opera buffa and seria of his mock death continually drew up its curtain before his soul, and revealed its burlesque scenes. As was ever the case, he was made more than usually humorous by his friend's presence and example, who ruled over him by his inward similarity. Leibgeber, who had already exhausted and wandered through all the scenes and stage-shiftings of this mock-death in his fancy many weeks ago, now thought little about it. The new thing which occupied him, was the determination to pull the wick, that is to say, the bride, out of Rosa's bridal torch, which was already moulded and painted. Henry was always violent, free, bold, indignant, and implacable against injustice; and this moral indignation, as in the affair of Rosa and of Blaise, sometimes wore too much the appearance of revenge. Firmian was milder, more indulgent, and forgiving; often, indeed, apparently, at the cost of his honour. It would have been impossible for him to have drawn the letter-writing lover out of the bleeding soul of the beautiful Natalie with Henry's surgical instrument.

On going to her to-day in "Fantaisie," his friend was obliged to promise that he would be most tender in his behaviour, and for the moment be silent on the subject of the Royal Prussian Widow's Provident Fund. It would certainly have wounded Natalie's feelings of honour very deeply, if in her moral separation from the immoral Venner, the slightest hint had been given of a metallic compensation for a spiritual loss; she deserved to conquer, and was able to do so, even with the prospect of impoverishment before her.

Henry returned late, with an expression of countenance somewhat disturbed, but nevertheless gratified. Rosa was cast off, and Natalie wounded. The English lady was at Anspach, with Lady Craven, and helped to eat the butter, which the latter made, as well as books. When he had read off to the Roman lady, as the English women generally called Natalie, the whole black-board and sin-register of the Venner, seriously indeed, but rather loudly and without much softening the truth, she rose up with that grace which is the characteristic of self-sacrificing enthusiasm, and said: "If you have been deceived in this as little as you yourself are capable of deceiving, and if I may place as much confidence in your friend as in yourself, I give you my sacred word that nothing shall persuade or force me; but in a few days he will be here in person, and I owe it to him as well as to my own honour, to hear him, since I have given my letters into his hands; but how hard it is that I must speak so coldly!"

Each moment the red rose on her glowing face changed more perceptibly into a white rose. She supported her head on her hand; and as her eyes filled, and at last overflowed, she said, "Don't mind me; I

shall keep my word; then, cost what it will, I shall tear myself away from my friend, and return to my poor relations in Schraplau. As it is, I have lived in the great world long enough, but not too long."

Henry's unusual seriousness had overpowered her; she had unshaken confidence in his integrity, for a strange reason, which was, that he had not yet fallen in love, but had only formed a friendship with her, and consequently did not restrict the measure of her affection by his own. She would perhaps have been angry with the married fiscal of her bridegroom, Firmian, had he not possessed three or four of the best excuses; first, his mental resemblance to Leibgeber in general; then, his physiognomy, which now, in its paleness, seemed quite transfigured; further, his touching evening-journal; and, lastly, his whole, gentle, affectionate nature. In spite of the pain she had at heart, she now repeated, to Leibgeber's great joy, the request she had made yesterday, that he would bring his friend in the evening. Let no one, however, be offended with her on account of her half-mourning for the setting Venner, nor with her erroneous impression of him; since we all know that the dear girls so often confound sensibility with integrity, letters with deeds, and ink-tears with an honest warm blood.

In the afternoon Leibgeber conducted the Advocate to her. Aquiliana received him at first with a passing blush, and then with a slight expression of pride, from a feeling of shame, but yet with the kindness which she owed to his interest in her future welfare. She resided in the apartment of the English lady, and the blooming pleasure-valley lay spread out before it, like a world before a sun. Such a full pleasure-garden

possesses this advantage, that a stranger advocate is better able to fasten the spider-threads of his discourse to its branches, until the thread has become spun into a beaming web of art, and hangs suspended in the free air. Firmian could never attain the perfection of those people of the world, who, in order to commence spinning a conversation, require nothing but a listener; who, like the leaf-frogs, know how to attach themselves to the smoothest surfaces, upon which they hop; who are even able, indeed, to do what the leaf-frogs cannot do, maintain themselves in a vacuum, as well of air as of objects. But a man of independent mind, like Siebenkäs, could not long remain embarrassed by his ignorance of habits and customs, not even at court, but must soon recover his freedom by his innate superiority to external circumstances, and by unassuming simplicity readily supply the place of the artificial and assuming manners of the world.

He had yesterday seen this same Natalie in the cheerful enjoyment of her powers, both of nature and of friendship, smiling and captivating every heart, and he had seen her crown the beautiful evening with the boldness of sacrifice; but to-day there was so little left of the tender, bright joys! A beautiful face is never more beautiful than in the hour that follows the bitter moment when tears, drawn forth by the loss of a heart, have passed over it; for in the hour of bitterness itself, the grieving beauty would probably excite our sorrow and sympathy too much.

If it would have been of any service to her, Firmian would joyfully have died in a more serious way than he projected for this lovely creature, who hid the knife

of sacrifice that had been driven into her heart, and allowed it to smart there, that its bleeding might be delayed. Is it strange, then, that the sympathy between the two should grow deeper every moment with the falling sand in the hour-glass, when we reflect that while the trio were under the influence of an unusual degree of earnestness (for even Leibgeber was overtaken by it), every bosom filled itself with gentle wishes, moved by the gala beauty of spring,—that this day Firmian with his pale sick form, marked by old sorrows, shone pleasantly like evening sunshine upon an eye weakened by tears; that he was also recommended to her favour by the (singular) merit of having embittered some of the infidelities at least of her faithless lover, and prevented others; that every note he touched was in the minor key of a soft heart, because he sought to cast into shade and atone in some degree for his agency in laying waste all at once so many hopes and joys of this innocent and unknown lady; and that even his greater share of respectful, modest reserve helped to adorn him by contrasting with the familiarity of his image, Henry?

All these charms of circumstance, which win the female world more than those of the person, the Advocate possessed in Natalie's eyes. In his, she had yet greater, and they were all new ones; such as, her acquirements (in art and science), her masculine enthusiasm, her more refined manner, and her flattering behaviour to himself, with which as yet none of the fair sex had honoured him,—a charm which plunges many a man unaccustomed to female society, not only into rapture, but into marriage; and the two last and greatest charms were, that the whole affair was fortuitous

and uncommon, and that Lenette was in every thing her antipodes.

Poor Firmian! at the feet of your life, even when it becomes a brook of pearls, there is ever a board of warning! In this warm temperature, the marriage-ring must of necessity pinch you—as in general all rings press tightly in a warm bath, and hang loosely in a cold one.

But either some devilish Naiad, or a malicious sea-god, took the greatest pleasure in disturbing, muddling, and darkening Firmian's sea of life, when it was shining enchantingly either with phosphorescent sea animalculæ or some innocent electric matter, and when his ship left a beaming wake behind it; for just as pleasure and the glory of the garden were growing every moment greater and the embarrassment diminishing—the sorrowful remembrance of the late loss receding more into the background,—and the forte-piano or the fortissimo-pianissimo and vocal pieces were about to commence,—in short, just as all the honey-cells of their orangery of joy, their permitted Egyptian flesh-pots, and a deep communion-cup and love communion-cup were opened,—what should spring into the room on two feet but a great blue-bottle fly, which had often flown into Firmian's cup of joy!

The Venner Everard Rosa von Meyern, gracefully attired in saffron-coloured garments, entered the room to pay his bride the ambassador's privilege of a first visit! In all his life he had never done otherwise than arrive either too late or too soon; in like manner as he was never serious, but either whining or wanton. The form of three of the faces was now that of a long duodecimo,—Leibgeber alone did not stretch his upon

the wire-drawer's bench, but dyed it in the colour-pot and furnace of a red colour, because he had a particular aversion to dandies and maiden-hawks. Everard had brought with him a conceit, ready prepared for his first appearance, borrowed from Stolberg's Homer; he intended to imitate Homer's heroes, and to ask Aquiliana, on his entrance, whether she were a goddess or a mortal, since he could only contend with the latter. But, on beholding the male pair which, like a double-barrelled gun, the devil pointed at his brain, every thing in the latter became cheesy, and curdy, and stiff. He could not bring the conceit to bear, even for twenty kisses. It was five days before the small contents of his skull were sufficiently recovered to enable him to deliver the idea in good preservation to a distant relation of mine. How otherwise should I know it? Indeed, nothing embarrassed his tactics so much in the society of women as a man; and he would rather lay siege to a whole convent of women alone than to a couple of novices, to say nothing of a canoness, if one single miserable man happened to be present. Such a standing troop of players never acted in the château of "Fantaisie" as that which I here behold presented to my brush. Natalie was lost in impolite amazement, and in quietly comparing this original edition with the ideal she had formed from his letters. The Venner, who took for granted that the result of this comparison was quite the reverse of what it really was, would have wished to have been a palpable contradiction to himself, and his own antipodes, if he could have managed it; I mean, if he could have shewn himself at one and the same time offended and cold towards Natalie, because of finding

such a hateful pair in her company, and intimate and tender, in order that on beholding his harvest and vintage the poor couple might be filled with envy and vexation. As he was as much surprised at her appearance as she at his, only far more agreeably, and as he reflected that there would be plenty of time for his revenge, he now preferred boasting, in order to season and bless the visit of the two advocates near him with envy. He also had the advantage over both of them in possessing a body of light artillery, and he brought his force of physical charms into action sooner than either of them could bring theirs. Siebenkäs thought of nothing nearer than his—wife. On Rosa's arrival he had pastured on the thought as on a sour meadow; for his self-love was not touched by the rough bark of the married hand, as softly as by snail's horns, or a virgin's downy fingers; but now the thought of Lenette was a sweet meadow, because his jealousy of Rosa, which was domiciled in two places, was less excited by Lenette's behaviour than by the relationship in which the Venner stood to Natalie. Henry's eyes grew fiercer in grimness, and wandered up and down Rosa's summer hareskin of gall-coloured silk with bilious looks. In the fidget of his irritation he groped in his waistcoat-pocket, and clutched the profile of the Heimlicher von Blaise, which it will be remembered he had cut out, as like as two peas, on the evening when he trampled on the glass wig, and in regard to which nothing, for a whole year, had caused him so much vexation as that instead of lying in his pocket it had not been on the gallows, where, on the evening of his departure, he might have stuck it with a pin. He drew out the silhouette, and, whilst he was pulling it about,

he glided softly to and fro between her and Rosa, and muttered to Siebenkäs, with his eyes fixed on the Venner, "*à la silhouette.*"*

Everard's self-love divined these flattering but involuntary sacrifices of the wounded self-love of the others; and, becoming ever more and more supercilious towards the Advocate of the Poor, he related fragments of his journeys, gave greetings from his acquaintance, and put importunate questions to the embarrassed girl concerning the reception of his letters. The brothers, Siebenkäs and Leibgeber, sounded a retreat; but, like true men, they were a little displeased with the innocent Natalie, just as if she could have prevented the entrance of the sponsus and letter-husband by any such rude apprentice-greeting as the following: "Sir, you can never be my master, even supposing you to be nothing worse than a rascal, fool, scarecrow, fop, &c.!" But must not all of us (for I don't think I am an exception) strike our bony sinful bosoms, and confess that we spit fire whenever modest girls omit doing so at those whom we have blackened and excommunicated in their presence,—that, further, we expect to find them quick to discard wicked squires, although they are not quick to receive them,—and that they should care as little about the forced marches and honourable retreats of their cottiers and other feudal tenants as the rest of us fief-holders do,—and, lastly, that we are offended with them not so much on account of their infidelity as for an innocent opportunity of becoming unfaithful! Heaven improve the persons of whom I have just spoken!

* The profile took its other name from the Comptroller-General Silhouette. In Paris, an empty blank physiognomy is called a face *à la silhouette*.

Firmian and Henry roamed about for some hours in the enchanted valley, full of magic flutes, magic vibrations, and magic mirrors, but without ears and without eyes. Their conversation upon the event made their heads as hot as balloon-furnaces, and Leibgeber blew out of Fama's trumpet *a posteriori* nothing but blasts of satirical abuse against every woman of Baireuth whom he saw walking in the gardens. He represented women as the worst craft in which a man could embark upon the open sea of life,—slave-ships indeed, and bucentaurs (if not shuttles* with which the devil weaves his hunting-nets and snares); and the resemblance was the greater because, like other ships of war, they were frequently washed, and covered all over with a poisonous case of copper against the outward world, and contained also just such tarred tackle (ribbons). Henry had come with the extremely improbable expectation that Natalie would have examined his friend as eye and ear-witness concerning Rosa's canonical impediments (ecclesiastical prohibitions of marriage); and this disappointment vexed him exceedingly.

Just as Firmian was criticising the Venner's lisping confused manner of speaking, observing that his words seemed to curl about the tip of his tongue without any expression, Henry exclaimed, "Yonder runs the dirt-lily!"**

It was the Venner, like a pike floundering in the net in which he was brought to market. As the wood-pecker (for the natural historian calls every bird with bright plumage a wood-pecker) approached and flew past them, they saw that his face was crimson with

* In German, *weberschiffe*; lit. "weaving-ships."

** The yellow gold—or asphodel root.

anger. Probably, the glue which connected him and Natalie had split asunder.

The two friends lingered yet a little while in the shady paths in the hope of meeting her; but at last they directed their steps towards the town, when they overtook Natalie's maid, who was commissioned to carry the following note to Leibgeber in the city:

"You and your friend, alas! were right; and now all is over. Let me rest, and reflect a short time in *solitude* upon the ruins of my futurity. People with a wounded sown-up lip are not allowed to speak; and it is not my mouth, but my heart, that bleeds for your sex. I also blush because of all the letters I have hitherto written with pleasure, and, alas! under a delusion; and yet I scarcely ought to do so. Have you not yourself said, we should be as little ashamed of innocent joys as of blackberries, although after the enjoyment they leave a black stain on the mouth? But, at any rate, I thank you from my heart.

"As I must one day have been disenchanted, it was exceedingly mild that the spell was not dissolved by the sorcerer himself, but by you and your honest friend, to whom I beg you will offer my kind regards.

Yours,

"A. NATALIE."

Henry had expected a note of invitation at the least, since her empty heart, he said, must feel a cold void, like a finger of which the nail has been too closely cut. But Firmian, who had been schooled by marriage, and had thereby acquired barometer-scales and dial-plates for his observations on women, was wise enough to be of opinion, that in the hour of dismissing a

lover on moral grounds alone, a woman must needs be a little cool towards the man who persuaded her to do so, even though he were a second lover; and for the same reason (this must be added by myself), immediately after her coolness she will exceed in warmth towards him.

"Poor Natalie! may the blossoms and the flowers become the English court-plaster for the wounds in your heart, and the mild ether of spring the milk-cure for your oppressed, panting bosom!" Such was the unceasing wish of Firmian's soul; and he felt it acutely that an innocent being should be tried and punished as severely as a guilty one, and that she had to draw the purifying air of her life from poisonous plants, instead of from healthy ones.*

The following day, all that Siebenkäs did was to write a letter, in which he signed himself Leibgeber, and wherein he informed the Count of Vaduz that he was ill, and looked as greyish-yellow as a Swiss cheese. Henry had left him no peace until he did it.

"The count," said he, "has accustomed himself in my person to the idea of a blooming, fair, glowing inspector; but now, if he is made acquainted with your appearance by letter, he will not be surprised at the reality, and will take you for me. Luckily we are both of us men who have no need to unbutton in any custom-house,** having nothing beneath our waistcoats but the navel.

On Thursday, as Siebenkäs stood at the door of

* Even poisonous plants, as is well known, exhale air that supports life.

** For instance, in Engelhardszoll, the Austrian custom-house officers unbutton every paunch, in order to assure themselves of the fact that it is not cloth.

the hotel, he beheld the Venner in a court-dress, with a laurelled parade-head, and a whole vineyard upon his face, driving between two ladies to "Ermitage." When he carried his news up stairs, Leibgeber swore that "the rogue was not worthy of any body, except one who had a place of skulls instead of a head, and a *gorge de Paris*, or, reversing the direction, a *cul de Paris*, instead of a heart. He was determined to visit Natalie, and inform her of what they had seen this very day; but Firmian positively would not allow him.

On Friday she herself wrote to Henry, as follows:

"I revoke my prohibition, and beg you and your friend to visit the lovely Fantaisie to-morrow, Saturday, when it will be depopulated, rather than on the following Sunday. I hold nature and friendship in my arms, and they cannot contain more. Last night I dreamt that you were both in one coffin, and a white butterfly, hovering above you, grew larger and larger, until his wings became as large as white shrouds, and then he covered you both; and beneath the shroud all was motionless. The day after to-morrow my dear friend arrives; and I hope you will come to-morrow, and then I shall take leave of you all. N. A."

The events of this Saturday occupy the whole of the following chapter; and, from my own eagerness on the subject, I can form some faint idea of what the reader's must be; the more especially as I have already read it, (if not written it,) which he has not.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dismissal of a Lover, Fantaisie. The Child with the Nosegay. The Eden of Night, and the Angel at the Gate of Paradise.

NEITHER the deep blue of the sky, which on Saturday was as dark and pure as in winter or in the night, nor the thought that he should see to-day the sorrowing soul whom he had driven out of her paradise from the Sodom-apple of the serpent (Rosa), nor illness, nor yet pictures of his domestic life,—none of these things alone, but all these semitones and flats combined, composed in our Firmian's mind a melting *maestoso*, which reflected on his looks and imagination as much softness for his afternoon's visit as he expected to find in Natalie's. He found the reverse. In and around Natalie reigned that nobler, cold, peaceful serenity, which has its image on the loftiest mountains. Clouds and storms lie beneath their summits, and around them reposes a thinner, cooler atmosphere, but also a darker blue and a paler sun.

I cannot blame the reader for having some curiosity to hear the account she must give of her rupture with Everard. But it could be written round a Prussian dollar—so short a one did she give—were I not to dilate and complete it by that which I have extracted from Rosa's pen into my own. The fact is, the Venner, five years afterwards, wrote a very good novel (if we are to believe the panegyric in the Universal German Library), in which he artistically interwove the whole

schism between himself and her—the separation of soul and body—so we may conclude, at least, from several hints dropped by Natalie. This, therefore, is my fountain of Vaucluse. A spiritual sheep, like Rosa, cannot produce any thing but what he himself has experienced; and his poetical conceptions are, therefore, nothing but the adopted children of reality.

The following is a short sketch of the event:—

Scarcely had Firmian and Henry disappeared beneath the trees, when the Venner, no longer deferring his revenge, asked Natalie, in an offended tone, how she could permit such poor plebeians to visit her.

Natalie, whose feelings were already kindled by the haste and coldness of the two who had left, allowed her fire to burst out into flames against the silken catechumen. She answered: "Such a question is almost insulting;" and added (for she was too warm and proud to dissemble and act the spy), "you yourself have frequently visited Mr. Siebenkäs."

"Properly speaking, only his wife," said the vain man; "the visit to him was only the pretence."

"Indeed!" said she, and stretched out the syllables as long as her angry look.

Meyern was surprised at this behaviour, which contrasted so forcibly with all their previous correspondence —a circumstance which he attributed to the twin cronies; and, worked up to the greatest courage by his own beauty and wealth, and her poverty and dependence upon Blaise, not to speak of his near right of husband, this bold lion made nothing of doing what no other would have ventured upon, viz. of humbling this angry Venus by letting her become acquainted with his ap-

pointments as *cicisbeo*, and holding up before her the prospect in perspective of a hundred gynasia and widows' seats that would be open to him in the future. He, therefore, coolly said to her:

"It is so easy to worship false goddesses, and to open their church-doors, that I am glad that by your Babylonian captivity I shall be brought back for ever to the true female divinity."

Her wounded heart groaned internally, "All, all is true! He is not virtuous, and I am now so unhappy!" But she was silent, and went to the window. But when the Venner, wishing to make amends for his boasting by a sudden transition to an easy, jesting manner, proposed a walk in the park to her as a better place for a reconciliation (a tone which, even in trifling quarrels with young girls, has more effect in smoothing matters than a more pompous manner), her spirit, which was one belonging to the feminine order of chivalry, and always had a tendency to perform heroic deeds of self-sacrifice, and in which a predilection for premeditated acts of greatness was the only littleness, —her beautiful spirit, I say, now expanded its pure white wings, and flew away for ever from the dirty heart of this crooked silver-scaled pike; and she stepped up to him, and said, colouring, but without a tear:

"Monsieur von Meyern, it is now decided! We are parted for ever. We never knew one another, and I will have no further acquaintance with you. To-morrow we will exchange our letters."

He might have kept possession of this strong mind many days, perhaps weeks, by a more serious manner.

Without taking any further notice of him, she opened a box, and began to sort letters. He said a hundred things to flatter and please her; but she did not even deign him an answer. His inner man foamed with rage, because he laid it all to the charge of the Advocates. At length he endeavoured at once to humble and convert the deaf and dumb one, by observing:

"I don't know what your uncle in Kuhschnappel will say to this. He seems to put a much higher value upon my sentiments towards you than you do: indeed, he considers the connexion with me as necessary for *your* fortune, as I do for mine."

This burden fell too heavily upon one who was already deeply wounded by Destiny. Natalie hastily shut the box, seated herself, and, supporting her dizzy head upon her trembling arms, she shed burning tears, which she in vain endeavoured to conceal with her hand; for the reproach of poverty comes out of the mouth of one who has been loved, like glowing iron entering into the heart and scorching it, as with flames. Rosa, whose satiated revenge gave place to greedy love, and who, in his selfish emotion, hoped that hers too was an emotion of the same nature, caused by their severed bond, threw himself on his knees before her, and exclaimed: "Let all be forgotten! What are we then quarrelling about? Your precious tears extinguish every thing, and I mingle mine with them abundantly."

"Oh," said she, very proudly, and she rose, leaving him on his knees, "I am not weeping at any thing that concerns you. I am poor, and shall remain poor. Sir, after the mean reproach you have made me, you

cannot possibly remain to see me weep, but must go away."

He consequently departed, and indeed, considering his return—load of baskets of all sorts, including mouth-baskets or muzzles, he went tolerably erect, and with sufficient spirit. His serenity, if I may be allowed to praise him, was the more worthy of admiration that he maintained it, and carried it home with him, on an afternoon when, with his two finest and longest levers, he had been unable to move the least thing in Natalie's heart and heart's ears. One of these levers was the old one he had employed with Lenette, of screwing himself in, like a cork-screw, by the spiral and snail line of little approaches, attentions, and allusions; but Natalie was not weak and light enough for such degradation. From the other lever something perhaps might have been expected, but it had still less effect, even though it consisted in exposing all his scars, like an old warrior, in order to regenerate them into wounds; that is to say, he laid bare his suffering heart, wounded and pierced by so many disappointments in love, and which like a pierced dollar, had hung upon many a saint as votive offering; his soul clad itself in all degrees of court-mourning of sorrow, in deep mourning, and half-mourning,—in hopes, like a widow, of shining more enchantingly in its black dress. But the friend of a Leibgeber could only be softened by manly sorrows, while effeminate ones, on the contrary, served but to harden her.

However, he left his bride, Natalie, as I have already signified, without being at all moved by her self-sacrifice, and without being particularly indignant at her refusal of him. "Let her go to the devil!" thought

he, and he could hardly congratulate himself enough on so easily getting rid of the unpleasantness of being obliged to endure and respect such a being, year after year, in a confounded long marriage; but, on the other hand, his spleen was excited beyond measure against Leibgeber, and particularly against Siebenkäs, whom he looked upon as the real divorcer, and he laid the foundation of several stones in the gall-bladder, and of a little bilious yellow in his eyes, all owing to the Advocate, whom he could not sufficiently detest.

We return to the Saturday. Natalie had to thank the strength of her heart for her serenity and coldness, but was also somewhat indebted to the pair of horses, and two flower-wreathed maidens or rose-girls, with whom Rosa had driven to Ermitage. A woman's jealousy is always some days older than a woman's love; and indeed I know no excellence, no weakness, no sin, no virtue, no womanliness, no manliness, in a girl, which would not tend rather to inflame than to weaken her jealousy.

Not only Siebenkäs but even Leibgeber, instead of clothing, as was his wont, his premiums and reproofs in irony, was this afternoon serious and cordial, in order to warm, as it were, with his breath, her naked shivering soul, deprived of its warm feathers. Perhaps, also, he was softened by her flattering obedience. Besides the above reasons, Firmian was affected by these warmer ones; to-morrow the English lady was coming back, who would put a stop to this garden-pleasure; better acquainted also with the wounds of lost love, he felt infinite sympathy with hers, and would willingly have given his heart's blood to compensate her loss; and, thirdly, having grown up in bare, ordinary rooms,

he was influenced by the splendid furnished ones around him,—a sentiment he naturally transferred to their denizen and hermitress.

Just then the maid, who has already appeared before us once in the course of the week, came into the room, with her eyes filled with tears, and stammered out, that she was going to the confessional, asking if she had done any thing to offend her, &c.

"Me!" said Natalie, with her eyes overflowing with love and kindness; "but I can also pardon you in the name of your mistress, the English lady," and she went out with her and kissed her, like a good genius, unseen. How beautiful and becoming is the act of forgiving, and condescension towards the oppressed, in a soul which previously had manfully and courageously resisted the oppressor!

Leibgeber took a volume of "Tristram Shandy" out of the library of the English lady, and lay down with it under the nearest tree; he wished to make over to his friend the undivided enjoyment of the anise march-pane and honey-comb of such an afternoon of conversation, which for him had already become ordinary food. To-day too, whenever he seemed inclined to jest, Natalie's eyes looked on him beseechingly, as if to say: "Do it not; do not expose to him my inward scars; spare me this once." And, lastly,—and this was his chief motive,—it would thus become easier to Firmian to shew in crooked letters behind a treble shroud his proposal to the sensitive Natalie, who was now put upon eighth-pay, to become his laughing heiress, his appanaged widow.

This was for Siebenkäs a labour at the fortifications, a journey over the Alps, a voyage round the

world, or into the cavern of Antiparos, and a discovery of the longitude at sea. He did not even think of preparing the way for it; and he had previously told Leibgeber that if his death were a real one, no one would be more willing to speak to her about it than himself; but he could not possibly sadden her with the mention of a mock death; she must, therefore, agree to the widowhood at a venture, and unconditionally. "And is my death a thing so impossible?" he demanded.

"Yes," had Leibgeber answered, "or where would be our death in jest? and the donna must endure it."

His conduct, it seems, was somewhat harder and colder towards women's hearts than that of Siebenkäs, in whose opinion, as hermit-connoisseur of strong-minded women, such a tender and suffering soul could scarcely be sufficiently indulged; but I will not judge between the two friends.

When Henry had gone out with Yorick, Siebenkäs placed himself before a fresco-painting which represented this same Yorick near the flute-playing Maria and her goat; for the apartments of the great are picture-bibles and an *orbis pictus*. They sit, eat, and walk in pictorial exhibitions; and it is therefore the more unpleasant to them, that two of the widest spaces which are ready grounded, the heavens and the sea, cannot be painted over for them. Natalie had scarcely approached him when she exclaimed, "What is there to be seen in that to-day? Away from it!"

She was just as open and unembarrassed in her manner towards him as he could *not* be towards her. She revealed the beauty of her ardent soul in that by which we unconsciously either unveil or unmask our-

selves most completely, that is, in her manner of praising. The illuminated triumphal arch which she erected over the head of her returning English friend, elevated her own soul, and she stood as conqueror with the laurel-crown and the glittering chain of the order of virtue at the gate of honour. Her praise was the echo and double chorus of the other's worth: she was so earnest and so warm. Oh! a thousand times more lovely do ye appear, maidens, when ye weave bridal and laurel garlands for your companions, than when ye twine and bend for them straw-crowns and iron-collars! She told him of her predilection for English men and women, both in and out of print; although it was only last winter that she saw an Englishman for the first time in her life—"if," added she, smiling, "our friend yonder was not the first."

Leibgeber looked up from his green couch, and he saw them both looking down upon him kindly through the open window, and the radiance of love flowed from six eyes. How sweetly one single second united three sister souls! When the maid returned from confession, in her white glittering garments, which, instead of light butterfly-wings, were thick wing-shells, and on which fluttered a few extra wings of ribbon, he looked at this ornamented penitent a moment, and took up the black and gold hymn-book, which, in her haste, she had put down. He unclasped it, and found inside a whole collection of silk-patterns, and, further on, peacocks' feathers. Natalie, who read in the expression of his face a satirical reflection upon her sex, diverted it by saying, "That your sex esteems ornament as much as ours, is proved by the electoral dresses, the coronation-robes in Frankfort, and all of-

ficial costumes and uniforms; the peacock, too, is the bird of the ancient knights and poets. If these were permitted to swear by his feathers, or crown themselves with them, we may surely put on a few, and *mark*, if we may not reward, our songs with them."

An unpolite astonishment at her knowledge sometimes escaped the Advocate. He turned over the leaves of the festival hymn-book, and stumbled upon gilded pictures of the Madonna, and upon one picture, in open tracery-work, which consisted of two coloured blots, representing two lovers, together with a third phosphorescent heart, which the male blot offered to the female blot, with the words:—

> "Hast thou my true love yet to learn?
> Behold how my poor heart doth burn!"

Firmian loved family and company miniatures when they were wretched like the present. Natalie saw and read it, and taking the book hastily away, she snapped the clasp, and then first asked him, "You have no objection to it?"

Courage towards women is not innate, but acquired. Firmian had associated with few; therefore his awe caused him to look upon a woman's person, especially that of a noble lady (for it is easy and right to be superior to rank with regard to men, but not to women), as a holy ark of the covenant, which no finger may touch, and every woman's foot as one upon which a Spanish queen stands, and every woman's finger as a Franklin's point from which electric sparks shoot out. If she had been in love with him, I could have compared her to an electrified person, who herself experiences all the mock pains and shocks which she

gives. However, nothing was more natural than that his shyness should diminish with time; and, at last, he even ventured, when she was not looking round, to take the ribbon of her cap boldly between his fingers, without her observing it. As a sort of preparation for such a venturesome deed, might be considered his attempts to take into his hands the things that had often passed through hers—even her English scissors, an unscrewed pincushion, and a pencil-case.

He attempted the same familiarity with a waxen bunch of grapes, which he thought was made of stone, like those on butter-bowls. He therefore squeezed it in his hand as in a wine-press, smashed two or three berries, and then handed in petitions for grace and indulgence, as though he had let fall and broken to pieces the porcelain-tower in Nankin.

She said smiling, "There is nothing lost. Among our joys there are plenty of such berries, which have a beautiful ripe skin, are without any intoxicating juice, and just as easily fall to pieces."

He feared that this sublime many-coloured rainbow of his joy would melt into evening dew, and sink with the outer sun; and he was dismayed by no longer seeing Leibgeber reading upon the blooming turf. The external world became transfigured into a sun-land; every tree was a more solid, richer joy-flower; the valley, like a condensed universe, seemed to echo the deep murmuring music of the spheres. Nevertheless, he had not the courage to offer his arm to this Venus for a walk in the sun, that is, in the sunny Fantaisie. The fate of the Venner, and the gleanings of a few wandering visitors, made him shy and dumb.

Suddenly Henry knocked at the window with the

agate-head of his stick, and called out, "Over the way to supper. The stick's head is the Vienna-lantern,* and we shall not get home to-day before midnight." (He had ordered supper for himself and his friend in the little neighbouring inn.) All at once he added, "There is a pretty child just asking for you."

Siebenkäs hastened out, and the same pretty little girl to whom he had given his flowers, in his enthusiastic flight through the village of Johannes, after the great festive evening in Ermitage, stood before him with a little nosegay, and asked him where his wife was who had taken her, a few days ago, out of the water. "I have a few pretty flowers to give her from my godfather, and my mother will soon come and thank the lady herself; but she is now in bed, and is far too ill."

Natalie, who had heard the conversation from above, came down, and said, blushing, "Dear little one, was it not I? Give me your little nosegay."

The little girl recognised her, kissed her hand, the hem of her garment, then her mouth, and was about to begin the round of kisses over again, when Natalie opened the nosegay, and, amid its living forget-me-not and white and red roses, discovered also artificial ones of silk.

On Natalie's asking, in surprise, where she had got these expensive flowers, the little girl answered, "If you will give me a few kreuzers, I will tell you:" and on obtaining them, continued, "From my godfather;

* We have all read in the newspapers, that at the gala-masquerades at Vienna a paper-lantern is borne aloft, with the inscription, "Supper is on the table." This may therefore be called the Vienna-lantern.

he is a very fine gentleman;" and so saying she ran away among the bushes.

The nosegay was for all of them a real Turkish Selam-flower-riddle. Leibgeber easily explained the child's speedy marriage of Natalie and Siebenkäs by the fact that the Advocate had stood near her at the basin, and stretched out a helping hand; and from their personal resemblance to each other, the people had concluded that no one had been so often walking with her as the Advocate, mistaking him for Leibgeber.

But Siebenkäs thought more about the plotter Rosa, who loved to stitch the patchwork scenes of his life into every woman's affairs; and the resemblance of these artificial flowers to those which the Venner had once redeemed for Lenette in Kuhschnappel was striking; but he would not disturb the glad hour, and the pleasure caused by the votive flower-offering of the preserved child, by mentioning his suspicions. Natalie kindly insisted on dividing the flower-inheritance, as each had done something, and they had at least saved the preserver. The white silk rose she kept for herself, and offered Leibgeber the red one, who, however, declined it, demanding a sensible real one in its stead, which he immediately stuck into his mouth. To the Advocate she gave the silk forget-me-not, and a few living breathing ones beside, the souls, as it were, of the artificial flowers. He received them with rapture, and said the soft living ones would never fade for him. Thereupon Natalie took only a short temporary leave of them; but Firmian could not thank his friend enough for all the means he had adopted to lengthen a period

of grace which encircled his old worn-out life with a new heaven and a new earth.

No king of Spain, although by the laws of the empire a hundred dishes are sent up to his table, can take as little from no more than six, as Firmian took from one. But trustworthy historians inform us that he was willing to drink something, and that was wine, —and hastily too; for he could not be happy enough to-day for his Leibgeber, since the latter, seldom overtaken by feelings on his own account, felt a more inexpressible joy that his dear Firmian had at last got a pole-star and star of happiness and rest, high above him in the heavens, which now beamed, with a genial warmth, upon the blossoming season of his thinly-sown flowers.

By the rapidity of his double enjoyment he got the start of the sun, and returned to the rose-tinted château, the windows of which the glorious evening gilded with fire. Natalie stood without on the balcony, like an illumined soul about to fly after the sun; and her large eyes were fixed on the bright trembling world-rotunda, full of church-music, and on the sun, which, like an angel, had flown down from the temple, and on the beaming, holy sepulchre of the night, into which the earth was about to sink.

While they were yet beneath the balcony to which Natalie beckoned them to come up, Henry gave his stick to his friend: "Keep it for me; I have other things to carry; if you want me, whistle." The good Henry, beneath a physically shaggy bear's breast, had morally the most beautiful human heart.

Happy Firmian! notwithstanding your afflictions. When you now step through the glass-door upon the

iron-floor, the sun sets over again, and the earth closes her large eye, like that of a dying goddess! Then the mountains smoke about you like altars; the choruses burst from the woods; shadows, the veils of day, flutter around the kindled transparent tree-tops, and lie upon the variegated brooches of flowers; and the bright gold of the evening-red casts a dead golden hue upon the east, and falls with rosy colours on the floating bosom of the trembling lark, the high-hung evening-bell of Nature! Happy man! when a glorious spirit flies from afar over the earth and its spring, and beneath him a thousand lovely evenings are concentrated into one burning one,—that evening is yet not more elysian than the one which now glows around you.

When the flames upon the windows grew pale, and the moon was still rising heavily from behind the earth, they both went, silent and with full hearts, into the twilight apartment. Firmian opened the pianoforte, and repeated his evening in tones, the trembling chords becoming the fiery tongues of his oppressed bosom. The flower-ashes of his youth were blown away, and beneath them a few young minutes bloomed again. But when the tones poured the warm balsam of life over Natalie's restrained, swollen heart, whose wounds were only closed not healed, it seemed to melt gently away; and all the heavy tears which had burned within flowed out of it without measure, and it became weak but light. Firmian, who perceived that she was again passing through the gate of sacrifice to the knife, put an end to the sacrificial music, and sought to lead her away from this altar. Suddenly the first beam of the moon spread itself, like a swan's wing, upon the waxen bunch of grapes. He begged her to come out into the

still, misty after-summer of the day—the moon-evening. She gave him her arm without saying "yes."

What a sparkling world! Through branches and through fountains, over mountains and over woods, flowed flashing the molten veins of silver, which the moon had separated from the dross of night. Her silver glance glided over the broken wave and the trembling smooth apple-leaf, and closely embraced the white marble pillars and the shining birch-tree stems. They stood still before they entered the magic valley, as into an enchanted cavern playing with Night and Light, into which all the fountains of life, which, in the day-time, had thrown up sweet odours, and voices, and songs, and transparent and feathery wings, had now again fallen back, and filled a deep silent gulf.

They turned towards the Sophia-mountain, whose summit was flattened by the weight of time, and on which, instead of the Alpine peak, arose the Colossus of Fog; they glanced over the pale green world, slumbering beneath the more distant and tranquil suns, and looked on the silver dust of stars, which flew far away into the furthest depths before the up-rolling moon, and then they looked at one another, filled with pious friendship, as only two innocent glad angels, on their first creation, can look for joy; and Firmian said, "Are you as happy as I?"

Involuntarily pressing, not his hand but his arm, she answered, "No, I am not; for upon such a night there should follow no day, but something much more beautiful, something richer, which satisfies the thirsty heart, and stops the bleeding one."

"And what is that?" he asked.

"Death," said she, gently. She lifted up her

streaming eyes to him, and repeated, "Noble friend, is it not so? for me, death?"

"No," said Firmian; "rather for me."

To interrupt the course of this overpowering moment, she added quickly, "Shall we go down to the spot where we met for the first time, and where, two days too soon, I became your friend?—and yet it was not too soon; shall we?"

He obeyed her; but his soul was still dwelling on the former thought; and while they were going down a long sloping gravel-walk, sprinkled over by the shadows of the shrubbery, down whose white bed, broken by shadows as by stones, the moonlight rippled, he said, "Yes, in an hour like this, when death and heaven send their brothers,* a soul such as yours may think of death; but I have yet more reason, for I am more joyful. Oh, Joy, most of all, loves to see Death at her festive board; for he is himself a joy, and the last rapture of earth. Only the vulgar can confound the heavenward soaring flight of humanity into the far land of the spring with the mock funereal phenomena on the earth; in the same manner as they take the hooting of the owls, on their departure for warmer climes, for the rattling of ghosts: and yet, good Natalie, in your case, I cannot bear to think of what you have said. No! a soul so rich must unfold its blossoms in an earlier spring than that beyond this life—O God, it must!"

They reached a wall of rock, clothed by the broad waterfall of the moonlight, against which was a trellis of roses. Natalie broke off a green soft thorny twig, with two little rose-buds just beginning to swell, and

* Death sends *sleep*, and heaven the *dream*.

saying, "You will never open," she put them into her bosom; then looking at him with a strange expression, she added, "While they are quite young they prick but little."

Arrived below, at the stone water-basin, the holy spot of their first meeting, as they were both seeking words wherewith to express the feelings of their hearts, they beheld some one ascend from the dry basin. With a smile of emotion they recognised their Leibgeber; who had hidden himself here, among the imaged water-gods, with a bottle of wine, and lay in wait for their coming. There had been something in his troubled eye which had flowed out of it, as a libation from our cup of joy, for this spring-night.

"This place, and haven of your first landing," said he, "must be properly consecrated; you, too (to Natalie), must join in the pledge. By heaven! there is more costly fruit hanging to-day within reach, from its blue dome, than from any green one."

They each took a glass, pledged one another, and said,—some among them, I fancy, in a stifled voice,—"Long live friendship! May the spot be ever green where it commenced! May every place bloom where it grew! and when all its bloom is over, and its leaves withered and fallen, may friendship still continue!"

Natalie was obliged to turn away her eyes. Henry laid his hand upon his agate stick-head, but only that he might press warmly and heartily the hand of his friend, which rested upon it, for Firmian still had it; and he said: "Give it to me! you shall have no clouds in your hand to-day;" for Nature, in her subterranean workshop, had engraven cloudy streaks upon the agate. This bashful concealment of the warm token of friend-

ship would have touched every heart, not Natalie's tender one alone.

"You will stay with us," said she, faintly, as he was about to go away.

"I am going to the landlord," he answered; "and if I can find a flute or bugle-horn, I shall come out, and usher in the spring by wafting music over the valley."

When he disappeared, it seemed to his friend as if his youth were gone. All at once, high above the giddy May-chafers, and breeze-borne night-butterflies, and their arrow-swift hunters the bats, he beheld a broad flight of birds of passage, winging back to our spring, and looking like a fleecy cloud. Hereupon the recollections of his room in the market-town, his evening journal, and the hour when, after a similar appearance of earlier birds of passage, he had closed it with the conviction that he would soon cease to live,—these recollections rushed with all their tears into his open heart, and again inspired him with the expectation of death; and this idea he desired to communicate to his friend. The broad night lay stretched out before him, like a great corpse upon the world; but her shadowy limbs quivered among the moonlit branches in the breath of the morning, and she rises up before the sun as a consuming vapour—as an all-embracing cloud—and man says, "It is day!"

In Firmian's soul two crape-covered thoughts struggled together, like images of terror. The one said, he would die of apoplexy, and would see her no more; the other, that he was about to simulate death, and then that he dare not see her again.

Oppressed by the past and the present, he took

Natalie's hand, and said: "You may pardon me to-day the deepest emotion. I shall never see you again. You are the noblest of your sex that I ever met; but we shall never meet again. You will soon hear that I am dead, or that my name has disappeared, in whatever manner it may be; but my heart is yours—is *thine*. . . . Oh, that the present, with its mountain-chain of tombs, were behind me! and that the future, with all its open graves, now lay before me; and I were standing to-day beside the last cavern; I would then look at you once more, and cast myself down in bliss!"

Natalie answered not a word. All at once she faltered in her walk, her arm trembled, her breathing became oppressed. She stopped, and said, in a trembling voice, her face quite pale: "Stay on this spot; leave me for a moment alone on yonder turf-seat. Ah, I am so hasty!"

He saw her tremble as she moved away, and then sink, as if overcome by a great weight, upon a turf-bank, in the moonlight. She fixed her blinded eyes on the moon, around which the blue heavens became a night, and the earth a vapour; her arms lay rigid on her lap, but an expression of pain played about her lips like a smile, and in her eye there was no tear. But life now seemed spread out before her friend like an indistinct dissolving kingdom of shadows, full of hollow, sunken mine-shafts,—full of mists, like spirits of the mountains,—and with one sole opening, and that so narrow and so distant, to let him forth into the light, into the heavens, the free air, the spring, and into the bright day. His friend was reposing in the white crystal radiance, like an angel on the grave of an infant.

Suddenly the tones of Henry's music burst upon them, like church-bells during a storm; and the two stunned souls were agitated as by an impending tempest, and their hearts were carried away and dissolved in the warm stream of melody. Natalie now nodded her head, as if she had confirmed a resolution: she arose and stepped forth, like a transfigured being, from the green flower-grown grave; and, stretching out her arms, she walked towards him. Tears chased each other down her blushing face; but her heart was yet speechless. Sinking under the great world in her soul, she could totter no further; and he flew to meet her. Weeping more violently, she held him away from her, that she might first speak; but after the words, "First and last friend—for the first and last time!" she became breathless and mute, and, overburdened with sorrow, sunk into his arms, on his lips, on his bosom.

"No, no!" she stammered out. "O God! give me but words to speak. Firmian, my Firmian, take all my joy—all my earthly joys—all I have; but never, I adjure thee, by all that is most sacred,—never look upon me again upon this earth;" and she added, gently, "*swear that* to me now!"

She lifted up her head; and the tones passed like speaking sorrows between the two; and she looked at him fixedly; and the pale, care-worn face of her friend agonised her wounded heart; and she repeated the request, with an eye expressive of anguish, "Only swear!"

"Thou noble, glorious soul!" answered he, in a trembling voice, "Yes, I swear to thee, I will see thee no more!"

Mute and motionless, as if struck by death, she fell

upon his bosom with drooping head; and once again he said, as if dying, "I will see thee no more!"

Then, beaming like an angel, she raised her countenance, pale from exhaustion, to his, and said: "It is now past; receive the death-kiss, and say not another word."

He did so; and she disengaged herself gently from his arms. But as she turned away, she gave him the green rose-bud with its soft thorns, and said: "Think of to-day!" She walked away, resolved, but trembling; and was soon lost in the dark green alleys, which were traversed but by few beams of light, and did not again turn round.

And the end of this night every soul who has loved will picture to himself, without the help of my words.

CHAPTER XV.

Rosa von Meyern. After-Tones and After-Pains of the Loveliest Night. Letters of Natalie and Firmian. Leibgeber's Table-Talk.

If in a moist, warm, starry spring night, the broad roof of earth were to be removed from above the heads of the workmen in a salt-mine, and they were thus to be suddenly transported from their subterranean stillness into the dark, expanded dormitory of Nature, among the breezes, and odours, and sounds of spring, they would be in a position similar to that of Firmian, whose hitherto reserved, tranquil, serene spirit the preceding night had all at once violently riven, and darkened by new sorrows, new joys, and a new world. Henry maintained a very speaking silence on the subject of this night; but Firmian, on the contrary, betrayed himself by a silent hunting after conversation. Let him fold, as he would, the wings which had yesterday, for the first time, expanded themselves moist out of the chrysalis-case, they yet were longer than their wing-shells. At last it grew tiresome and sultry to Leibgeber. Yesterday, already, they had gone to Baireuth and to bed in silence, and it fatigued him to think of all the half-tints and half-tones which had first to be laid on before four bold, broad strokes could be made on the picture of the night. There is, perhaps, nothing more to be lamented than that we have not all, at one and the same time, the whooping-cough, or Werther's sorrows, or twenty-one years or sixty-one years of age, or

hypochondriacal attacks, or honeymoons, or mock-plays; for how clearly we should then see our own condition reflected in that of others, and bear it as choristers of the same joy, or sorrow, or cough-tutti, and pardon in another every thing wherein he resembled ourselves. Now, on the contrary, when one coughs to-day, another to-morrow (always excepting the simultaneous social coughing after the chancel-hymn in the Swiss churches), when one takes his dancing lesson, whilst another is kneeling at conventicles,—when the little girl of one father is hanging over the baptismal font, whilst at the same minute the boy of another is suspended by ropes above the small grave,—now, when Destiny, to the key-note of our own hearts, strikes chords of a different key in the hearts of those around us, or at least extreme sixths, major sevenths, minor seconds,—in this general absence of unison and harmony, nothing better is to be expected than a screeching cat-*charivari*, and nothing to be hoped for but a little *arpeggio*, if not melody.

In order to get a handle for talk, or by way of a pump-handle to force three drops out of his heart, Leibgeber seized Firmian's hand, and pressed it with all its fingers gently and warmly. He asked him indifferent questions concerning their walks and excursions for the day; but he had not foreseen that the pressure of the hand would but involve him in deeper embarrassment, since it might now be fairly exacted of him that he should humour the hand as well as the tongue; for he could not cast off the hand of another all at once, but was obliged to let it fall by a gradual *diminuendo* of pressure. To pay so much attention to feelings made him blush with shame, and quite maddened him, nay,

he would have thrown my description into the fire. I have been told that he could not utter the word "heart" even in the society of women, who have it always on their tongues, like an ascending *globulus hystericus*. "It is," he said, "the spout and bullet-drawer of their hearts itself; it is the ball on the fencing foil of their fans; and for me it is a ball of poison, a ball of pitch for the Bel at Babel."

His hand all at once escaped from the dear personal arrest. Taking up his hat and stick, he exclaimed, "I see you are as stupid as I am. Instanter—instantius—instantissime. In three words, have you told her about the widow's pension or not? Yes, or no; I am going out directly."

Siebenkäs more rapidly still poured out all his information at once. "She will certainly have it. I neither have said, nor can say any thing to her. You can say it easily, and must. I shall go no more to Fantaisie. In the afternoon, Henry, we will thoroughly enjoy ourselves. The music of our life shall be a sounding one. On our harps are yet all the loud pedals for tones of joy, and we have but to tread on them."

Henry recovered himself, and said as he went away, "In the human instrument the Cremona strings are twisted out of living entrails, and the breast is only the sounding-board, and the head nothing but the damper-pedal."

The solitude lay around our friend like a beautiful country. All the wandering echoes could reach him from afar; and upon the tissue, woven in twelve hours, which was spread before the loveliest historical picture of his life, he could tremblingly make a chalk copy of the picture, and copy it again and again a thousand

times. But he dared not venture to revisit the beautiful, increasingly blooming Fantaisie, lest he should be the means of excluding Natalie from this valley of flowers by a *living* hedge. He had to pay for his enjoyment by self-denial.

The charms of the town and of its environs preserved their bright-coloured shell, and lost their sweet kernel. Every thing to him was like a piece of confectionary, the ground of which, in former days, used to be strewn over with powdered sugar of different hues, but is now only grounded with coloured sand, more fitted for inlaying than for eating. All his hopes, all the blossoms and fruit of his life, now grew and ripened beneath the earth, like our higher ones, and those of the subterranean chick-pea.* I mean, in the mock grave, into which he was about to descend. How little did he possess, and yet how much! His foot rested upon withered prickly rose-trees; around the elysian fields of his futurity, his eye beheld thorny bushes, brambles, and a rampart formed by his own grave. The whole of his Leipzic valley of roses was reduced to the little green rose-tree, which, with its unopened blossoms, had been transplanted from Natalie's heart into his own. And yet how much he possessed! He had received from Natalie a "forget-me-not" for the whole of his life,—the silken ones she had given him were but the bark of the eternally blooming ones,—a spring-time of the soul, which, after so many springs, he at length enjoyed; to be so loved, namely, by a woman, for the first time in his life, as dreams

* The chick-pea, *Platt-erbse*, has indeed some blossoms and fruit above the earth, but the most of them beneath it, though white ones.—Linnæus's *Treatise on the Inhabited Earth.*

and poets had a hundred times pictured to him in the lot of others. Suddenly to step forth from the old paper lumber-chamber of deeds and books into the fresh green flower-spangled world of love; for the first time, not only to be the object of such love, but to carry away with him such a parting kiss, like a sun, to brighten and warm his whole future life—this was bliss to one who had borne the cross in the past! Besides, he was quite at liberty to abandon himself to the beautiful waves of this river of paradise, and allow himself to be carried by them whithersoever they pleased, since he could never possess his Natalie, nor even see her again. In Lenette he had loved no Natalie, as in the latter no Lenette. His matrimonial love was a prose summer-day of harvest and of sultriness, and the present was a poetical spring-night, full of blossoms and stars, and his new world resembled the name of the place of its creation, Fantaisie. He did not conceal from himself (since he had resolved to die before Natalie) that in her he loved only a departed spirit, as a departed spirit himself; or rather, in his living character, he loved her as a transfigured being, who for him was gone for ever; and he asked himself openly the question, whether he might not love this Natalie, who now belonged to the past, as well and as warmly as any others who had long ago flown away into a still more distant past,—the Heloïse of an Abelard, or St. Preux, for instance, or a poet's Laura, or Werther's Lotte, for whom he did not even die in so serious a sense as Werther.

All he could say to his friend Leibgeber, after his best endeavours, was this: "You must have been very much loved by her—by this rare being; for I can only

ascribe her great goodness to me to my resemblance to you; for in all other respects I am so unlike any one, and I was never favoured by women."

Leibgeber, and he himself immediately afterwards, smiled at the almost silly remark; but what lover, during his month of May, is not a real good living sheep?

Leibgeber soon returned to the hotel with the news that he had seen the English lady drive to Fantaisie. Firmian was very glad of it, as it made it easier for him to keep his resolution of excluding himself from the whole district of pleasure; for she was the daughter of the Count of Vaduz, and therefore the Advocate of the Poor must not now be seen by her, as he was to pass afterwards for Leibgeber.

But Henry botanised at all hours of the day on the flowery slopes of Fantaisie, less with the view of finding flowers with his botanical scrutinising glasses (his eyes), than to find and question the flower-goddess; but there was no appearance of a divinity. Alas! the afflicted Natalie had so many reasons for absenting herself from the ruins of her most beautiful hours, and shunning the place of a burnt-out fire, overgrown though it was with flowers, where she might be met by one whom she had resolved never to see again.

Some days afterwards, the Venner Rosa von Meyern honoured the company at the table of the Sun with his presence. If the author's calculation of time does not quite deceive him, he himself dined there on the same day; but I have only a dim recollection of the two Advocates, and none at all of the Venner, because holyday hares of his species are every-day cattle, and entire

game-preserves and menageries full of them are at all times to be had. I have more than once stumbled upon the living originals of persons whom I have afterwards modelled from head to foot, and carried about with me in my biographical cabinet of wax-figures; but I wish I could always know beforehand which of the persons in whose company I happened to be driving or dining, I should afterwards have to copy, as it would enhance the beauty of my biographical manufacture. I candidly confess, I should then be able to collect and store up in my portfolio a thousand little personalities; but, as it is, in the absence of all documents, I am sometimes obliged to invent the less important particulars, as, for instance, whether an event took place at six or seven o'clock. It is, therefore, morally certain that if, on the same morning, three other authors had sat down with myself to give the married life of Siebenkäs to the world from the same historical sources, with all our love of truth, we four should have produced four as different family histories, as those handed down to us by the four evangelists; so that our tetrachord could only be brought to agree by a harmony of the four evangelists, as by a tuning-key.

As I have already said, Meyern dined at the Sun. He told the Advocate of the Poor, in a tone of triumph, which had somewhat the appearance of a threat, that he was going back to-morrow to the imperial market-town. The vanity he displayed was greater than ever. He had probably promised his hand in marriage to fifty ladies of Baireuth, as if he were the giant Briareus, with fifty ring-fingers on his hundred hands. He was as greedy of young girls as cats are of *marum-verum;* wherefore both the flowers and the herb have to be

protected by their possessors with a wire-grating. When such poachers, who are always hunting and coursing, are chained alive by clergymen, with thick marriage-rings, to some wild animal that runs with them through every thicket, until they bleed to death, benevolent weekly papers affirm that the punishment is too severe. *Undoubtedly it is for the innocent*—wild animal.

The next day Rosa really sent to inquire if the Advocate had any message to send to his wife, as he was about to go to her.

Natalie remained invisible. All that Firmian saw of her was a letter to her address, which was shaken out of the post-bag on one of his daily visits to the post-office, to ask if there was a letter from his wife. Lenette would probably not require more hours to write a letter than Isocrates demanded years to compose his panegyric of the Athenians—not more, I say, but exactly ten. The letter to Natalie, as the handwriting and seal betrayed, was from the (step-)father of his country, von Blaise.

"Thou good girl," thought Firmian, "how he will pass the stinging focus of the burning-glass, cut from the ice of his heart, slowly over every wound of thy soul! How many hidden tears thou wilt shed, which no one will mark! and thou hast no hand to dry them and cover them but thine own!"

One blue afternoon he proceeded alone to the only pleasure-garden which was not barred against him, to 'Ermitage.' He was every where met by recollections, but by sadly sweet ones only; every where he had lost or resigned life and heart, and, in accordance with its name, had made himself the hermit of the Hermitage.

Could he ever forget the great dark spot, where, in presence of his kneeling friend and the setting sun, he had sworn to die, and to separate himself for ever from the world of his wife and his acquaintances?

He left the pleasure-grounds, his face directed towards the setting sun, which, with its almost horizontal beams, closed in the prospect, and he now passed far beyond the town in an arch, ever more towards the west, and the road to Fantaisie. His heart was touched as he gazed after the mildly flaming star that, crumbling into glowing cloud-embers, seemed to be falling down into yonder distance, where his orphaned Lenette stood with her face suffused with evening red in the silent chamber.

"Ah, good Lenette," exclaimed a voice within him, "why can I not now, in this Eden, fold thee in bliss to this full, softened bosom? Ah, here I could forgive thee easier, here I could love thee better!" O Nature! so good, so full of infinite love, it is Thou who changest the distance of our bodies into a propinquity of soul! When we are full of exceeding joy in distant places, it is Thou who dost cause the dear images of all those whom we were obliged to forsake, to pass before us like sweet tones and bygone years of happiness; and we stretch out our arms towards the clouds that float above the mountains, behind which our dearest ones dwell. So doth the parted heart open to the distant one, as flowers which open to the sun still unfold their blossoms even on the days when clouds come between them.

The radiance faded! Only the bleeding traces of the fallen sun lingered in the blue. The earth and its

gardens now shewed in greater relief; and Firmian all at once beheld close to him the green Tempe valley of Fantaisie, overspread with the rouge of red clouds and the paint of white blossoms, trembling and rising like vapour before him. But an angel from heaven stood before it, with the sword of a flashing streak of cloud, and said, "Enter not here. Knowest thou the Paradise whence thou hast been cast out?"

Firmian turned back, leaned in the twilight against the lime-wall of the first Baireuth house, to clear away all signs of weeping from his eyes, that he might not appear before his friend with any mark which might require explanation. Leibgeber, however, was not at home; but he found something unexpected—a note from Natalie to his friend. Ye who feel or regret that there is ever and eternally a Moses-veil, and altar-railing, a prison-grating, composed of body and earth, between soul and soul, ye cannot condemn our poor lonesome friend, that, in his emotion, he pressed the cold leaf to his burning lips, to his trembling heart. Verily, to the soul every body, even the human body itself, is but the sacred symbol of an invisible spirit; and not only the letter you kiss, but also the hand that wrote it, like the mouth, whose kiss deceives you with the nearness of a union, is nothing but the visible holy emblem of a lofty beloved being, and the delusions are only distinguishable by their sweetness.

Leibgeber arrived, tore open the note, and read aloud:—

"To-morrow at five o'clock your beautiful town will be behind me. I am going to Schraplau. I should not, my dear friend, have left this sweet valley, without

once again offering you, in person, the assurance of my lasting friendship, and expressing my thanks and wish for yours. I would gladly have taken leave of you in a more living manner than this; but the long parting from my English friend is not yet over, and I have now to resist her wishes, as I had formerly to contend against my own, in order to go and bury myself in my homely solitude, or rather flee thither. The beautiful spring has brought me both joy and sorrow; yet my heart, like Cranmer's, if I may be allowed so bold a comparison, remains alone unconsumed amid the ashes of the funereal pile, unchanged for my beloved ones.

"May you be happy! happier than I, a woman, ever can be. Destiny cannot take much away from you; no, nor even give you much: for you, bright eternal rainbows rest on every waterfall; but it is long ere the rain-clouds of the female heart, and not until they have shed many drops, become tinged with the melancholy serene bow wherewith memory illumines them. Your friend, no doubt, is still with you. Press him warmly to your heart, and tell him that all that yours desires for him, and gives him, mine wishes for him too, and never will he, or his dear friend, be forgotten by me. Ever your

"NATALIE."

During the reading of this letter, Firmian leaned against the window-sill, and turned his face, overflowing with tears, towards the evening sky. With the delicacy of friendship Henry anticipated his reply, and said, looking at him:

"Yes, this Natalie is good, and a thousand times

better than a thousand others; but I will be broken on the wheels of her own carriage, if I don't lie in wait for her to-morrow, at four o'clock, and plant myself close beside her. Verily, I must win and fill her ears, or mine are longer than an elephant's, who uses them as fly-flaps."

"Do so, dear Henry," said Firmian, in the most cheerful voice that could come from his compressed throat; "I will give you three lines to console myself a little for not seeing her again."

There is a lyric intoxication of the heart in which one should write no letters, because fifty years afterwards people may happen to stumble upon them, who have neither heart nor intoxication. Firmian wrote nevertheless, and did not seal, and Leibgeber did not read.

"I also say to you 'Farewell!' but I cannot say, 'Forget-me-not!' Oh, forget me! Leave to me alone the forget-me-not you have given me. The heaven is past, but not the dying! Mine is soon to come, and on this account only, I, and more earnestly still, my Leibgeber, have a request to make you; but so strange a one! Natalie, refuse it not. Your soul is far superior to those female souls who are terrified and confounded by every thing that is singular. *You* may venture! you can never risk your great heart and your happiness. So then, the other evening, I spoke to you for the last time, and to-day I have written for the last time. But Eternity remains for me, and for thee!

"F. S."

He slept dreamingly the whole night, that he might

be Leibgeber's awakener. But at three o'clock in the morning the latter already stood, in his character of postman and *maître des requêtes*, beneath a giant lime-tree, whose hammocks, filled with a sleeping world, were suspended over the avenue through which Natalie had to pass. Firmian, in his bed, acted over Henry's part of waiting, and kept saying to himself:

"Now she will be taking leave of the English lady, —now getting into the carriage,—now she will drive past the tree, and he will arrest her progress." He went on fancying, until he fell asleep, and dreamt, and his dreams oppressed him by a painful confusion, and a repeated refusal of his request. To how many days of gloom both in the physical and moral weather, does not one single starlit night give birth! At last, he dreamt that she stretched forth her hand to him out of the rolling carriage, with tearful eyes, and with the green rose-bud on her bosom, and said, gently:

"I tell you no! Should I then live long, if you were dead?"

She pressed his hand so strongly that he awoke; but the pressure continued, and the bright day and his bright friend were before him, who said: "She said 'Yes,' but you have slept soundly."

He said, he had almost missed her by a hair's-breadth. She had been quicker with her dressing and departure than others with their undressing and arrival. A dewy rose-twig, whose leaves pricked more than its thorns, was in her bosom, and the long parting had reddened her eyes. She received him affectionately and kindly, though she was agitated, and eager to hear what he had to say. He first gave her Firmian's open letter,

as his authority. Her burning eye glowed once more with two great drops, and she asked:

"What is it, then, I am to do?"

"Nothing," said Leibgeber artfully, in a tone between jest and earnest. "After his death, you will have nothing to do, but to endure to be reminded of it every year by the Prussian Widow's Provident Fund Institution, as if you were his widow."

"No," she answered, dwelling upon the word in such a manner as requires a comma after it, not a full stop.

He repeated his entreaty, and the reasons for it, and added: "Do it, if only for my sake. I cannot bear that he should be disappointed of a hope, or a wish. As it is, he is like a dancing bear, who is forced by the bear-driver, the state, to go on dancing in winter, without winter's sleep. I, on the contrary, seldom take my paws out of my mouth, and am continually sucking them. He watched the whole night in order to awake me, and is now at home counting every minute."

She read the letter over again, syllable by syllable. He did not insist upon any decision, but spun another subject of conversation,—about the morning, the journey, and Schraplau. The morning had already raised its pillars of fire behind Baireuth. The town was at hand, with its more numerous columns of smoke; and in a few minutes he would be obliged to get out of the carriage.

"Farewell," said he, in the gentlest tone, with one foot on the step of the carriage; "may your future be like the day around us, and become ever brighter.

And now, what last word will you give me to carry to my *good*, *dear*, *beloved* Firmian?" (I shall afterwards make an observation.)

She drew down her travelling veil, like the curtain of a concluded stage-life, and said from beneath it, in an inarticulate tone: "If I must, I must; let it be—this too! but you give me an additional sorrow to take with me, on my way."

Here, however, he jumped down, and the carriage rolled on with the much-impoverished Natalie over the ruins of her days.

If he had got a "no" in lieu of the forced "yes," he would have overtaken her again on the other side of the town, and again have got in as a chance passenger.

I promised above to make an observation—it is this:—that the friendship or love a maiden feels for a young man grows perceptibly to the eye when nourished by the friendship she observes to exist between him and his friends; and, polypus-like, it changes the latter into its own substance. Therefore Leibgeber had instinctively manifested his own feelings in a warmer manner than usual. To us men as lovers, on the contrary, such an electric charging or magnetic arming of our love, by the friendship we perceive between our beloved and her female friend, is seldom granted, however much our flame might be increased by the observation. All that falls to our share is, to see our beloved becoming, on our account, hard and frozen towards every other human creature, and presenting them with nothing but cups of ice and cold pudding, in order to brew the stronger love-potion for

ourselves. But this method of giving the heart, like wine, more spirit, strength, and fire, by letting it freeze round the boiling-point, may please a blind, selfish character, but never a bright, benevolent one. At least, the author of the present history confesses, that whenever he has beheld in a mirror, or in water, the reflection of the reversed face of the Janus-head distorted by hatred towards the whole world, while the face before him was melting in love, he himself has immediately made a few such hostile grimaces—to the Janus-head. A maiden should neither talk scandal, nor scold, nor hate, so long, at least, as she is in love, on account of the contrast. When she has become mother of a household, with children, cows, and maid-servants, no reasonable husband can object to a moderate degree of anger and a humble share of scolding.

Natalie had agreed to the strange proposition for many reasons: firstly, just because it was strange; secondly, because the word "widow" seemed to her enthusiastic heart to weave a mourning-band betwixt her and Firmian, which coiled charmingly and fantastically about the scene and the oath on that night-separation; thirdly, because to-day she had risen from one strong emotion to another; and now felt giddy on the height; fourthly, because she was boundlessly unselfish, and consequently troubled herself little about the possible appearance of selfishness; and lastly, because in general she concerned herself as little about appearance and the opinion of the world as a maiden well dare.

On obtaining all his objects, Leibgeber sent out a long, joyful, zodiacal light; and Siebenkäs did not

cast his mourning shade of night across it, but only middle tints. However, he now found it quite impossible to visit the two pleasure-gardens of Baireuth —Ermitage and Fantaisie—which for him had become Herculaneum and Portici; besides, he would be obliged to pass through the latter on his homeward journey, and exhume many things that were buried there. He did not intend to delay his departure long; for not only had the Luna set, which from her sky had shed a fresh silver glow upon all the white flowers and blossoms of spring, but his Leibgeber also was his *memento mori*—death's-head—which was for ever repeating, in a manner not to be misunderstood, though without tongue and lips, "Remember that thou must die (a mock death) at Kuhschnappel."

Leibgeber's heart was on fire to get away into the far distance; and the flames of his forest-conflagration longed to dart and play about, free and unbridled, on the Alps, in islands, and in royal cities.

The deluge of deeds at Vaduz, this paper state-bed and child-bed—*lit de justice*—would have become for him a heavy, gloomy sick-bed, on which the people formerly smothered hydrophobia patients out of compassion. It is true that a small town could as little endure him as he it; but still less could it understand him: were there not; even in the large town of Baireuth, many law-officers dining at the Sun (I have my information from their own lips), who considered his table-talk in the twelfth chapter, concerning the difficulty experienced by crowned heads in the palingenesis of hereditary princes, as a formal satire on a certain living margrave; whereas, in fact, he never ridiculed any individual, but only mankind *en masse*?

To be sure, he conducted himself with great levity in the open market-place, during the miserable eight days he passed in our town of Hof in Voigtland! Credible Variskers (so the old Voigtlanders were called in Cæsar's time, or, according to others, Nariskers) have informed me, that in the very neighbourhood of the senate-house, and in his best clothes, he publicly bought bergamotte pears, and bread in a baker's shop near at hand; and there still exist certain female Nariskers, who, having watched him, are ready to affirm that he consumed the above-mentioned sacrifice of food out of doors like a prince, and while he was walking, like a Roman army, notwithstanding that stall-feeding is now generally recommended. Others, who have danced with him, can attest that he attended masked balls in his dressing-gown and nightcap, and that he had worn them both in earnest all the day long, before he kept them on in jest for the evening. An intelligent Narisker, who was gifted with a good memory, not knowing that I had the fellow under my historical hands, quoted the following free speeches of Leibgeber:—

"Every man is a born pedant. Few after death, but almost all men before death, hang in cursed chains; therefore, in most countries a freeman means only a gaoler or a hangman.—Folly, as such, was serious; therefore a man committed the least when he was in jest. In his opinion, the creative spirit which brooded on the ink of colleges was what many fathers of the Church considered the spirit to be which, according to Moses, brooded on the waters—wind. Venerable councils, conferences, deputations, sessions, processions, &c., appeared to him not totally devoid

of comic salt, he said, when viewed as serious parodies of a pompous, empty gravity; the more especially as in general only one among the company (or his wife) really reported, voted, decided, governed, while the mystic *corpus* itself was merely appended to the green sessions-table as a mock image, for the joke of the thing; even as the flute-player is screwed upon flute-clocks: his fingers, indeed, move up and down the short flute which grows out of his mouth, so that children are out of their wits with astonishment at the talent of the wooden toy; while every clockmaker very well knows that there is a cylinder inside which plays hidden flutes with its hidden pins."

"Such language," answered I, "betrays a very bold, perhaps ironical, character."

It were much to be desired that every one in this resembled the author, who can here challenge all the Nariskers to bring forward a single act or word against him which could be termed satirical, or not exactly modelled according to the hat or cap-block of a *pays coutumier*. He begs to be contradicted if he utters an untruth.

A note was the shovel which, on the following day, cast the Advocate of the Poor out of Baireuth; that is, a letter from the Count de Vaduz, expressive of friendly regret on account of Leibgeber's ague and tallowy looks, and, at the same time requesting him to enter earlier on the government of his bailiwick. This little leaf attached itself to Siebenkäs as a wing, to hasten him towards his mock cocoon-grave, in order that he might fly out of it a new-born inspector. He turns back, and quits the beautiful town in the next chapter. In the present he is occupied in taking

private lessons of Leibgeber—whose part henceforth is to devolve upon him—in the art of cutting profiles. The master-tailor and Mentor of the scissors did nothing in this matter which deserves to be handed down by me to posterity, excepting one thing, which I heard from the mouth of Mr. Feldmann, the innkeeper, who was carving at the table at the time it occurred; but I cannot find a word about it in my own documents. It was nothing more than that a stranger who was at the table, among the profiles of many of the guests, also cut out that of the *silhouette improvisatore*, Leibgeber. The latter observing it, on his side secretly cut out, underneath the tablecloth, the supernumerary face-copier; and when the stranger offered the one portrait, he stretched out the other, saying, "*Al pari;*" thus paying him with the same coin. Besides these shadowed woodcuts, the traveller also composed different sorts of air; but he only succeeded in the phlogistic, which he easily manufactured by means of his tongue, and in which, like plants, he prospered and became coloured. It is more inhaleable, and better known by the name of *wind*, in order to distinguish it from the other uninhaleable phlogistic gases. After the phlogistic wind-manufacturer, who lectured well upon the other species of gas from the movable pulpit of his body, had departed with his tailor's wages, Henry made the following remark:—

"Thousands of persons should travel and teach at the same time. He who limits himself to three days may safely deliver excellent lectures on subjects which he understands but little. Thus much I already perceive, that now, on all sides, there are glittering

meteors revolving round myself and others, who throw us a flying light upon electricity, varieties of gases, magnetism,—in a word, on physics in general; however, that is nothing. But may I be choked with this duck's wing, if such pulpit-travellers and current teachers (not current scholars) might not lecture upon every branch of human knowledge to great advantage, especially on the most minute. Could not one person travel and lecture upon the first century after the birth of Christ, or upon the first millenary before his birth, for it would be no longer? I mean, could he not communicate it to the ladies and gentlemen in a few lectures,—another undertaking the second, a third the third, the eighteenth our own? I can picture to myself such transcendental travelling apothecaries' shops for the soul. For my own part, I would not even stop here; I would advertise myself as a peripatetic private tutor, and give chapters on the minutest points. For instance, in the electoral courts I would give instruction upon the surrender of the elective privilege; in old principalities, merely on the prince-iana; exegetically, in every place, upon the first verse in the first book of Moses; upon the sea-serpent, upon Satan, who may perhaps be the creature himself; upon Hogarth's tail-piece, as compared with some of Vandyke's heads upon gold and other head-pieces; on the true difference between hippocentaurs and onocentaurs, which best elucidates the distinction between geniuses and German critics;* upon Wolf's first paragraph, or Pütter's upon the funeral ale of Louis (XIV.) the

* The resemblance they are said to bear to the onocentaurs probably has reference to the rider Balaam, who wanted to pass an unfavourable judgment and could not.

magnified, and the public festival beneath his bier; upon the academic license which may be allowed to a cursory professor, in addition to his salary, of which often the greatest is that of shutting the door of the lecture-room: in short, upon every thing. Thus, and in this manner, it appears to me, when high circulating-schools are as common as village-schools,—when the scholars, as they have already begun to do, pass up and down between the towns like living weaving-shuttles, and every where attach the Ariadne thread, or at least the thread of their discourse, in order to weave it into something,—in this way, when every sun of a professorship carries about its own light, according to the Ptolemaic system, and pours it upon the dark orbs around it, fixed upon necks (which evidently is quite at variance with the Copernican system, in which the sun sits still in its pulpit in the midst of the travelling and circulating planets or students),—in this way, I repeat, one might cherish some hopes that at last something would be made of the world; at all events, a learned world. Philosophers would get nothing but the philosopher's stone,, money,—but fools would get the philosophers themselves, and knowledge of all sorts, and, what is more, the restorers of science would flourish; there would be no ground left but classic ground, upon which we should consequently be obliged to plough and to fight. Every gallows-hill would be a Pindus, every prince's seat a delphic cave; and I should like any one to shew me an ass in the whole German territory. Such would be the consequence if all the world were to go upon learned and teaching travels, save and except, indeed, that portion which must necessarily stay at home, if there is to be

any one to listen and to pay, like the *point de vue*, for which, in military reviews, the adjutant is often selected."

All at once he sprung up, and said, "Would that I could go some day to Brückenau;* there, upon the bathing-tub, should be my professor's chair, and seat of the Muses. The tradesman's wife, the councillor's lady, the countess or her daughter, should lie, like one of the crustacea, in her closed basin and relic-box; and, as out of her other dress, should poke nothing out of it but her head, which it would be my business to educate. What discourses, like Antonius of Padua, would I not triumphantly hold with the soft tench, or siren, though she may rather be likened to a fortress surrounded by a water-dike. I would sit and teach upon the wooden lid of her glowing charms, kept like phosphorus under water. But what would this be compared to the good I could do if I were to insert *myself* into such a case and lining, and play in the water, inside, like a water-organ, and devote my few official talents to the bench of scholars on my lid? It is true, I should be obliged to make my illustrative gesticulations under the warm water, since only the head with the doctor's hat would appear, like a sword's hilt out of the sheath. However, I should send forth

* In page 163 of the Pocket-Book for Visitors to the Watering Places, 1794, we are informed that, while the ladies are lying locked up in their bathing-pans, young gentlemen sit on the covers in order to entertain them while they are under water. Reason, indeed, can have nothing to object to it, as the wood of the tub is as thick as silk, and since every one must be in a covering in which she is without a covering. But sentiment or fancy may raise an objection, on the same grounds that a blanket, a quartet of an ell thick, would be a less becoming and close dress for a ball-room than a gauze dress; if the innocence of the imagination is not to be spared, there is no other innocence to spare,—the senses can neither be innocent nor guilty.

out of the bathing-tub beautiful doctrine, luxuriant ears of rice growing under water, and water-plants—a philosophic water-system and such like, and dismiss all the ladies, whom even now in fancy I see surrounding my quaker and Diogenes tub, sprinkled with the most excellent instruction! By heaven! I ought to hasten to Brückenau, not so much in the character of bathing-visitor as of private teacher."

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure. Pleasures of Travel. Arrival.

FIRMIAN departed. He left the hotel, which had been for him a Rhenish Monrepos, or Prussian Sans-souci, rather reluctant to exchange handsome apartments for bare walls. It had been particularly agreeable to one who had never before enjoyed any of the little comforts,—the soft padding, so to say, of this hard life, and had never had any other Jack at his service than the boot-jack,—to be able so easily to ring up, by means of the bell, to the stage of his chamber the chief actor,—the waiter John, from the scene-story; and, moreover, with plate and bottle in hand, which he alone and the public enjoyed, while the actor himself got nothing. While he was still standing at the door of the hotel, he paid Mr. Feldmann, the landlord, a compliment, which he shall immediately receive from me in print, as soon as it is out of the press, as a second glittering sign.

"Nothing is wanting to any of your guests," he said, "but the most important article, Time. May your sun reach the sign of the Crab, and remain there." Several of the inhabitants of Baireuth, who happened to be present and overheard the compliment, mistook it for a wretched satire.

Henry accompanied him about thirty paces beyond the reformed church as far as the churchyard, and

then parted with him more easily than he would have done but for the expectation of seeing him again in a few weeks, on his deathbed. He purposely refrained from accompanying him to Fantaisie, in order that his friend might give himself up quite undisturbed to the echo of enchantment, which the whole garden would send back to him from the spirit-harmonies of that blissful evening.

Firmian entered alone into the valley as into a holy mysterious temple. Every bush seemed to him transfigured by light, the brook as if flowing from Arcadia, and the whole valley spread open to him as a transplanted vale of Tempe; and when he reached the hallowed spot where Natalie had said to him, "Think of this day!" it seemed to him as if the sun poured forth a heavenly radiance—as if he heard the bee-like murmur of spirit-voices that had passed away —as if he must of necessity kneel down on this spot, and press his bosom on the dewy grass. Upon this trembling sounding-board he went over again the same path he had taken with Natalie, and one string after the other, now near a rose espalier, now from a fountain, now on the balcony, now in an arbour, gave again the old tones that had died away. In his intoxication his bosom became full, even to pain; a moist, transparent, radiant film covered his eyes, until at length it was condensed into a great drop. The brightness of the morning and the dazzling whiteness of the blossoms alone penetrated from the earth through his tear-filled eye, and the flower-woven veil of tears, into whose lily-bloom the soul sank down, overwhelmed and slumbering. It seemed as if, during the enjoyment of his Leibgeber's company, he had only felt

his love to Natalie in half its force, so powerfully fresh, and as with the air of heaven did Love fan him in this solitude with his ethereal flames. A youthful world blossomed in his heart.

Suddenly the bells of Baireuth broke in upon his reveries, announcing that the hour of his departure had struck, and he was seized with that feeling of anxiety with which, after parting, one lingers yet too long in the neighbourhood of the abandoned city of joy. He went away.

What a bright downy bloom fell upon all the meadows and mountains since he thought of Natalie and the never-to-be-forgotten kiss! The green world had now a language for him—that world which, on his hitherward journey, had been but a picture to him. He carried about him the whole day, in the darkest corner of his soul, a light-attracting magnet of joy; and, in the midst of distractions and conversation, he always found, on suddenly retiring within himself, that he had been the whole time full of happiness.

How often did he not turn back to gaze on the mountains of Baireuth, behind which, for the first time in his life, he had enjoyed days of youth! Natalie retreated behind him ever further towards the east; and morning-breezes, which had fluttered around the far-away lonely one, were wafted hither, and he drank the ether-flood as though it were the breath of his beloved.

The mountains declined. His paradise was submerged beneath the blue of heaven. His west, and Natalie's east, flew apart with double wings ever further and further from each other. As in bygone years of youth, he hastened, between seeing and

enjoying, past the flower-strewn limbs of the outstretched Spring.

In the evening he arrived at Thaldorf on the Jaxt, where, on his outward journey, he had so sorrowfully reviewed his days, so barren of love. He came there now with another heart, which was full of love and happiness, and again he wept. Here, where, amid the melting magic-lights of that former evening, he had asked himself, "What woman's soul has ever loved thee as the old dreams of thy bosom so often pictured to thee?" and where he had returned himself a sad answer; here he could think of the evening at Baireuth, and say to himself, "Yes, Natalie would have loved me!" and then the old sorrow rose again, but transfigured, from the dead. He had taken the oath to remain invisible to her on earth; he now drew near his death, and would never see her again. She had gone before him—*died*, so to say, before him—and had taken nothing with her into the long, dark years of her life, "and here I weep, and look into my life," said he, wearied out; and he shut his eyes without drying them.

On the morrow another world dawned upon him, —not the better one, but altogether the old one. As if the concentric magic circles of Natalie and Leibgeber reached no further, and could include no more than just the little vale of longing on the Jaxt, every step that he now made towards his home changed the poetry of his life into poetical prose. The frigid zone of his days—the imperial market-town—already lay nearer to him; the warm zone, in which the faded leaves of his ephemeral blossoms of joy fluttered in the breeze, lay far behind him. But, on the other

hand, the pictures of his domestic life came forth more and more into the light, forming a picture-bible, while the paintings of his month of rapture receded into a dark picture-gallery. I ascribe it partly to the rainy weather.

Towards the end of the week, not only the penitent and the churchgoer, but also the weather, changes, and the heavens and man change their shirts and clothes. It was Saturday, and cloudy. In damp weather the walls of our brains are like those of our rooms, where the paper absorbs the moisture, and curls up into clouds, until the dry weather makes both tapestries smooth again. Beneath a blue sky, I long for the pinions of an eagle; but beneath a cloudy one, I only desire a goose's wing for writing. In the former case, we wish to go forth into the wide world; in the latter, into our grandfather's arm-chair; in short, eight clouds, especially when they drop, make us domestic, good citizens, and hungry; but the blue sky makes us thirsty, and citizens of the world.

These clouds palisaded the Eden of Baireuth. As the drops fell faster and bigger on the leaves, he longed to rest on the conjugal heart that belonged to him, and which he was soon about to lose, and to be in his own narrow chamber. At last, when the ice-bergs of precipitous clouds had melted into a grey foam, and the setting sun was drawn out of this hanging-pond like a plug, and it consequently poured down, appeared Kuhschnappel.

Discordant contending feelings were trembling in his bosom. In contrast with more liberal men, the narrow little-townish market-place seemed to him so crumpled up and office-like, so pompously stiff and

narrowly formal, so full of troglodytes, that he could have felt tempted to wheel his green trellis-bed in broad daylight into the market-place, and sleep in it beneath whole rows of grand windows, without troubling himself about the great and little senate behind them.

The nearer he approached the stage of his death, the more difficult did this first and last part but one appear to him. We are bold and daring abroad, fearful at home. The cottage smoke and vapour also gnawed into him, which in itself oppresses us all so much, that there is rarely any one to be found who can quite lift his head above the vapour. A confounded inclination towards still-sitting comfort, that is to say, nestles in man: like a great dog, he lets himself be pricked and teased a thousand times rather than take the trouble to jump up in lieu of growling. To be sure, if he is once on his legs, he does not easily lie down again. The first heroic deed, or, according to Rousseau, the first earned dollar, costs more than a thousand that follow after. On the pillow of this domestic inclination, especially while he was beneath the clouds, our Siebenkäs was stung by the prospect of the tedious, difficult, dangerous financial and surgical operation of a theatrical death.

But the nearer he approached the Rabenstein, the mouse-tower of his former confined life, the more quickly and vividly did the feelings of his former heart-oppressing stamping-mills, and of his future redemption, succeed one another in his anxious bosom. He always thought he would have to fret and be full of cares, as before, because he forgot the open heaven of his futurity,—just as after a painful dream we are still agitated, though the dream be over.

But when he beheld the dwelling of his long-silent Lenette, every thing disappeared from his eye and his heart, and nothing lingered there but love and its warmest tear. His bosom, which every thought had charged with the sparks of love, had need of the marriage-bond as a chain to conduct them off. "Oh!" thought he, "am I not, besides, to tear myself away from her so soon, and draw from her eyes the tears of delusion, and give her the painful wound of mourning and of a funeral? We shall then never see each other again—never, never more, thou poor one!"

He hastened on more speedily, passed close by the window-shutters of his fellow-commander Merbitzer, and bent back his head to look at the windows above. The latter was splitting wood for the Sunday, and Firmian made him a sign not to betray him by any sentinel-cry. The old co-czar nodded in answer, with outstretched fingers, that Lenette was upstairs in her chamber alone. The well-known voices of the house, the quarrelsome screeching of the bookbinder's wife, the subdued singing of the zealous prayer-utterer and curser Fecht, met him, like sweet fodder, as he crept up the stairs. The waning moon of his movable pewter property shone on him from the kitchen, gloriously bright and silvery. Every thing had arisen fresh scoured out of the bath of regeneration. A copper fish-kettle, which, as long as it remained unmended, could not poison any vinegar, glowed upon him through the smoke of the kitchen-fire, like the sun through a halo. He opened the door of the sitting-room gently, saw that no one was in it, and heard Lenette making the bed in the chamber. With a hammer-knocking in his bosom, he made a long and gentle stride into the clean apartment, which had

already put on its Sunday shirt of white sand, and on which the bed-making river-goddess and water-nymph had expended all her water-skill to make it a finished work of art. How peacefully and harmoniously every thing reposed, the one thing near the other, after the business and bustle of the week! The rain-star had risen over every thing: his inkstand alone was dried up.

His writing-table was occupied by a pair of large heads, which, as cap-blocks, were already decked in Sunday-caps, in order that, on the morrow, the stuff might go forth from these guardians of the sex (*curatores sexûs*) to the several heads of the senators' wives.

He pushed the unclosed bed-room door wider open, and, after so long an absence, beheld his beloved wife standing with her back turned towards him.

All at once he thought he heard the fulling-mill steps of the Schulrath on the stairs; and, in order that he might pass the first minute on her heart, without the witness of a third eye, he said gently twice, "Lenette!"

She bounded round, screamed out, "Mercy on us! you?", and he was already on her bosom, and rested on her kiss, and said:

"Good evening, good evening; how are you? how have you been?"

His lips stifled the words he sought for. All at once she struggled out of his arms; two other arms seized him hastily, and a bass voice exclaimed, "We are also here! Welcome, Mr. Advocate of the Poor; praise and glory be to God." It was the Schulrath.

Poor feverish creatures that we are! Driven asunder by our own and others' infirmities, and yet ever again

drawn together by an eternal longing; in whom one hope after the other for another's love withers up, while our desires become nothing but remembrances! Our faint hearts are at least bright and brimful of love in the one hour when we return and meet again; and in the other hour, when we part, inconsolable; even as all the constellations appear milder, larger, and more lovely at their rising and setting than when they pass over our heads. But on the soul of him who loves ever and is never angry, these two twilight hours, ruled by the morning-star of meeting and the vesper-star of parting, fall too sadly,—he looks on them as two nights, and can scarcely bear them.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Butterfly Rosa in the Character of Mining-Grub. Thorn-Crowns and Thistle-Heads of Jealousy.

THE foregoing chapter was short, like our delusions. Alas, it was also one, poor Firmian! After the first storm of mutual catechising, after the information received and given, he became more and more aware that Lenette's invisible church, in which Pelzstiefel dwelt in the character of her soul's bridegroom, was to become a visible one. It was as if the earthquake of the previous joy had quite rent asunder the veil of the inmost sanctuary, in which Stiefel's head fluttered as cherub. But, to tell the truth, I am now speaking incorrectly; for Lenette *purposely* strove to exhibit a particular partiality for the Schulrath, who, in the rapture it occasioned him, flew from Arcadia to Otaheite, thence to El Dorado, and thence again to the Walhalla; a sure sign that his previous good fortune, during Firmian's absence, had not been so great. The Schulrath related that Rosa had quarrelled with the Heimlicher; and that the Venner, whom he had wished to make use of as a spinning-machine, had turned himself into an engine of war against him. This breach had been occasioned by the niece at Baireuth, whose hand the Venner had refused, because he had caught her kissing a gentleman of that place.

Firmian became as red as fire, and exclaimed, "Miserable reptile! The wretched giddy-pate has not

refused her, but has been refused himself. Mr. Schulrath, do you become the knight of the poor lady, and run this monster of a lie through the body wherever you may meet it. From whom have you heard this rubbish?"

Stiefel pointed quietly to Lenette: "From her."

Firmian started: "And from whom, then, have you heard it?"

She answered, with a blush that overspread her whole face: "Mr. von Meyern was here himself, and related it in person."

"But," interrupted the Schulrath, "I was immediately called, and cleverly got rid of him."

Stiefel then asked for the correct edition of the affair; and Firmian timidly, and with an unsteady voice, gave a favourable account of the rose-girl; a rose-girl in a threefold sense,—on account of the roses on her cheeks, her victorious virtue, and the gift of the green rose-buds. But, for Lenette's sake, he only awarded her the second prize, not the gold medal. He was obliged to bind the traitorous Venner as ram upon the altar of sacrifice in the place of Natalie, or at least harness him to her triumphal car as saddle-horse, and relate undisguisedly that the marriage had been prevented by Leibgeber, whose satirical sketches of Meyern had been the means of drawing her back, as it were by the sleeve, from the first step into the cave of the Minotaur.

"But," interposed Lenette, without the tone of interrogation, "Mr. Leibgeber had it all from you first."

"Yes," said he.

We mortals place on monosyllables, especially on

'yes' and 'no,' more accents than the Chinese possess. In the present case the 'yes' was a quick, unemphatic, cold 'yes;' for it was meant to be of no more importance than an 'and.'

She interrupted an astray-going question of the Schulrath's, with a question shot right into the bull's-eye: "*When* had Firmian been with her?"

Now for the first time the latter plainly observed with his telescope of war all sorts of hostile movements in her heart. He made a humorous diversion, and said: "Mr. Schulrath, when did you visit Lenette?"

"Three times at least in every week, sometimes oftener, and always at this hour," said he.

"I don't want to be jealous," said Firmian, "but observe, Lenette *is*, because I have been twice with Leibgeber in Natalie's company, once in the afternoon, and once in the evening, taking a walk in Fantaisie. Well, Lenette?"

She curled up her cherry lip, and her eye was like Volta's electrical condenser.

Stiefel departed, and Lenette sent after him down the stairs, from a face in which two fires were burning —the fire of anger and a more lovely one—a spark full of eye-love, enough to have exploded the whole powder-mill of a jealous man. The married pair were scarcely up-stairs in their room, when, by way of flattering her, he asked her:

"Did the confounded Venner tease you again?"

Hereupon all her fireworks, the scaffolding of which had long appeared in her face, went off cracking and hissing.

"Oh, of course you can't endure him. You are jealous of him, on account of your beautiful, *learned*

Natalie. Do you suppose, then, I don't know that you went about with one another the whole night in the wood, and that you hugged and kissed one another? Very pretty! Fie! I should not have believed it. Of course, *then*, the good Mr. von Meyern was obliged to leave the charming Natalie, with all her learning, in the lurch. Well, defend yourself: do!"

"I would have related the innocent point in which I am concerned in presence of the Schulrath," answered Firmian, gently, "had I not already perceived that you knew it. Do *I* then take it ill that he kissed you during my absence?"

This inflamed her still more; in the first place, because Firmian did not know it for certain—for *true* it was; and in the second place, because she thought —"It is very easy for you to forgive *now* that you love another better than me." But for the very same reason, because *she* loved another better than her husband, she ought to have pardoned him. Instead of answering his previous question, she, as usual, asked one herself:

"Have I given any one silk forget-me-nots, as a certain person gave a certain person? Thank God, I have mine safely redeemed in the drawers."

Heart now struggled with heart within him. His tender heart was pierced to the core by the unintentional association of such dissimilar forget-me-nots. But his man's heart was roused to anger at her hateful offensive and defensive alliance with the Venner, who, as was now evident, had sent the simple girl, whom Natalie had saved, into Fantaisie, as a screen, behind which to conceal himself and his web of revenge. Siebenkäs, in a voice of wrath, now turned his seat of

judgment into a penitent's stool for the Venner, abusing him as a canker-fly of female buds, a dove-hawk, a house-breaker of the treasures of marriage, and a soul-seller of mated souls; and declared with the greatest zeal, that it was not a Rosa who had refused a Natalie, but a Natalie a Rosa; and thereupon naturally forbade his wife, in a tone of command, to spread abroad any further copies of the Venner's lying half-romance: the consequence of all which was, that he transformed the poor woman, from head to foot, into a hard, pungent radish of Erfurt. . . . .

But let us not allow our eyes to dwell too long and too condemningly upon this rash, or this eruptive fever, of poor Lenette. For my part, I will leave her in peace, and prefer attacking the whole sex at once. It is to be hoped I shall do so, when I assert that women never paint with more caustic colours (so that Swift's black art is but a water-colour art in comparison) than when they have to depict the physical defects of other women; further, that the most beautiful face cracks, swells, and sharpens into an ugly one, when, instead of sorrowing over the deserter, it betrays indignation against the female recruiting officer. To speak more correctly, every woman is jealous of her whole sex, not because her husband, but because all other men run after it, and thus become unfaithful to her. Every one therefore makes the same vow against this vice-queen of the earth which Hannibal made (and kept as well as made) against the kings of the earth, the Romans. Consequently every woman possesses the power, which Fordyce ascribes to all animal bodies, of making the others cold; and, in fact, it is natural that each one should wage war against a race consisting

entirely of rivals. Hence, many call themselves sisters, or sisterly-united souls,—for instance, convents of nuns and Moravians,—because sisters being the persons most disunited among themselves, this name expresses the disposition they bear towards one another; hence, too, it is that the *parties carrées* of Madame Bouillon consist of three men and only one woman; and this probably also induced St. Athanasius, Basil, Scotus, and other theologians, to presume that all women, with the exception of Mary, will rise again on the last day as men, in order that no anger or envy may exist in heaven.

There is one queen alone who is loved, nourished, and sought after by many thousands of her sex,—the queen-bee by the working bees, who, according to modern observation, are all females.

I will conclude this chapter with a word in favour of Lenette. The wicked enemy Rosa, in order to repay like with like, or with still worse, had poured out whole seed-bags full of weeds into Lenette's open heart, and had unloaded before her, first, compliments and news of her husband, and, at last, all sorts of depreciatory innuendos.

She had believed him the more readily, because he slandered, abandoned, and sacrificed a learned girl; and her spite against the guilty Siebenkäs could not but grow infinitely, considering she was obliged to wait so long before she could let it loose. She also hated Natalie on account of her learning, from the want of which she herself had lost so much. With many other women, she was of opinion that in a Venus the head was not genuine; which many connoisseurs believe to be the case with the Venus de Medici. What made

her most indignant too, was, that Firmian defended a stranger more than his wife, indeed even at his wife's expense; and that Natalie, in her pride, had woven a basket* instead of a net for so rich a gentleman as Meyern; moreover, she was vexed that her husband confessed every thing, because she considered his openness nothing but haughty indifference to her indignation.

What did Firmian do? he forgave. His two reasons for this I approve—Baireuth and the grave. The former had separated him from her for so long, and the latter was about to part them for *ever*. A third reason might also be, that, as regarded his love to Natalie, Lenette was not altogether in the wrong.

* Vide note p. 84.

CHAPTER XVIII.

After-Summer of Marriage. · Preparations for Dying.

ALTHOUGH it was Sunday, and the minister opened his eyes as little as his hearers opened theirs, because, like many clergymen, he preached with his physical eyes shut, my hero nevertheless obtained from him the certificate of his birth, because it was indispensable for the insurance in the Brandenberg Widow's Provident Fund Institution.

Leibgeber had undertaken to provide for the rest. But enough of this; for I am not fond of talking much about the affair, since, some years ago, long after the debt of Siebenkäs had been repaid to the last heller, the Imperial Intelligencer publicly accused me of endangering morals and Widow's Provident Fund Institution, by my last volume of "Siebenkäs," and said, that he, the Intelligencer, felt it in consequence his duty to deal severely with me, after his manner, as I deserved. But am I and the Advocate, then, one and the same person? Is it not known to every one that, as in my marriage generally, so with regard to the Widow's Fund in particular, I act very differently from the Advocate, and that, up to this day, I have never died, either in appearance or in earnest, notwithstanding that for so many years I have paid a considerable sum into the above-mentioned Prussian Fund? Indeed, do I not even intend (this I may unhesitatingly assert) to

pay the specified sum into the fund for many years yet to come, even though it be to my own loss; so that at my death the fund will have gained more by me than by any other subscriber? These are my principles; and for the credit of the Advocate of the Poor I can say, that his principles differ little, if at all, from mine. His heart, which in all other respects was so true, had succumbed in Baireuth alone to the friendly storming and impetuosity of his Leibgeber, whose every wish he fulfilled, particularly as he had given his promise. Leibgeber in that moment of enthusiasm had intoxicated him with his own wild cosmopolitan spirit, which, in the unfettered transmigrations of his everlasting travels, led him to consider life too much in the light of a card and stage-mirror, as a game of chance and commerce, an opera buffa and seria at one and the same time; knowing, moreover, Leibgeber's contempt of money, and his pecuniary means, as well as his own, he consented to act a part in itself unjust, for which he was punished, while acting it, by sufferings, which he foresaw as little as the sermon of reproof which was to come out of Gotha.

And yet he might consider himself fortunate that only the Beckerian Intelligencer and not Lenette discovered Natalie's mock widowhood. Heavens! if the latter, with her silk forget-me in her hands (the *not* had flown away), had learnt Firmian's adoptive marriage! However, I neither wish the good woman to judge, nor will I judge her; but I will here ask all my female readers, and especially one among them, two remarkable questions:

"Would you not award my hero, from your seat of

judgment, for his upright warm behaviour to these two women, if not a chaplet of oak-leaves, yet of flowers, or, considering that four female hands play a duet sonata on his heart, at least a bouquet for his button-hole?" Dearest ladies, you cannot possibly give a better judgment than you have just given, although I am less surprised than pleased at it. My second question shall be put to you by no one but yourselves. Let every one ask herself:

"Suppose you had got this fourth volume in your hands, and were yourself Lenette, and were consequently acquainted with the smallest particular; how would the conduct of your married lord Siebenkäs please you? what would you do?"

I will answer for you: weep, storm,* scold, sulk, keep silence, break things, &c. &c.; so terribly is the finest moral feeling alloyed by selfishness, and bribed by it to give a double judgment upon one and the same cause. Whenever I am doubtful about the worth of a character or a resolution, I always assist myself by picturing it presented to me wet from the press in a novel or in a biography: if I then still assert that it is good, I may be sure that it *is* so.

It is more beautiful that the Graces should have dwelt in the old Satyrs and in Socrates, than that Satyrs should dwell in the Graces. The one that took up his abode in Lenette pushed about him with very sharp horns. Her unreturned anger now took the form of sneering; for his present mildness contrasted very suspiciously with his former Job-like disputations, whence

* The white blossom would weep, the red blossom storm; as the pale moon foretells rainy weather, the red moon a tempest (*pallida luna pluit, rubicunda flat*).

she inferred that his heart was completely hardened. Formerly, like a sultan, he liked to be served by mutes, until his satirical fœtus, his book, had been lifted into the world by the Roonhuysian lever and the emperor's-cut with the pen-knife;* even as Zacharias remained dumb until the child ceased to be so, and was born, crying at the same moment as the old man.

Formerly their married life often resembled most other marriages, in which the wedded pair are like those twin sisters** who were connected together by their backs, and were always quarrelling, but never saw each other, and continually turned towards opposite quarters, until the one ran away with the other.

Now, on the contrary, Firmian allowed all Lenette's discordant tones to growl away of themselves, without getting angry. Upon all her sharp corners, upon her *opera supererogationis* in washing, upon the water-sprouts of her tongue, fell a mild light; and the colour of the shadow which her heart, made of dark earth, cast, like every other, was very much lost in the blue of heaven; as, according to Mariette, the shadows beneath the starlight become as blue as the sky above them. And did not the great blue starry heaven hang over his soul in the form of Death? Every morning, every evening, he said to himself, "How much ought I not to forgive; for we shall remain so short a time together!" Every occasion of exercising forgiveness took from the bitterness of his voluntary departure;

* Alluding, I suppose, to the habit of Napoleon cutting the table with his penknife when he was giving birth to an idea. A table thus cut is exhibited at Fontainbleau.—*Tr.*

** In the Gomorner county: Windisch, *Geography of Hungary*. Buchanan mentions a similar twin-birth in Scotland.

and as those who are about to take a journey, or to die, are ever ready to forgive, and still more so those who witness these two events, so, during the whole day, the deep hot-spring of love in his bosom never grew cold. He determined to traverse the short dark alley of weeping willows, which led from his house to his empty grave (a full one, alas, for his love), leaning only on the arms of those dear to him, and to rest awhile between his friend and his wife, on every moss-grown seat within it, on either hand a beloved one. Thus, as Lavater observes, Death not only beautifies our lifeless forms, but the thought of it gives a more beautiful expression to the countenance even in life, and new strength to the heart; as rosemary is both placed as a chaplet on the brows of the dead, and gives life to the fainting by its vivifying essence.

"I am not at all surprised at it," the reader will here say. "In Firmian's situation every one would have felt as he did,—at least I should."

But, dear friend, are we then not already in his situation? Does the distance or nearness of our eternal departure make any difference? Oh, since we only stand here below as delusively solid and red painted images near our niches, and, like the old princes, crumble into dust and sink into our sepulchres when the unknown hand shakes the mouldering image,—why then do we not say, like Firmian, "How much ought I not to forgive; we shall remain so short a time together!"

We should spend four better days of penitence, fasting, and prayer, than the usual ones, if we had annually to endure four hard hopeless days of illness in succession; because from the bed of sickness, that ice-

region of life near its crater, we should look down with elevated eyes upon the shrinking pleasure-gardens and groves of life; because *there* our miserable race-courses appear shorter, and only the men upon them greater; and because we should there love nothing but the heart, and exaggerate and hate no other faults but our own; and, lastly, because we leave the sick-bed with better resolutions than we enter it, for the first day of convalescence of the over-wintered body is the season of bloom of a beautiful soul. It steps, as if transfigured, out of the cold rind of earth into a warm Eden; it desires to draw every thing to its weak heavily-breathing bosom, —men, and flowers, and spring-breezes, and every other bosom which had sighed for it on the sick-bed. Like others after their resurrection from the dead, it will love every thing for an eternity, and the whole heart is a moist, warm, gushing spring full of buds, beneath a young sun.

How Firmian would have loved his Lenette, if she had not obliged him to forgive instead of caressing her! Oh, she would have rendered his sham-death infinitely more bitter to him had she been to him as she was in the honeymoon! But his former Eden now bore a harvest of ripe "grains of paradise" (thus formerly were called the sound peppercorns). Lenette heated the purgatory of jealousy, and roasted him there ready for the future heaven of Vaduz. A jealous woman cannot be cured either by word or deed. She resembles the kettledrum, which of all instruments is the most difficult to tune, and keeps in tune the shortest time. A warm glance full of love was a blister to Lenette, for thus he had looked upon Natalie; if he appeared cheerful, then it was plain he was thinking of the past; if

he wore a sad expression, it was again the same thought, but full of longing. Do what he would, his face was to her an open letter, or handbill of the thoughts that were behind it; in short, her husband altogether only served her as good violin-rosin, with which she made the horse-hair rough, that she might scrape the *viole d'amour* all day long.

He was not allowed to let fall many words about Baireuth, scarcely the name, for she knew well enough what he was thinking about. He could not even decry Kuhschnappel strongly without awakening the suspicion that he was comparing it with Baireuth, and that, for reasons well known to her, he preferred the latter; he therefore, whether seriously or from indulgence I know not, confined his preference of my present place of residence to the imperial market-town simply to the buildings, and did not extend the commendation to the inhabitants.

There was one person, however, whom he named and praised, utterly regardless of her misconstruction, and the vexation his frequent praise might occasion,—this person was his friend Leibgeber. But it was precisely Leibgeber who, by exposing the character of Rosa, and by aiding and abetting her husband in Fantaisie, had become even more intolerable to Lenette than he had formerly been in her room, with his free and easy manners and his great dog. Even Stiefel, as she knew, had several times felt himself obliged to condemn his offences against decorum.

"My good Henry will now soon arrive, Lenette," said he.

"And his filthy beast along with him?" she asked.

"You might well love my friend a little more,"

said he; "not at all because of his resemblance to me, but on account of his faithful friendship. You would then also find less fault with his dog, as you would in my case, supposing that I kept one. He wants a faithful creature on his never-ending journeys, who will accompany him through good and ill fortune, through thick and thin, as Saufinder does; and he looks upon me as just such another faithful creature, and is right therefore in loving me so much. Besides," added he, as many thoughts passed through his mind, "the whole faithful comradeship will not remain long at Kuhschnappel."

However, he could not gain his suit for love by any love of his own. I begin to think that this was quite natural, and that Lenette, by her previous warm propinquity to the Schulrath, had been spoilt, and rendered susceptible by a temperature of love in comparison with which that of her husband must necessarily seem like a cold draught of wind. The jealousy of hatred acts like the jealousy of love; the cipher of nothing and the circle of perfection have one and the same symbol.

At last the Advocate was obliged to ground and prepare the way for his apparent death by seeming to fall ill; but he deluded his conscience into regarding this wilful bending and sinking towards the grave as nothing yet but an attempt to regain Lenette's embittered soul. Thus deluding or deluded, man ever pictures his deceit to himself either as smaller than it is, or as a philanthropic deception.

The Greek and Roman lawgivers invented dreams and prophecies, in which were contained the designs, and, at the same time, the permission to build, and

the materials of their plans. Alcibiades, for instance, invented a prophecy of the conquest of Sicily. Firmian, with suitable alterations, imitated this custom in his own household. He often spoke of his death in Stiefel's presence, for the latter sympathised more warmly in all that concerned him, and his feelings in consequence became Lenette's: he used to say that he would soon go away for ever,—that he would play at hide and seek without ever again being found by a friendly eye,—that he would go behind the bed-curtain of the shroud, and vanish. He related also a dream, which perhaps was not even an invention:

"The Schulrath and Lenette beheld in his room a scythe that moved backwards and forwards of itself; at last Firmian's empty dress walked about the room erect. They both said, 'He must have on another.' Suddenly the churchyard moved by in the street below with a hillock that was not yet green, and a voice exclaimed, 'Seek him not below; it is past.' A second softer voice called out, 'Rest, rest, thou weary one!' A third said, 'Weep not, if thou lovest him!' A fourth screamed in a terrific tone, 'Jest, jest,—the life and death of all mankind!'" Firmian wept first, then his friend, and lastly, with the latter, his angry wife.

But he now longed impatiently for Leibgeber's hand, which would conduct him better and quicker through the dark foreground and the close sultry forehell of his artificial death. His heart was now too much softened for it.

Once, upon a lovely evening in August, it was more so than usual; on his countenance hovered that transfiguring serenity of resignation, of tearless emotion, of smiling mildness, which is seen when sorrow is rather

exhausted than relieved; as sometimes on the blue heaven falls the pale-tinted shadow of the rainbow. He resolved to pay his last parting visit to-day to the much-loved country.

To his soul, not to his eye, a thin fog hung floating over the light landscape, like the soft yielding vapour thrown over their landscapes in lieu of a veil by the brush of Berghem or Wouverman. As if to bid them farewell, he visited, touched, gazed upon every thick shrub, beneath which he had been used to recline while reading; every darker-looking little whirlpool, beneath the bare-washed tortuous roots of old trees; every odour-breathing moss-grown crag; every step of the ascending hill-stairs, upon which he had artificially multiplied the sun-rise and sun-set; and every spot where the great Creation had forced tears of enthusiasm from his bosom overflowing with rapture. But, in the midst of the high standing corn, the oft-repeated story of creation in the life-teeming brood-cell of Nature, in the seed-nursery of the ripe boundless garden, a hollow broken voice was heard above the clear notes of the drum in the Alexander's feast of Nature, asking, "What dead thing wanders among my life, and sullies my blossoms?" It seemed as if a voice sung to him from out the deep flush of evening: "Wandering skeleton, with the string-instrument of nerves in thy bony hand, thou dost not play thyself; the breath of infinite life breathes upon the æolian harp, awakening its music, and thou art played upon!" But the sad delusion soon faded away, and he thought: "I am played upon, and play at the same time,—I am thought, and I think; the green bark does not sustain my dryad, my *spiritus rector* (the spirit), but is itself sustained by the latter.

The life of the body depends as much on the spirit as that of the spirit on the body,—every where life and power exist: the grave, the decaying body, is a world full of struggling powers. We change the scenes, but never quit the stage."

When he returned home he found the following billet from Leibgeber:—

"I am on the way: set out on yours.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Ghost. Going Home of the Storms in August, or the Last Quarrel. Clothes of the Children of Israel.

ONE night, about eleven o'clock, a noise, as if a few hundredweights of Alps had fallen in, was suddenly heard in the garret. Lenette went up stairs with Sophy to ascertain if it were the devil, or a cat. The women returned with white and disturbed wintry faces. "Ah, God preserve us!" said the landlady; "Mr. Advocate is lying up stairs stretched out on the pallet, like a corpse."

The living Advocate, who received the information, was seated in his room. He said it was not true, otherwise he also would have heard the noise. From this deafness all the women now surmised what it portended, namely, his death. The cobbler Fecht, who, by right of royal succession, was to-night the reigning watchman, resolved on shewing where his heart was, and armed himself simply with the watchman's staff (that was his whole park of artillery), but in secret he stuck a hymn-book, bound in black, into his pocket, as a regiment of saints, in case, by any accident, the devil really happened to be up stairs. On the way he repeated great part of the evening blessing, which was more than could reasonably have been required of him this evening when he was Watchman-archon, considering that his hourly call was but a long-drawn-out evening prayer, divided among the streets. He was

just about to march boldly up to the pallet-bed, when, unfortunately, he too saw the white-powdered face before him, and behind the bed a hell-dog with eyes of fire, which seemed to be grimly watching the corpse. Suddenly he stood, as if petrified into a lifeless sentinel-watchman hewn out of alabaster, hard-boiled in the sweat of his terror, and held his staff before him. He foresaw that if he turned round to jump down stairs, the thing would gripe him from behind, saddle him, and ride him down. Luckily a voice from below dropped like a cordial, or water of courage, into his heart, and he presented his boar's spear, with the intention of running the apparition through the body, or at least of measuring its cubic contents with the gauge. But when, at this moment, the white object began to raise itself slowly up, it seemed to him as if he had a pitch-cap on his head, and some one were wrenching the cap, together with the hair within it, each moment further off his shoulders, and he could no longer hold the eel-spear with both hands, not because he let go the handle, but because the spear became as heavy as if his biggest journeyman were hanging at the other end of it. He laid down his arms, and, with three touches, flew boldly over the uppermost octave of the stairs down to the counter-bass touch, or step.

Down below, he swore, in presence of the landlord and all the lodgers, that he would fulfil the duty of night-watchman without a staff, for the spirit had possessed himself of it: indeed, he shivered, as if from frost, every time his eye wandered over the features of the Advocate's face. Firmian was the only one who volunteered to fetch the lance. When he got up stairs, he found, as he had guessed, his friend Leibgeber,

who had powdered himself over with an old cast-off wig, in order to introduce Firmian's mock-death, and break it to the people by degrees. They gave each other a silent embrace, and Henry said on the morrow he would come up stairs, and arrive in proper order.

On rejoining the people below, Firmian merely observed, that "there was nothing to be seen up stairs but an old wig; here was the spear of the nimble-footed spearsman; and he beheld before him two timid female hares and one male hare." But the whole conventicle knew very well what they had to think. A person must be totally devoid of understanding and empty-headed who would give a farthing for the Advocate's life; and the ghost-seer and seeresses thanked God heartily for their deadly fright, as being a pledge of their own more prolonged life. Lenette, during the whole night, had not the courage to sit up in the trellis-bed, lest she should see the very image of her husband.

On the morrow, Henry mounted the stairs with his dog, and in dusty boots. To the Advocate of the Poor it seemed as if the hat and shoulders of his friend must be strewn with blossoms from the Eden of Baireuth. He was as a statue to him out of the lost garden. For Lenette, on that very account, this palm-tree from Firmian's East Indian possessions in Baireuth was nothing but a prickly holly (we will not speak of Saufinder), and now less than ever could she find any pleasure in such a gooseberry-bush, such a thistle's head, which was as beautiful as though it came fresh from Hamilton's brush.*

* Who distinguished himself as much by his painted thistles as Swift by others.

I cannot help acknowledging, however, that, owing to his warm affection for his Firmian, his behaviour to Lenette, who was equally in the wrong and in the right, was somewhat too reserved and cool. We never hate a woman more heartily than when she torments our friend; as, on the other hand, a woman feels most dislike to the tormentor of her darling girl.

The scene that I am now about to describe makes me feel most strongly the wide difference that exists between the novel-writer, who can skip over every thing disagreeable, and sweeten every thing for himself, his hero, and his readers, and a plain historian like myself, who must dish up every thing in a purely historical form, and not trouble himself about seasoning it either with sugar or salt.

If formerly, therefore, I entirely omitted the following scene, it was a fault indeed, but not surprising, since it was in the years when I preferred pleasing my readers to instructing them, and desired to paint beautifully rather than to draw correctly.

For a long time past, Lenette had been unable to endure Leibgeber (or any thing belonging to him), because he, who was nothing but a common man, and had neither title nor reputation, conducted himself in public in so free and easy a manner towards her husband,—an advocate of the poor, a learned scholar, and long established citizen of Kuhschnappel,—and because he, as well as her husband, who was seduced by him, did not wear a queue; so that many persons pointed at them with their fingers, and exclaimed, "Look at the pair!" or, "*Par nobile fratrum!*" Lenette was able to gather these and still worse sayings from the most genuine historical sources. It is true

that, at the present day, it requires as much courage to append a tail to one's person as it did formerly to cut it off. In our days, unlike by-gone times, a canon does not need to make himself a queue in order to be a pleasant companion, and consequently he is not obliged to cast it off twice in the year, like a peacock's tail, that he may legally earn his income of 2,000 florins by appearing in the choir at vespers with close-cropt hair. He now wears it so at the card-table as well as in the choir.

In the few countries where the queue still prevails, it is chiefly as the pendulum of service and axis of state; and long hair, which, in former days, was worn by the Frank kings as one of the royal insignia, is now just as appropriately worn by our soldiers as a symbol of servitude, so long as it is not flying about loose and unbound, as was the case with the above-mentioned kings, but tightly laced and imprisoned by the queue-ribbon. The Frieslanders have long been accustomed to take an oath by grasping the queue, and this was called the Bödel oath;* and thus, in some countries, the military or flag-oath presupposes a queue; and if, among the ancient Germans, a queue borne aloft on a pole represented a parish,** is it not very natural that a company or regiment, every individual soldier of which wears his own tail behind, should form, so to say, a company-queue of patriotic union, and represent German nationality?

Lenette now no longer made any secret of the fact to her husband (for Stiefel supported her from afar), that, in the main, Leibgeber and his ways were little or not at all to her taste.

* Dreyer's Miscellanies. ** Westenrieder's Calendar.

"My late father was, for a long time, clerk of the senate," said she, in Leibgeber's presence; "but he behaved like other people both as regarded his dress and in other respects."

"In his capacity of copyist," answered Siebenkäs, "he was, of course, obliged to copy in one way or another, with his pens or with his coat. My father, on the contrary, cocked rifles for princes, and did not trouble himself about any thing else, and what happened, happened. There is a considerable difference between the two fathers, wife!"

She had previously, on several occasions, introduced the subject, and compared the clerk with the rifle-cocker, giving Siebenkäs to understand, by innuendoes, that his father had by no means been so gentlemanly as hers, and that therefore he could not have had the genteel education by which people learn manners, and in general how to compose themselves. This ridiculous contempt of his genealogical tree always irritated him so much that he could not help laughing at himself. However, he was less struck by this little side-thrust at Leibgeber than by her unusual care to avoid any physical contact with him: she could never be induced to touch his hand; and a kiss from him, she said, would "be the death of her." Notwithstanding all his pressing solicitations and questions, Siebenkäs could get no other answer from her than the following,—she "would tell him after he was gone;" but then, unfortunately, he himself would be gone, and in his coffin, that is to say, on his way to Vaduz.

Even this unusual obstinacy of a rigid cap-block could be borne by him pretty tolerably, at a time when

his one eye was warming itself beside his friend, the other was cooling itself beside the grave.

At length something else was superadded; and as I am sure that nobody will narrate the event more faithfully than myself, I may be believed. One evening, just before Leibgeber returned to his hotel (I think it was "the Lizard"), the deep black half-disk of a storm silently arched itself over the whole west of the sun, and closed ever nearer and nearer over the trembling world. It was then, while the two friends were conversing about the glory of a storm, about the union of heaven with the earth, the highest with the lowest, —about "the ascension of heaven into earth," to use Leibgeber's phrase, that Siebenkäs observed, how, in reality, it was only the imagination that pictured or developed the storm, and that by it alone the highest was linked with the lowest. I wish he had followed the advice of Campe and Kolbe, and instead of the foreign word "phantaisie," had employed the native German word for imagination; for the pure-speaking language-sweep, Lenette, began to listen as soon as he had uttered the word. She, who had nothing but jealousy in her bosom, and nothing in her head but the Fantaisie of Baireuth, had applied to it all that the friends had said in praise of the human imagination; as, for instance, how it (*i. e.* the Baireuth Fantaisie, thought Lenette) blessed us by the beauty of its lofty creations; how it was only by living in the enjoyment of its beauties that a Kuhschnappel could be endured (certainly, because one thinks of one's Natalie, thought she); how it strewed our barren life with flowers (with a few silk "forget-me-nots," said Lenette to herself); and how it (the Baireuth Fantaisie)

not only gilded the pills of life but also the nuts, indeed even the Paris-apple of beauty itself.

Heavens! what double meanings on all sides! for how excellently Siebenkäs might have confuted the error of confounding the phantasy, or imagination, with the Fantaisie, by simply shewing that little of the poetic one was to be found in that of the margraviate, and that Nature had poetically created beautiful romantic valleys and mountains which French taste decked out with its rhetorical flowers, fabrics of periods, and antitheses; and that Leibgeber's observation about the imagination, which gilded the apple of Paris, was applicable to the Fantaisie in another sense, for the French Christmas-gilding had first to be scraped off its natural apples ere the fruit could be tasted.

Scarcely had Leibgeber quitted the house and gone forth, as was his wont, into the storm, which he loved to enjoy out of doors, when Lenette's storm broke loose, before that of the heavens.

"So, I have heard, with my own ears, how this atheist and peace-breaker joins your name and Natalie's in the Fantaisie of Baireuth,—and is a woman to offer such an one her hand, or touch him with a finger?"

She let a few more thunder-claps roll after this; but I owe it to the poor woman, who, by many different mixtures, has become transformed into a fermenting-tub, not to recount all her frothings-up. In the mean time, the leaven of the husband also began to ferment; for to abuse his friend before his face (no matter in what misunderstanding it originated, and he did not even seek to discover it, since none could excuse it), was in his eyes a sin against the holy ghost

of his friendship, and he accordingly returned the thunder with interest.

It may be said in excuse of the man, and of course of the woman too, that the sultry atmosphere of the storm fanned the fiery fuel in his head into still fiercer flames, which made him pace up and down the room as if he were mad, and straightway blow up into the air the resolution he had formed to overlook every thing in his Lenette for the short time previous to his death; for he neither would nor could endure that the inheritor of his name should do injustice, either in word or deed, to his last friend in life and death. I shall convey some idea of the volcanic eruptions of the Advocate, which, for his sake, I shall pass over in silence, when I mention that he now screamed out, thundering in emulation of the storm:

"To such a man!" and with the words, "you too are a woman's head!" he gave a box on the ear to the cap-block, which was already proudly adorned with a hat and feathers. As this head was Lenette's favourite sultana among the other heads, nothing could reasonably have been expected to follow such a blow but as violent an outbreak of wrath as if it had happened to herself (just as Siebenkäs himself boiled over for his friend); but nothing ensued, save a silent flood of tears.

"O God!" she only said, "do you not hear the awful storm?"

"Thunder here, thunder there!" retorted Siebenkäs, who having once rolled over the philosophical summit of repose, which he had hitherto maintained, fell, according to both physical and spiritual laws, with ever increasing velocity until he reached the bottom;

"would that the lightning did but strike the heads of all the Kuhschnappel rabble who slander my Henry!"

As the storm increased in loudness, she spoke yet more mildly, and said, "Jesus! what a clap! Repent, lest it should strike you in your sins!"

"My Henry is out in the open fields," said he; "oh, that the lightning would but strike him dead, and me too with the same flash! Then I should be spared all this wretched dying, and we should remain together!"

So terribly daring—thus openly braving all life and religion—his wife had never before beheld him, and she therefore naturally expected that the lightning would fall on the Merbitzer-house, and strike both him and herself dead, to serve as a warning.

Such a dazzling flash of lightning now illumined the whole sky, followed by so tremendous a clap of thunder, that she offered him her hand, and said:

"I am willing to do every thing you desire; only, for God's sake, be penitent. I will even offer my hand to Mr. Leibgeber, and kiss him, whether he has washed his or not after his dog has licked it; and I will pay no attention, however much you may praise the gilding and blooming Fantaisie of Baireuth."

Heavens! how deep into two labyrinthical passages of Lenette's heart the lightning now threw its light, revealing to him how she had innocently confounded Fantaisie and imagination, as I have already related, and how he himself had mistaken her disgust for hatred! Respecting the latter, the fact was, that, in her feminine cleanliness and love of neatness, being more nearly allied to cats than to dogs, who disregard both and the cats too, Leibgeber's hand, after it had been

licked by Saufinder's tongue, was for her an Esau's hand full of chiragra and a thumb-screw for her own; her disgust was such, that she could not endure to touch him; and Henry's lips, even though ten days might have elapsed since the dog had sprung up to them, were the greatest scarecrows which disgust could offer to her. Even time was no lip-salve for her.*

But this time the discovery of the error did not bring peace as usual, but renewed the command of separation. Tears, indeed, came into his eyes, and he gave her his hand, and said:

"Forgive for the last time; in August, as it is, the storms go home." But he could neither offer nor receive a kiss of reconciliation. Irrevocably did this last fall from his warmest resolutions of forbearance pronounce the distance of their inner separation. What avails the insight into errors, when their sources remain? Of what avail to cut off a few streams from the ocean, when the clouds and the billows still exist? The insult he had offered to the cap-block occasioned him afterwards the greatest pain; it became for him a gorgon's head, which for ever threatened and took vengeance.

He now sought his friend with renewed love, be-

* Nothing is more unreasonable, unconquerable, and inexplicable than disgust,—this inconsistent alliance between the will and the mucous membrane of the stomach. Cicero says, the modest never willingly pronounce the word "modesty" (this transcendental disgust); and thus the squeamish person deals with disgust, particularly as physical and moral purity are neighbours, as the cleanly and chaste Swift proved in his own person. Even physical disgust, the object of which is more imaginary than real, affects the moral feeling more than is supposed. Pass through the streets with indigestible food or tartar emetic in your stomach, and you will feel towards twenty hearts and faces, and, on coming home, for still more books, a stronger moral and æsthetic distaste than at any other time.

cause he had suffered in his cause, and with new zeal, in order to arrange with him the plan of his death.

"Of what dangerous illness," said Henry, commencing the medical consultation, "would you prefer to die? We have the finest assortment of the most fatal cases before us. Will you have an inflammation of the windpipe, or of the bowels (*enteritis*), or an inflamed uvula; or would you prefer a brain-fever, or a choking rheum; or is, perchance, the croup, the colic, and the devil and his grandmother more agreeable to you? We have likewise at hand all the miasms and contagious matter we may require; and if to them we add, as a poison-powder, the month of August,—the harvest-month for reapers and doctors,—you can never survive it."

"Like most beggars," answered Firmian, "you have every calamity on sale,—blindness, lameness, and all. For my own part I am a friend to apoplexy,—this *volti subito*, this express post, and hurried baptism of death. I am sick of all lawsuit-like prolixities."

"That is indeed the *summarissimum* of death," observed Leibgeber; "but nevertheless, according to the best pathologies I am acquainted with, we must make up our minds to a triple attack of apoplexy. We cannot in this matter regulate our conduct according to Nature, but in accordance with a fundamental law of medicine, in obedience to which Death always forwards three bills of exchange before one is accepted and honoured *yonder*,—or he strikes three times with his auction-hammer."

"But, devil take it!" retorted Siebenkäs, in a comically earnest voice, "if the apoplexy strikes me power-

fully *twice*, what more can a physician require? However, I can't fall ill for three or four days to come; I must wait for a cheaper coffin-maker."

The right of making coffins, as is well known, belongs to the carpenters by turns; and a person is forced to pay such a shipwright of the last ark whatever he demands, because the heritage of a dead person, like the palace of a departed doge and pope, is always given over for plunder to the undertaker, the excise-officer of Death.

"This respite from the gallows," answered Leibgeber, "may also serve another purpose: look here, I have bought this old family collection of sermons at half-price, because nowhere such impressive sermons are delivered as in this work, and that, moreover, in its wooden case, wherein sits a living preacher, shut up as it were in a pulpit."

In this cover was enclosed the beetle called the death-tick, wood-borer, or *ptinus pertinax*, because, on being touched, it assumes the appearance of a dead animal, which it preserves amid all its tortures, and because its blows, which are nothing but a knocking at the door for its loved mate, are taken for the knocking of Death himself; wherefore, in former times, a piece of furniture in which this knocking was heard was considered an important prize and heir-loom.

Leibgeber went on to say, that, as he hated nothing in the world so much as a man who, from the fear of death, tried to outwit God and the devil by a sudden conversion; so he liked to hide the book of sermons for a few days, unobserved, among the furniture of hell-fearing sinners, in order to torment them well with the funeral sermon which the beetle preached in

advance, although the insect itself, like many other clergymen, was only thinking of worldly things. "But could I not take an opportunity of inserting the volume, together with the funeral preacher, among your books, that your wife might hear it and think of death—of yours, that is to say—and thus, by degrees, become more accustomed to it?"

"No, no," exclaimed Firmian, "she shall not suffer so much beforehand; she has already suffered enough."

"Be it so, then," said Henry; "though, in another sense too, my beetle would be very appropriate for you; since the death-tick, or *ptinus pertinax*, knows how to simulate death as well as you will."

As for the rest, he rejoiced that every thing fitted together so well, and that exactly a year had passed away since he had stepped upon the glass wig of Blaise, and had abused him without harming himself; for abuse remains in force only a year, with the exception of a critic's, whose reign lasts no longer than that of the rector in Ragusa, a month,—that is to say, as long as the periodical circulates in the reading society; even a book, which may be said to hold the rank of dictator in the republic of letters, may not, on account of its great influence, reign longer than a Roman dictator, *i. e.* six months.

They returned to a newly dressed and newly arranged room. Lenette did what she could to paint over the flaws in her house-keeping, like those in china, with flowers; and she always composed parts in which the broken string of a piece of furniture would not require to be touched.

On this occasion Firmian sacrificed more jests than was otherwise his wont, or than Henry now did, to her endeavours to erect screens every where round the steppes and fallows of their poverty. Women, even the unintellectual, are the most acute augurs and prophets in all that more nearly concerns themselves. Lenette is a proof of it. In the evening Stiefel was there. A discussion arose, and the latter openly declared himself to be of opinion, with Salvian, and many other good theologians,* that the children of Israel,—whose clothes, during the forty years' sojourn in the wilderness, never had a hole,—always remained of the same size, because of their dress; excepting the children, who wore a coat cut out of the wardrobe left by the dead, which grew in length and breadth together with their bodies. "In this manner," added he, "all the difficulties of the great miracle are easily solved by little by-miracles."

With a sparkling eye Leibgeber answered, "I already believed that when I was in my mother's womb. There was not a hole to be found in all the army of Israel, those which were brought out of Egypt excepted, and they never grew bigger. Even supposing, indeed, that, during the time of mourning, any one scratched a hole in his cheek or dress, both holes sewed themselves together again simultaneously. It is a crying pity, that this was the first and last army whose uniform was a fine kind of over-body, which grew with the soul that it enveloped, and where, by degrees, the frock-coat waxed strong unto an electoral mantle, and from a *microvestis* grew into a *macrovestis*. I perceive that, in the wilderness, the process of eating was a cloth manufactory.

* Bibliothèque ancienne et mod. T. IV. p. 59. 60.

Manna was the English wool, and the stomach was the weaving-loom. An Israelite who fattened himself sufficiently yielded at that period in his own person the proper produce of the land and wilderness. If I had then had to enlist soldiers, I should merely have hung the coat of the recruit on the military measure.

"But how is it in our wilderness, which does not lead to the promised land, but into the land of Egypt? In our regiments the private soldiers grow every year, but no coats; indeed, the uniform is only made for dry years and withered people; in wet seasons the clothes contract like good hygrometers, and perspiration steals more cloth than the army-tailor, or even than the purveyor. The general who might happen to count upon the stretching of the regimentals, considering, in addition to the example presented by the Israelites, that of the clothes'-moths and snails, who do not expand to suit their shells, but whose shells stretch to suit their bodies; such a chief, I say, would go mad on the subject, because the regiments would then fight in the state of the ancient athletes, and the regiments themselves would become desperate."

Lenette thought that this innocent sermon, which was merely directed against Stiefel's exegetic folly, was directed against her wardrobe. This German woman was like the German man, who looks for a *particular* satirical kernel within every rocket and firework-wheel of humour. Siebenkäs therefore begged him to pardon his poor wife—upon whose heart, as it was, so many sharp-toothed pains were now cast—the unavoidable, unconquerable ignorance of her interpretation, or rather to spare her the knowledge of it altogether.

At length a Kuhschnappel bagnio-proprietor died, and fell under the plane of the expensive carpenter.

"I have now no time to lose for my apoplexy," said Siebenkäs, in Latin; "for who can guarantee that no one shall die before me, and appropriate the cheap carpenter?"

It was therefore agreed that he should be taken ill on the following evening.

CHAPTER XX.

The Apoplectic Stroke. The President of the Board of Health. The Public Notary. The Will. The Knight's-Leap. The Preacher Reuel. The Second Stroke.

IN the evening Henry lifted the curtain of the tragedy, full of comic gravedigger scenes, and Firmian lay on the bed speechless, with an apoplectic head and the whole of his right side paralysed. The patient could only forgive himself for his imposture, and the pain it occasioned Lenette, by taking a secret oath to send her anonymously the half of his annual income when he was inspector at Vaduz; and by picturing to himself that, through his death, she would gain joy, freedom, and her lover. The tenants of the house gathered in a circle round the stricken man; but Leibgeber drove them all out of the room, saying that the sufferer required rest. It afforded him real pleasure to be able to go on uttering humorous lies one after the other. He filled the office of hereditary imperial doorkeeper, and locked the door against the doctor, who was prescribed.

"I will prescribe some little remedy for the patient myself," said he, "but that little will restore to him, for a time, the power of speech. The confounded dead-rivers of mixtures, Mr. Schulrath (for the latter had been fetched immediately), are like the rivers which every year demand a dead body."

He prescribed a simple cooling draught, and read aloud, as he wrote:

"℞ Conch. citratæ sirup. j.
Nitri crystallisati gr. x.
D.S. cooling mixture."

"But, before all," said he, in a commanding tone, "the feet of the patient must be bathed in warm water."

The whole house knew that all would be unavailing, since his death had been but too truly foretold by the pale apparition; and Fecht felt a sort of compassionate satisfaction that he had not prophesied wrong.

Scarcely had the invalid swallowed the cooling draught, when he was again able to speak intelligibly, though not loud, to the astonishment of the burial insurance company in the chamber. The domestic tribunal was hardly glad of it; but the good Henry had now an excuse for resuming his cheerful mien. He consoled the Advocate's wife, by saying, that "pain here below was nothing more than an initiation to something higher,—the box on the ear or sword-stroke, by which a man is made a knight."

The sick man had a very tolerable night after the draught, and he himself again cherished some hope. Henry would not permit the good Lenette, with her eyes full of tears and sleep, to watch by his bedside at night. He said, he himself would wait on the patient, if he should grow worse in the night; but the latter event was not possible, since in the night they agreed with one another, like princes, in Latin, that death, or the fifth act of this tragic interlude, which in the tragedy of life is only a scene, should take place on the morrow evening.

"Even to-morrow," said Firmian, "is too long. My Lenette's distress is inexpressibly painful to me. Alas! like David, I have to make a wretched selection between famine, pestilence, and war, and no other choice is left me but his. You, dear brother, you are my Cain, and you kill me, and believe as little as he did in the world to which you send me.* Verily, before you prescribed me the cooling powder which obliged me to speak, I wished, in my silent gloom, that the jest might become earnest. One day I must pass through—through the gate beneath the earth which leads from the dwellings around into the fortress of futurity, where we are safe. O Henry! it is not the act of dying that is so painful, but the *parting*—I mean, from worthy souls."

"Against this last bayonet-thrust of life," answered Henry, "Nature holds before us a broad Achilles'-shield. On the death-bed our moral feelings become cold before we ourselves become so physically; a strange courtier-like indifference to all from whom we have to part creeps like frost through the dying nerves. Sage spectators afterwards say, 'Behold, only a Christian can die so resignedly and trustingly!' Do not mind, good Firmian. The few sad, hot minutes you must suffer until to-morrow are, for the sick spirit, like a good warm bath of Aix water, which, to say the truth, has a horrible stench of rotten eggs, but after some time, when the water is cold, it does not smell at all."

On the morrow, Henry commended him, in the following strain: "As Cato the Younger slept peace-

* The Rabbis pretend that Cain murdered his brother because the latter confuted him when he (Cain) denied the immortality of the soul. Thus the first murder was an *auto-da-fé*, and the first war a religious war.

fully the night before his death (history heard him snore), so you also appear this night to have given a renewed example of that greatness of soul, in these marrowless times: if I were your Plutarch, I should mention this circumstance."

"But in earnest," answered Firmian, "I should be very glad if, some years hence, when death shall have sent the second bill of exchange, some clever man, some historical painter—West—should honour this strange first death of mine with a good description for the press." . . . A biographical West has, it seems, so honoured it; but I will candidly confess that it gave me incredible pleasure to find among the documents this bedside conversation and wish, which I am so literally fulfilling.

Thereupon Leibgeber said: "The Jesuits in Löwen once upon a time edited a little book, in which the terrible end of Luther was well described, but in Latin. Old Luther got hold of the work, and translated it, as he did the Bible, merely adding at the end, 'I, Dr. Martin Luther, have myself read and translated this narrative.' Were I in your place, I would also write this remark when I translated my death into English."

Do write this, dear Siebenkäs, since you are still alive; but, by all means, translate me!

The morning generally brings refreshment to the human laid-corn, whether upon the hard sick-bed or on the softer mattress, and with its morning breeze it raises up the bowed flowers and human heads; but our invalid remained lying. The disease made anxious progress, and he could not disguise from himself that he retrograded; at all events, he determined to settle

his affairs. This first quarter to the hour of dying, struck by the death-bell, pressed like a heavy, sharp bell-hammer into Lenette's heart, out of which the warm stream of early love burst forth in bitter tears.

Firmian could not look upon this inconsolable weeping; he stretched out his arms beseechingly, and the suffering one laid herself gently and obediently between them, on his bosom; and now the warmest love mingled their hearts, their tears, and their sighs; and though deeply wounded, they reposed happily in each other's arms, at so short a distance from the boundary-hill of parting.

For the sake of his poor afflicted wife, therefore, he grew visibly better: this amelioration was also necessary, to explain the good humour with which he executed his last will. Leibgeber expressed satisfaction on the patient's being once more in condition to dine on the tablecloth of the coverlet, and to drain entirely a large plate-full of soup like a pond.

"The cheerful humour," said Leibgeber to Pelzstiefel, "which gleams forth again in our invalid, gives me great hopes; but he evidently only eat the soup to please his wife."

No one ever lied oftener, and was fonder of lying from satire and humour, than Leibgeber; and no one could be more intolerant to serious dishonesty and cunning than he was. He could tell a thousand lies in jest, and no two in need; in the former case, every deceitful expression of countenance and lying phrase was at his command; in the latter, not *one*.

In the forenoon, the Schulrath and Merbitzer the landlord were invited to the bedside.

"Gentlemen," began the sick man, "I intend this afternoon to have my last will, and to say at the judgment-bar of Nature three things that I desire, as was the custom in Athens;* but I will now at once make known one testament before making the second, or rather the codicil of the first. I request my friend Leibgeber to pack up and keep all my written papers as soon as I myself am packed up in my last cover with its address. Further, having as precedents the Danish kings, the old Austrian dukes, and the noble Spaniards — the first of whom were buried in their armour, the second in lions' skins, the third in miserable capuchin hoods—I will and appoint that no one shall refuse to plant me in the bed of the other world with the old pod or shell in which I flourished in the first—in a word, just as I am *now* whilst making my will.

"This injunction entails the necessity of a third, which is, that the woman who lays out the corpses be paid, and immediately dismissed; for during my whole life, I have had an especial antipathy to two women, the one who washes us into life, and the other who washes us out of it, only in a somewhat larger wash-tub than the former, *i. e.* the midwife, and the woman who lays out the dead: the latter shall not lay a finger on me, and indeed nobody shall but my Henry."

His dislike to these servants of life and death originated, probably, from the same cause as my own, that is, from the imperious and greedy manner in which these two planters and purveyors of the cradle

* Every condemned person in Athens was permitted to say publicly three such things.—Casaubon.

and the bier squeeze and press us, precisely in our two disarmed hours of highest joy and deepest grief.

"Furthermore, I will and appoint that Henry shall roof over and shield my face for ever, as soon as it has made the sign of parting, with the long-necked mask which I brought down out of the old box. I desire also, when I depart from all the fields of my past, and hear nothing behind me but the rustling hay-cocks of the aftermath, to have the silken garland of my wife laid upon my bosom, as the symbol of lost joys. With such mock-insignia, it is most suitable to go out of a life that has dished us up so many pasteboard pies full of wind.

"Lastly, I will that no one on my departure shall blow the horn after me from the church-tower, as after a Carlsbad patient; for, like the visitors of Carlsbad, we sick watering-place visitors of life are received and sent away with music on the towers. This I more particularly ordain, because the servants of the church are not so reasonable as the Carlsbad steeple-warder, who only demands three pieces per head for blowing visitors in and out."

He now desired Lenette's profile to be given him in his bed, and said, in a faltering tone, "I beg my good Henry and Mr. Landlord to quit the room for a minute, and to leave me alone with Mr. Schulrath and my wife."

When it was done, he looked long, in silence and with warmth, on the little dear picture. His eye overflowed with sorrow, like a broken embankment. He handed the portrait to the Schulrath, paused, overpowered by his emotions, and at length said:

"To you, faithful friend, to you alone, can I give

this beloved image; you are her friend and my friend. O God! no one upon the whole wide earth will take care of my good Lenette if you forsake her. Weep not so bitterly, dear one; he will provide for you. O my dearest friend, this helpless, innocent heart will break in its lonesome sorrow, if *you* do not protect and tranquillise it! oh, forsake it not, as I do!"

The Schulrath swore by the Almighty he would never forsake her; and he took Lenette's hand and pressed it, without looking at the weeping one; while with drooping eyes he hung over the countenance of his dying friend. But Lenette pushed him away from the bosom of her husband, liberated her hand, and sunk upon the lips which had so touched her heart; and Firmian clasped her with his left arm to his refreshed heart, and stretched out his right hand, under cover, to his friend; and he now held to his oppressed bosom the two nearest heavens of earth united —friendship and love. . . .

And this it is which ever consoles and delights me in you deluded and disagreeing mortals—that you all love one another heartily when you behold each other in pure human form, without bandages and fogs—that we are only growing blind when we fear we are growing cold—and that, as soon as Death has lifted our brothers and sisters above the clouds of our errors, the heart melts in love and blessedness when it beholds them, free from the distortions of the concave mirrors and fogs here below, floating in the transparent ether, as beautiful beings, and sighs, "Ah, in such a form as this, I had never misunderstood you!" Therefore every good soul stretches out its arms to the men whom the poet in his cloud-built heaven exhibits to

our eyes below as genii; and yet, if he were to let them sink down upon our bosoms, in a few days they would lose their beautiful transfiguration upon the dirty ground of our wants and errors. Thus, too, the crystal water of the glaciers, which refreshes without giving cold, must be caught as it trickles from the ice-diamond, because it is made impure by air as soon as it touches the ground.*

The Schulrath went away, but only to the doctor. This noble generalissimo of friend Hain, who did not bear the title of councillor of the upper board of health for nothing, but for money, was quite willing to visit the sick man—firstly, because the Schulrath was a man of reputation and fortune; and secondly, because Siebenkäs, as subscriber to the corpse-lottery—of which the doctor was corresponding member and *frère servant*—ought not to die; for this burial-fund formed a convenient fund of supply for the shareholders.

Leibgeber was dreadfully terrified on beholding the officer of the upper board of health approach in order of battle; he feared lest, through the doctor's agency, matters should really become worse, so that Siebenkäs might chance to leave behind him the celebrity of Molière, who died upon the stage while acting the *Malade imaginaire*.

He considered the relation existing between physician and patient as uncertain as that between woodpeckers or bark-bugs and trees, inasmuch as it is still subject to dispute whether the trees wither in consequence of the boring and egg-laying of these animals,

* De Lüc, Little Travels for Travel-Dilettanti, vol. III.

or whether, on the contrary, these animals come flying to the trees because their bark is already worm-eaten and the trunk dead. For my own part, with respect to the woodpeckers and bugs, and also the physicians, I believe that both are alternately cause and effect, and that the existence of an animal cannot of necessity presuppose decay, otherwise on the creation of the earth a dead horse must likewise have been created for the carrion-flies, and a great goat's cheese for the cheese-mites.

The president of the board of health, Oelhafen, passing the healthy ones with angry impoliteness, went straight up to the sick man, and immediately fell upon the second hand of life—the medical divining-rod, the pulse. Leibgeber set the plough of satirical wrath in his face, drew crooked furrows, and determined to plough deep.

"I find," said the learned practitioner, "a true case of nervous apoplexy from over-fulness; the physician should have been called in earlier. The full hard pulse announces a repetition of the stroke; but an emetic which I will administer will produce the best effect;" whereupon he drew forth little emetic *billet-doux*, wrapped up like *bonbons*. He had the emetics on sale himself, and exercised this harmless trade throughout the country like a Jew pedlar. There were few diseases in which he could not employ his emetics as means of grace, waggon-levers, pump-handles, and purgatories. He was particularly active in the employment of these remedies in apoplexies, inflammation of the lungs, headache, and bilious fevers. As a preliminary step, he cleared the first passages, he said, and, in so doing, often cleared away the possessor of

the first passages at the same time, who afterwards very easily entered the *last* passage of all flesh.

Leibgeber kneaded his queer face into all sorts of shapes, and said: "Mr. Colleague, and Protomedicus von Oelhafen, we may hold a *concilium*, or *consilium*, or *collegium medicum* here. It seems to me that my cooling draught was very expedient, since it yesterday restored Apoplectico his power of speech."

The Protomedicus took him for a quack, and said to Pelzstiefel, without so much as looking at his colleague: "Order warm water to be brought; I will administer it myself."

"Shall we two take it together," exclaimed Leibgeber, indignantly, "since both our gall-bladders are emptying themselves? The patient must not, shall not, cannot take it."

"Are you a practising physician, sir?" said the councillor of the upper board of health, in a tone of haughty contempt.

"I am," said he, "a doctor jubilant, and that from the time I ceased to be a fool. You must recollect that there is in Haller an account of a fool who once maintained he was beheaded, until he was cured by a hat of lead. A head roofed and mitred with lead could be as sensibly felt as a head that is filled with it. I was almost as great a fool myself, Mr. Colleague; I had an inflammation of the brain, and learnt too late that it was already cured and extinguished; in short, I fancied that my head had peeled off, just as the mouldering feet fall off, like crab's claws, if one has eaten too much ergot. When the barber came, and threw down his purple work-bag and quiver, I said, 'My dear Mr. Master Spörl, flies, tortoises, and adders,

indeed, have lived, like me, after they had lost their heads, but there was little on them to be shaved. You are a man of sense, and perceive that I can no more be shaved than the torso in Rome. Where were you thinking of soaping me, Mr. Spörl?' He had scarcely gone when the wig-maker entered. 'Another time, Mr. Peisser,' said I; 'unless you wish to curl the air around me, or the hair on my breast, you may stick your combs into your waistcoat pocket again. Since midnight I have been living without frieze and cornice, and, like the tower of Babel, I am without a cupola. But if you will look for my head in the neighbouring chamber, and append a *queue* or *loupé* to my *caput mortuum*, I will accept it, and put on the head as a queue-wig.' Luckily the rector magnificus, a physician, arrived, and beheld my sorrow, as I struck my hands together, exclaiming, 'Where are my four brain-chambers, and my *corpus callosum*, and my *anus cerebri*, and my egg-shaped *centrum*, which, according to Glaser, is the dwelling-place of the imagination? How can a rump-parliament apply spectacles and listening trumpets? The causes are well known. Is it come to this with the best monœcious head in the world, that it has got no head to house its seed?' But the rector magnificus sent for an old narrow doctor's hat from the university cupboard, and fitting it on me with a gentle blow, said, 'The faculty places its doctor's hat only upon a head—upon a nothing it could not stick at all;' and by means of the hat a new head grew on my imagination as upon beheaded snails; and now, ever since I was cured myself, I cure others.'"

The councillor of the upper board of health turned away from him the eyeball of a basilisk, and let himself

down stairs in anger by his cane ribbon, like a bale of goods, without taking with him his unsealed emetic—his passport to the other world—which remained to be paid for out of the purse of the patient.

But the good Henry had to wage a new war with Stiefel and Lenette, until Firmian threw himself between the parties as mediator, by the assurance that he would on no account have taken the emetic, since he could not have borne it, because of an old disease in his chest (alas! he meant it figuratively), and some gordian knots in his lungs (the knots of his earthly drama).

However, there was no concealing the fact, simulate as he would, that he grew worse and worse. He was threatened every moment by the ricochet-shot of the stroke.

"It is time," said Firmian, "that I should make my will. I am eager for the land-notary to arrive."

This notary, as is well known, draws up all the last wills and testaments, according to the town and village laws of Kuhschnappel.

At length he entered—the notary Börstel, a withered, dried-up snail, with a round, shy, listening, flat-button face, full of hunger, anxiety, and attention. Many thought that his flesh was only smeared over his bones, like the new Swedish stone-stucco.

"What shall I write for your honour to-day?" began Börstel.

"My elegant codicil," said Siebenkäs: "but first try me with a few questions, such as are usually put to testators, in order to see if I am in my right mind."

The latter inquired, "For whom do you take me?"

"For Mr. Notary Börstel," answered the patient.

"That is not only perfectly correct," replied Börstel, "but it is evident that you are not at all delirious; and we may proceed without further delay to draw up the last codicil of your will."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE ADVOCATE OF THE POOR, SIEBENKÄS.

"Undersigned, who is now about to turn yellow and fall off, together with other August apples, desires, on his near approach to death, which dissolves the corporeal bondage of the spirit, to perform a few more back-steps, and side-steps, and great-grandfather dances, three minutes before the Basle dance of death."

The notary paused, and asked in astonishment, "Am I to put much more of such stuff to paper?"

"In the first place, I, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs, alias Heinrich Leibgeber, will and appoint that my guardian, Mr. Heimlicher von Blaise, do and shall pay over, within a year and a day, the 1200 florins of which he has so impiously defrauded me his ward, to my friend Mr. Leibgeber, inspector in Vaduz,* who will afterwards faithfully deliver them over to my dear wife. If Mr. von Blaise should refuse, I here lift up my forefinger, and swear solemnly upon my death-bed, that, after my decease, I will prosecute him,—not in the courts at law, but in the spirit, be it, that I appear to him in the form

* *i. e.* to himself. He desires his inheritance to be delivered over to himself rather than to his wife; possibly because she might within this term have married a rich man. In this way, too, he would more easily learn the fact, should the Heimlicher neglect to obey his command, and he could then carry out the threat which follows.

of the devil, or as a tall white man, or merely as a voice, according as circumstances, after my death, may allow me."

The notary paused, with the feathered arm in the air, and quaked with terror. "I fear," said he, "that if I write down such things, Mr. Heimlicher will, in the end, catch me by the wing."

But Leibgeber, with his body and face, cut off his retreat across the hell's portal of the chamber.

"Further, as reigning sovereign of the shooters, I will and appoint that no war of succession shall make my will a succession-powder for innocent people: further, that the republic of Kuhschnappel, to whose Gonfaliere and Doge I was balloted by the shooters' balls, shall wage no defensive wars, because it cannot thereby defend itself, but only offensive wars, in order at least to extend the boundaries of its empire, since they cannot be covered,—and that all its members shall be as sparing of wood as their dying imperial market-town father. Now that woods and forests are turned into charcoal faster than others grow up in their place, the only antidote to such a state of things is, that the climate itself be heated, and turned into a great drying-kiln and field-stove, in order to do away with the necessity of room-stoves; and, indeed, this has been the means already adopted by all just forest-commissioners, who first root out all the frost materials—the woods—which are full of lingering winter. If we reflect how admirably modern Germany contrasts with the Germany mapped out by Tacitus, warmed, as it now is, simply by the clearing away of the forests, we may come to the safe conclusion, that, at last, as soon as there is no more timber, we shall acquire a degree of warmth,

when the air will be our fur-cloak. The present superfluity is also burnt into ashes in order to enhance the price of raft-wood; as in the year 1760 eight million livres' worth of nutmegs were publicly burnt in order to keep up the price.

"Further, as king of the Kuhschnappel Jerusalem, I will and decree that the senate and people *(senatus populusque Kuhschnappeliensis)* be not damned but blessed, especially in this world; further, that the city magnates do not swallow the nests (houses) of Kuhschnappel with the Indian ones; and that the taxes, which must pass through the four stomachs of the gatherers—through the paunch, the reticule of honeycomb stomach, the manyplies stomach, and the reed—shall, nevertheless, be converted at last from chyle into red blood (from silver into gold), and after having circulated through the milk-vessels, the milk-bag, and milk-passage, shall be properly impelled into the veins of the body of the state. Further, I will and appoint that the great senate and little senate" . . . . . .

The notary wished to leave off, and shook his head strenuously; but Leibgeber was amusing himself with the rifle by which the testator had mounted the shooter's throne, whereas others raise themselves to the throne by the leaping-poles of other people's ramrods; and Börstel continued to write in the morning-sweat of his brow:—

. . . . . "that the judge, the treasurer, the Heimlicher, the eight senators, and the sheriff, shall listen to reason, and reward no merit but that of other people; and that the rascal Blaise and the rascal Meyern shall daily lay thrashing hands upon each other, as relatives, in order that, at least, there may be one to punish the other."

Thereupon the notary sprung up, said that it took away his breath, and went to the window to inhale a purer air; and, perceiving a heap of tanner's bark piled up at a little distance below the window, he was impelled by fright, which showed him on from behind, to jump on the window-ledge. After such a first step, before a witness could catch him by the skirts, he made a second long one in the empty air; and, like the tongue of his own steelyard, tumbled out of the window, so that he could easily reach the low footstool—I mean, the heap of tanner's bark. As a falling artist, he could not do better, after his arrival, than make use of his face as a graver's tool, and plastic model, and copying-machine, and therewith faintly engrave his image with reversed bas-relief on the hillock; his fingers likewise lay upon it as busy graver's instruments, and copied themselves; and, with the notary's seal, which he had put down near the inkstand and taken with him, he accidentally countersigned the occurrence—so easily does one notary, like a count palatine, create a second. But Börstel left the co-notary, and the whole *lusus naturæ*, behind him, and, as he walked home, thought of other things. The Messieurs Stiefel and Leibgeber, on the contrary, after his disappearance, gazed on the second outer man, which lay extended on the anatomical stage below them, smelling of muscovy leather—whereupon the author will not add a word of his own, but simply quote Henry's observation:

"The land-notary desired to affix to the will a larger seal, which no one could forge, and has therefore sealed it with his body; and down there we behold the entire sphragistic impression."

The last will was signed by the witnesses and the

testator, as far as it went; and more than such a half-military testament could, under existing circumstances, scarcely be expected.

The evening now drew near, when the sick man, like his own earth, turns away from the sun, and only directs his gaze to the twilight evening-star of the next world—when the sick go to it, and the healthy gaze upon it. And Firmian now hoped to give the parting kiss to his dear wife, and to sink gently to rest, when, unfortunately, the blustering deacon and preacher Reuel rustled into the room. He came in the church-uniform, in surplice and bands, in order to reprimand with due severity the invalid, under whose chin he had tied the ribbon of marriage in double bows, for defrauding him of the confession fee, as it appeared he intended to make a circuit in order to avoid paying the communion-toll on the road to heaven and hell.

As the ancient botanists, Crol, Porta, Helvetius, Fabrizius, &c. from the resemblance which a plant bore to an illness, inferred (according to Linnæus) that it was the natural remedy for it, and therefore prescribed yellow plants, such as saffron, curcuma, for the jaundice; dragon's blood, japan-earth, for dysentery; a cabbage for head-ache; pointed things, such as fish-bones, for stitch; every specific thus resembling, in some remote degree at least, the disease for which it was administered,—thus, too, in the hands of efficient preachers, do the spiritual means of salvation, sermons, exhortations, &c. assume the form of the diseases—anger, pride, avarice—against which they are directed; so that frequently there is no other difference between the bed-ridden patient and his physician than that of position. Just such an one was Reuel. At a time

when people are so willing to decry the Lutheran minister, and call him a hidden Jesuit, or monk, he was especially zealous to distinguish himself, not merely by words but by deeds, from the latter, who calls nothing his own, and is not allowed to possess property, and, therefore, very openly to hunt after and snap at possessions. Hoseas Leibgeber endeavoured to make himself a turnpike-bar and turnstyle for the preacher, and stopped him at the threshold with the words, "Nothing that your reverence can say will be of any avail. I myself tried yesterday, *volti subito*, to convert and restamp him *citissime;* but it ended by his upbraiding me with being unconverted myself—and that is true; for whistlers upon whistlers are perched and gnawing among the summer rape-seed of my opinions."

Reuel replied, in a tone vibrating between flats and sharps, "A servant of God does the duty of his holy office, and seeks to save souls either from atheism or other deadly sins; but the consequences rest with the sinners themselves."

The black storm, charged with the lightnings of Sinai, consequently rolled into the dark chamber. The preacher swung his wide sleeve like a saving flag over the atheist (as he considered him) stretched out upon his sheet, and sowed the good seed upon the patient, as the peasants in Sweden sow rape-seed, by spitting it upon the beds: he told him, in a sick-bed exhortation (which is usually the antipodes of a funeral oration), such as may, perhaps, one day overtake me and the reader, beneath the last sheet, and which I need not therefore send to press from Baireuth to Heidelberg, since it may be heard on the way in every sick man's bed-chamber,—in that discourse, like a straight-

forward man, he told him plainly to his face that he was a devil's roast, and just done. The done-roast shut his eyes and endured it; but Henry, who was distressed that the preacher should pinch the loved ears and loved heart with his red-hot pincers, and who was indignant because he knew that his only motive for so doing was to frighten the sick man into confession, caught hold of the flying sleeve, and gently reminded him:

"I thought it would be impolite, Mr. Preacher, to inform you beforehand that the invalid is hard of hearing, and to urge you to scream. As yet he has not heard a word.—Mr. Siebenkäs! who stands there?—Dou you see, how little he hears? Work at converting me over a glass of beer, that will please me better; and I can hear better. I fear he is now somewhat delirious, and will take you for the devil, should he see you,—because it is with him that dying persons have to fight their last battle. It is a pity he did not hear your discourse; it would have vexed him terribly, for he will *not* confess; and a sufficient degree of vexation, according to Haller, in his eighth volume of Physiology, has often prolonged the life of dying persons for weeks. Yet he is a sort of true Christian, after all, though he was wont to confess as seldom as an apostle, or a father of the church. After his departure you shall learn from me how peacefully the true Christian dies, without any convulsions, distortions, and agonies of death. He is as accustomed to the spiritual as the hooded-owl to the church towers; and as these latter remain sitting on the belfry in the midst of the ringing, so I will guarantee that our Advocate too will remain quite tranquil during the tolling of the death-

bell, because from your sermons he obtained the conviction that he would live again after death."

There was in this, to say the truth, a somewhat hard hit at Firmian's mock-death and his faith in immortality,—a jest which only a Firmian could at once understand and forgive. But Leibgeber also wished to attack in earnest those persons who look upon the accidental physical tranquillity of a dying man as a certain proof of his peace of spirit, and the struggles of the body as storms of the conscience.

The only answer Reuel returned was: "You dwell with the mockers. The Lord will find them. I have washed my hands."

But as he would rather have filled them, and as he could not change the devil's child into a penitent, he went away red and silent, humbly accompanied down stairs by Lenette and Stiefel, who bowed to him repeatedly.

Let us not deem the gall-bladder of our good Henry, which is his swimming bladder, and, alas! often also his ascending hysterical ball, greater than it is,—but let us judge this natural fault still more mildly, because Henry had already seen, at so many death-beds, such spiritual *frères terribles*, such *gallows-patres*, who strew salt upon the sick withered heart; and because he believed, as I do, that among all the hours of a man's life, the last must be the most indifferent in a religious point of view, inasmuch as it is the most unfruitful, and no seed can sprout in it and bear the fruit of deeds.

During the short absence of the polite pair, Firmian said, "I am sick, sick, sick of it. I will act no longer.

In ten minutes I will tell my last lie, and die; and would to God it were no lie! Let no light be brought in, and cover me immediately with the mask; for I foresee that I shall be unable to control my eyes, and beneath the mask I can let them overflow as much as they please. O Henry! my good friend!"

The chaos infused into Reuel's exhortations had at least made the weary figurant and mimic of death serious and soft. Henry, in his affectionate solicitude, relieved him of all his lying parts, and took them upon himself; and he therefore called out loudly and anxiously as the pair entered the room, "Firmian, how are you?"

"Better," he rejoined, but with a voice of emotion; "in the earthly night the stars are shining, but I am bound to the clod, and cannot soar up to them. The shore of the beautiful spring is steep, and we swim on the dead sea of life so near the shore, but the ephemera has no wings. Death, this sublime evening red of our St. Thomas's day, this great amen of our hope, shouted across from yonder shore, would appear before our low couch, like a beautiful crowned giant, and lift us up by degrees into the ether, and rock us there, were it not that only broken, stupified men are thrown into his gigantic arms. It is illness alone that takes from death his glory; and the pinions of the aspiring soul, laden and stained with blood, tears, and clumps of earth, trail, broken upon the ground; but death is a flight and no fall only *then* when the hero throws himself upon one single fatal wound,—when man stands there, like a spring world full of new blossoms and old fruit, and the next world suddenly passes by him like

a comet, and takes the little world, unwithered, along with it, and flies with it over the sun."

But this elevation of Firmian would to stronger eyes than those of Stiefel have been a sign of returning strength and health. On the eye of the spectator, not on him who is struck down, does the battle-axe of death cast a flash of light. It is with the death-bell as with other bells—only he who is afar off, and not he who himself stands within the murmuring hemisphere, hears its elevating sounds and tones.

As in the hour of death every bosom becomes more sincere and transparent, like the Siberian glass-apple, whose kernel, in the period of its ripeness, is only covered by a crystal case of transparent, sweet flesh; so Firmian, in that dithyrambic moment, so near the naked blade of death's scythe, would have been capable of offering up all the mysteries and blossoms of his futurity,—that is, of discovering them,—had it not been for his word and his friend; but there was now nothing left for him but a patient enduring heart, silent lips, and weeping eyes.

Ah! and was not this apparent leave-taking in very truth a real one; and as he drew his Henry and the Schulrath with his trembling hands to his heart, was it not oppressed by the sad certainty that he would lose the Schulrath to-morrow, and Henry in a week, for ever? The following address was therefore the simple truth, but a sad one:—

"Alas! in a short time we shall be sundered! Oh, human arms are crumbling bonds, and so soon snap asunder! Fare ye well, and better than I ever deserved it should fare with me. May the chaotic stone-heap of your days never roll from beneath your feet nor over

your heads, and may a spring clothe the rocks and cliffs around you with green and with berries! Good night, for ever, dear Schulrath! and thou, my Henry" .... He pressed the latter to his heart, and was silent in the embrace, thinking of the nearness of the true parting.

But he should not have thus feverishly excited himself by these stings of parting. He heard his Lenette weeping in secret behind his bed, and, with a deep death-wound in his full heart, he said, "Come, my beloved Lenette, come, and take leave of me!" And he stretched out his arms wildly to his invisible loved one. She tottered forwards, and sunk upon his bosom, and he was speechless under the crushing weight of his feelings. At last he said gently to his trembling wife, "Patient, faithful, tortured one! How often have I caused you sorrow! O God, how often! Will you forgive me? will you forget me?" (a convulsion of sorrow drew her closer to him.) "Yes, yes,—oh, forget me quite, for you were not happy with me." .... Their sobbing hearts suffocated the voice, and only their tears were able to flow! A great sorrow gnawed his wearied heart, and he repeated, "No, no, with me, verily, you had nothing, nothing but tears; but Fate will make you happy, when I have forsaken you!" He gave her the last kiss, and said, "Oh, live happy, and let me depart!"

She said again and again, amid a thousand tears, "You will certainly not die!"

But he embraced her, and then lifted her fainting from his bosom, and said, solemnly, "It is past. Fate has divided us. It is past!"

Henry led the weeping wife gently away, and wept himself, and cursed his plan; and then making a sign to the Schulrath, he said, "Firmian will now rest."

The latter turned his swollen face, distorted by agony, towards the wall. Lenette and the Schulrath mourned together in the adjoining room. Henry waited until the heaving billows were allayed, and then inquired gently, "Now?"

Firmian gave the sign, and Henry screamed out, distractedly, "Oh, he is dead!" and threw himself upon the immovable body, in order to protect it from examination, with true hot tears which flowed like blood from the near wound of their separation. An inconsolable pair rushed from the next room into the bedchamber. Lenette wanted to throw herself upon her husband, who was turned away, and exclaimed in sorrow, "I must see him,—I must once more take leave of my husband."

But Henry ordered the Schulrath in confidence to support the afflicted wife, and lead her out of the room. He was able to do the first, though his own self-control was but an artificial one, put in order to prove the victory of religion over philosophy; but he could not take her out of the room when she perceived that Henry took up the mask of death.

"No," she exclaimed, angrily, "surely I may be allowed to look at my husband once more."

Henry held up the mask, gently turned the face of Firmian, on which the half-dried tears of parting yet lingered, covered it with the mask, and thus for ever removed it from the weeping eye of his wife. The great scene raised his heart, and he looked fixedly on

the mask, and said, "Such a mask does death lay over the faces of us all. Thus shall I too, one day, stretch myself out in the midnight sleep of death, and grow longer and heavier. Thou poor Firmian! Was, then, thy life's *partie à la guerre* worth the candles and the trouble? True, indeed, we are not the players, but only the playthings, and old Death pushes our heads and our hearts, like balls across the green billiard-table, into his bag, and the little death-bell rings whenever he has made a stroke. In one sense, indeed, you continue to live,* supposing that the fresco-painting of ideas can be taken without injury from the crumbling wall of the body.** Oh, may you be happier in your postscript life! But what is it? It will also go out. Every life upon every sphere will one day burn out. All the planets have only the license of giving to drink on the premises, and can take in no lodgers; but they pour out for us once—quince-wine, currant-juice, brandy, but, for the most part, a cordial gargle which we cannot swallow, or even sympathetic ink (i. e. *liquor probatorius*), sleeping-draughts, and dye-liquid; then we travel on from planet-inn to planet-inn, and proceed from one millennium into the other. O thou good God! whither then, whither? whither? However, the earth was the most miserable tap, where, for the most part, only beggars, rogues, and deserters stop to drink, and where, if we go only five steps further, we can enjoy the best pleasures either in the memory or in the imagination; and where, if we chew these roses like others instead of smelling them, and swallow the

* Leibgeber alludes at one and the same time to the next life, in which he is an unbeliever, and to Firmian's continuation of the first in Vaduz.

** In Italy, large fresco-paintings are removed uninjured from the wall.

conserve of rose-leaves instead of inhaling the fragrance, we get nothing from it but . . . . sedes* . . . .

"Oh, may it fare better with thee, thou quiet one, in other taverns than it did here, and may some restaurateur of life open a wine-cellar for you instead of this cellar of vinegar!"

* Rose-leaves have an effect like senna on the bowels.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dr. Oelhafen and the Medical *Chaussure*. Mourning Administration. The Saving Death's-Head. Frederick II. and Funereal Elegy.

LEIBGEBER first of all quartered the sorrowing Lenette down below with the barber, in order to render the intermediate condition of the dead man after death more easy.

"You shall keep away from the sight of the sad memorials that surround us," said he, "until the deceased is carried away."

She obeyed, from fear of ghosts; and he was thus more easily enabled to give the deceased something to eat. He compared him to a walled-up vestal, who, as Plutarch mentions in his Numa, found in her sepulchre a lamp, bread, water, milk, and oil,—"If," continued he, "you do not more nearly resemble the earwig, which, when it is cut in two, turns round to eat its own mutilated half."

By such jokes he cheered, or at least endeavoured to cheer, the cloudy and autumnal soul of his dear friend, round whose eyes lay nothing but the ruins of his former life, from the clothes of the widowed Lenette to her work. He was obliged to have the cap-block, which he had struck during the storm, removed into a corner out of sight, because, he said, it made gorgon-faces of him.

On the following day, the good Leibgeber, the watcher of the corpse, had the labours of Hercules,

Ixion, and Sisyphus put together. One congress and piquet after the other came to see the dead man and to eulogise him,—for we only clap men and actors when they go away, and find the dead moral, even as Lavater thinks their physiognomy beautified;—but he drove the people away from the chamber of death. "Such was the last will of my late friend," said he.

The chambermaid of death then entered, and wanted to scrub and dress the body. Henry wrangled with her, paid her, and dismissed her. Moreover, he was obliged to behave before the widow and Pelzstiefel as if he were concealing a bleeding heart beneath the cloak of an outward resignation. "But I can easily see through it," said the Schulrath; "and he only affects the philosopher and stoic because he is no Christian." Stiefel meant that empty hardness of the Zenos of the world and of the court, who resemble the wooden figures, to which a painted coat of stone-dust gives the appearance of stone-statues and pillars.

Further, the share or dividend from the burial-fund was raised, which had first to be collected on a plate from the members of the society: thereby the president of the board of health, Oelhafen, as paying member, became acquainted with the event. The latter took occasion on his forenoon round of visits to his patients to enter the house of mourning, with the special object of vexing his brother in art, Leibgeber. He therefore acted as if no news of the death had come to his ears, and first inquired how the invalid was.

"According to the latest bulletin," said Henry, "he is—at an end. He has gone to sleep in peace, Mr. Protomedicus Oelhafen. In August, March, and September, Death has his press-gang, his vintage."

"The cooling draught," answered the revengeful physician, "has it seems sufficiently tempered the heat, since he is *cold*."

Leibgeber was pained, and he said, "Alas, alas! however, we did what we could, and got him to swallow your emetic; but he brought up nothing, save the worst diseased matter of man, the soul. You, Mr. Protomedicus, are, so to say, a judge of the criminal court of judicature, and are invested with power over life and death,—but as I, in my character of advocate, only exercise the lower jurisdiction, I did not dare risk any thing, least of all the man's life, or what a face he would have made at it!"

"Well, and he has made one at it, and a long one too,—the hippocratic face," replied the physician, not without humour.

"I must believe you," answered the other mildly, "since, as a layman, I seldom happen to see such faces, but physicians can daily study the hippocratic science of physiognomy upon their patients; and, indeed, the experienced physician is distinguished by a certain sharp-sighted sagacity, which enables him to foretel the death of his patients; a thing that is quite impossible to such as are not masters of the healing art, and have not seen many die."

"As such an excellent connoisseur of the art," asked Oelhafen, "you naturally applied mustard-plasters to the feet of the patient,—only, of course, they would not draw?"

"I did stumble on the happy thought of soleing the feet of the invalid with mustard and leaven, according to the rules of art, and of putting a tapestry of blisters on his calves,—but the patient, who, as you

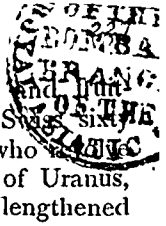
are aware, was always a mocking humorist, called such things the medical shoeing, and us physicians death's shoemakers, who apply to the unfortunate patient, after Nature has already cried out, 'Beware! head off!' spanish-flies for spanish-boots, mustard-plasters for cothurni, cupping-glasses for fetters; as if without this medical toilette, and without red shoe-heels of mustard, and red cardinal-stockings of blisters, a man could not enter the next world. Thereupon my late friend kicked with his heels against my face and the plaster, and compared us artists to stinging flies, which always attack the legs."

"He is probably right about the stinging-fly, so far as regards yourself; a shoemaker of death might also take the measure of something for your head—*caput tribus insanabile*"—retorted the doctor; and he went away in haste. I have mentioned, in a former place, something about his emetics; to which I will now add, that if he really kills his patients by them, the difference between him and a fox* is, that the latter, according to the ancient naturalists, simulates from afar the sound of a man vomiting, in order to lure the dogs and attack them. Nevertheless, the greatest friends of physicians must acknowledge certain limitations to their penal judicature or royal decree of excommunication. As, according to the European law of nations, no army may fire upon another with glass or poisoned bullets, but only with leaden ones; as, moreover, no one is allowed to throw poison among the provisions, or into the fountains of the enemy, but only dirt; so also the medical police permits a physician, practising the higher branch of judicature, to ad-

* Plin. H. N. VIII. 30.

minister freely narcotica, drastica, emetica, diuretica, and the whole pharmacopeia, and it would be against the police-regulations if he were to be in the least impeded; but if, on the other hand, the first *medicus* of city or country should venture, in the circle of his jurisdiction, to administer poison-balls instead of pills, ratsbane powders instead of violent emetic powders (unless it be for the ague alone that he prescribes the mouse-poison), it would be considered a very serious matter by the upper courts of justice; indeed, I believe that even a whole medical college would not be exempt from inquiry if any member happened to pierce a man, whose veins he was free to open at any hour with the lancet—in lieu thereof with a sword, and to transfix him with a weapon which might be an instrument of war, and not a surgical instrument. Thus in the criminal acts we find that physicians did not escape who threw a man from a bridge into the water, instead of into a smaller mineral or other bath.

As soon as the friseur had heard of the arrival of the money from the burial-fund into the harbour of safety, he came up-stairs and offered to make some curls and a pigtail for his dead tenant, and leave the comb and pomatum to accompany him under-ground. Leibgeber was obliged to economise for the poor widow, who, as it was, was already half-plucked by so many tearing-pincers, eagle-claws, and fangs of the servants of the dead; and he said that he could not purchase any thing from him but the comb to stick into the dead man's waistcoat-pocket: he could then make his hair-toilette with it, according to his own pleasure. He said the same thing to the barber, adding, that in the grave, where, as is well known, the



hair continues to grow, the whole secret and [illegible] bearing society wore beautiful beards, like Swiss sixty years of age. The two hair co-operators, who [illegible] round the male sphere, like two satellites of Uranus, took themselves off, with clipped hopes and lengthened faces and purses; and the one, in his gratitude, wished he had to shave the undertaker Henry, and the other that he had to dress his hair. They grumbled upon the stairs: "It would be no wonder if the dead man were not to rest quietly in his grave, but were to go about and frighten the people."

Leibgeber thought of the risk he incurred of losing the fruit of all this long deception, should any one by chance desire to take a peep at the late gentleman while he was in the next room; for he locked the door whenever he absented himself for a longer time. He therefore went to the churchyard and took a skull out of the charnel-house, which he did beneath his coat. He gave it to the Advocate, and said to him, that if the head were pushed under the green lattice-bed in which *defunctus* lay, and were made to communicate with his hand by a green silk thread, it might, at least in the dark, be drawn forward as a Belidor's ball, or used as an ass's jawbone against the Philistines, who were to be frightened away should they attempt to disturb the repose of the warm dead.

To be sure, in case of extrême need, Siebenkäs would have wakened out of his long trance, and repeated the stroke for the third time, thereby conferring a great favour on the medical system; however, the skull was preferable to the stroke. Firmian was affected with melancholy at sight of this attic of the soul, this cold, spiritual breeding-stove, and said: "The

wall-finch* finds, doubtless, a softer and more tranquil nest in it than fell to the lot of the bird of paradise which has flown out."

Leibgeber now bargained with the servants of the church and school. He paid the fees, the bridge-toll, &c., with muttered curses, and said: "The day after to-morrow we will lay the late Advocate to rest quite quietly, and without any pomp or ceremony."

No one had any concern with it except what each was very willing to do—that is, pocket the carriage-money with which corpses are franked into the next world; all except one old and poor servant of the church, who said he thought it a sin to take a farthing from the poor widow, for he knew what poverty was, but it was just that which the rich could not know.

In the evening, Henry went down to Lenette and the hair-dresser, and left the key in the door, because the tenants who dwelt in the upper story were much too timid, since the ghost-report, even to stick their heads out of their own doors.

The hair-curler, who was still angry that he had not been allowed to curl the hair of the deceased, bethought himself that it would at least be something if he sneaked up-stairs and cleared away the whole forest of hair. The consumption of hair and firewood is greater than their supply by growth. No dead person, therefore, should be allowed either to have a coffin or to keep his own hair, which even the ancients cut off for the altar of the subterranean gods. Merbitzer consequently sneaked into the room on tip-toe, and already held open the jaws of the scissors.

* This bird, like a greater Psyche, makes his nest in skulls.

Siebenkäs easily squinted into the chamber through the eye-holes of the mask; and from the scissors, and the trade of the landlord, he readily guessed the threatened misfortune and Pope's "Rape of the Lock." He perceived that in this extremity he could count less upon his own head than upon the bald one beneath the bed. The landlord, who in his timidity had left the door open behind him, ready for a retreat, at last approached the plantation of human flower-pot-plants, with intent to act as reaper in this harvest-month, and combining the parts of shaver and hair-dresser, avenge them both. Siebenkäs wound the thread upon his covered fingers as well as he could, in order to draw up the skull; but as this proceeded much too slowly—Merbitzer, on the contrary, much too expeditiously—he was obliged to help himself in the mean time by blowing out of the mouth-opening of the mask a long night-wind upon the landlord, especially as evil spirits so often breathe upon men. Merbitzer could not explain to himself this dubious draught, which blew real mephitic gas and a deadly simoom wind upon him, and his warm component elements began to freeze up to ice; but the deceased unluckily had soon shot away his breath, and he was obliged to reload the air-gun slowly. This truce brought the lock-robber to himself, and set him on his legs again, so that he once more prepared to seize hold of the tassel of the night-cap, and to pull off this thin flying gossamer, the cap, from the field of hair. But just as he was seizing it, he heard a noise as if something were moving underneath the bed; he stopped, and waited calmly, since it might be a rat, to see what the noise would resolve itself into. But whilst he was waiting, he suddenly felt

something round rolling up his legs, and that it was creeping further every moment. He immediately put down his empty hand, for the other held the open scissors, and, impotent as callipers, it embraced the up-rolling slippery ball, which seemed endeavouring to creep upon it. Merbitzer became stiff in the legs, and his blood curdled; but another touch with the hand, and a glance at the approaching head, gave him, before he became quite curdled into cheese, such a kick of terror, that he was driven across the threshold like a cannon-ball shot straight at the mark by the powder of fear. He tumbled into the room below with open scissors in his hand, with open mouth and eyes, and a pallid spot upon his face, compared with which his linen and his powder were court-mourning. Nevertheless, in this novel situation, to his honour be it told, he had the presence of mind not to reveal a syllable of what had passed, partly because ghost-stories cannot be related before the ninth day without the greatest harm to the narrator, partly because he could not well speak of his intended piracy of hair on any day.

At one o'clock at night Firmian informed his friend of the whole transaction, with the same fidelity as I have sought to observe towards the reader. This was a hint to Leibgeber to set a good body-guard before the high corpse; to which office, in default of chamberlains and court domestics, he could not appoint any one else but Saufinder.

On the last morning, which was to give Siebenkäs notice to quit, arrived the *casa santa* of man, our *chambre garnie*, our last seed-pod,—the coffin, for which must be paid whatever might be demanded.

"It is the last building-grant of this life, the last cheat of the carpenter," said Henry.

Half-an-hour past midnight, when neither bat, nor night watchman, nor beer-toper from the public house, nor night-light, was any longer to be seen, and only a few field-crickets were to be heard in the sheaves and a few mice in the houses, Leibgeber said to his sad and anxious beloved friend:

"Now march! As it is, since you have put off the mortal and entered into eternity, you have not been a single moment happy or cheerful. I will provide for the rest. Wait for me at Hof, on the Saale. We must meet once more after death."

Firmian fell upon his warm face in silence, and wept. Once more he went over, in the twilight hour, all the blooming places of the past, behind which he sank, as into a grave: his softened heart loved to deposit the last tears upon every piece of dress belonging to his sorrowing, bereaved Lenette, upon every piece of work and trace of her domestic hand. He pressed her betrothal-garland of roses and forget-me-not hard upon his burning bosom, and placed the rose-buds of Natalie in his pocket; and thus mute, oppressed with stifled sobs, and cast out, as it were, by an earthquake from the earth upon the icy coast of a strange world, he crept down the stairs behind his best friend, squeezed his helping hand once more, at the threshold of the house, and Night soon enveloped him in the grave of her giant shadow. Leibgeber wept bitterly when he was gone. Drops fell upon every stone which he collected, and upon the old block, which he caught up in his arms, to embed in the coffin-shell, in order to give it the weight of a corpse. He filled the haven of our

bodies, closed the ark of the covenant, and suspended the key of the coffin, like a black cross, upon his bosom. Now, for the first time, he slept tranquilly in the house of mourning. All was done.

On the morrow, he made no secret of it before the bearers and Lenette, that the preceding evening, with great effort, he had succeeded in lifting the corpse with both arms, and placing it in the coffin. She desired to look once more upon the body of her late lord, but Henry had lost the house-door key of the painted abode in the darkness. He helped to search diligently for it (while all the time he carried it about him); but it was quite in vain; and many of the by-standers soon guessed that Henry was only deceiving, and desired to spare the weeping eyes of the widow any further sight of the accumulated matter of sorrow.

They went forth, with the mock passenger in the *quasi*-coffin, to the church-yard, which glistened in dew beneath the clear blue sky. In Henry's heart there crept an icy-cold feeling, on reading the inscription on the grave-stone. It had been lifted off from the Moravian-like, flat grave of Siebenkäs's great-grandfather, and turned over, and upon the smooth side shone the newly-engraved inscription: "Stanislaus Firmian Siebenkäs, departed this life, 24th August, 1786."

This had formerly been Henry's own name, and upon the reverse side of the monument stood his present name Leibgeber. Henry reflected that in a few days, with his name cast away, he would fall as a little brook into the ocean, and there flow without shores, and melt into other billows. It seemed to him, as if he himself, with his old and new name, were descending into the tomb; and he was so oppositely affected, that it was as

if he was wedged into the frozen stream of life, while from above a hot sun was beaming down upon the ice-field, and he was thus lying between glowing heat and ice. Add to this, the old Schulrath now came running up, with his pocket-handkerchief to his nose and eyes, and in stammering accents of sorrow he imparted the news that had just arrived in the imperial market-town, that the old king of Prussia had died on the seventeenth.

The first movement that Leibgeber made was to look up to the morning sun, as if Frederick's eye were beaming from it morning fire over the earth. It is easier to be a great king than to be a righteous one; easier to be admired than to be justified. A king lays his little finger on the longest arm of the enormous lever, and, like Archimedes, lifts with the muscles of his fingers ships and lands into the air; but the machine alone is great, and the mechanician, Fate,—not he who uses it. The voice of a king re-echoes in the countless valleys around him, like a thunder-clap, and a mild beam, cast by him, is reflected from the throne covered with innumerable mirrors, into a glowing condensed focus; but Frederick could only be *lowered* by a throne, because he had to *sit* upon it; and without the confining crown, the girdle of thorns and magic circle of the head, the latter would have become larger: and happy, great spirit, still less, couldst thou become; for, although thou hadst broken down the bastille and fortresses of the low passions in thy soul, and given to thy spirit, what Franklin gave the earth, *i. e.* lightning-conductors, harmonica, and freedom; although thou didst find no kingdom so beautiful, and didst love to enlarge none so well, as the kingdom of truth; although

by the eunuch's philosophy of French encyclopedists, thou didst only let eternity but not divinity be concealed from thee,—only the belief in virtue, not the faith in thy own; yet did thy loving bosom receive nothing from friendship and humanity but the echoes of their sighs—the flute; and thy spirit, which, like the mahogany-tree, often broke asunder with its great roots the rock upon which it grew, in the fierce battle of thy wishes with thy doubts, in the battle of thy ideal world with the real one, and the one in which thou didst believe suffered a discord which no mild faith in a second softened to harmony; and therefore upon thy throne there was no place of rest, and there was none for thee but that which thou now hast.

Some men bring at once the whole of humanity before our eyes, as certain events bring our whole life before us. Upon Henry's breast fell strong splinters of the mountain, whose fall he heard.

He placed himself before the open grave, and delivered this speech, more to invisible than to visible hearers:

"The epitaph on the grave is, then, the *versio interlinearis* of our so small-printed life? There is no rest for the heart until it is set in gold,* like the head. Thou hidden Infinite One! make the grave for me the prompter's hole, and tell me what I am to think of the whole theatre! Indeed, what is there in the grave? A little ashes, a few worms, cold and night . . . . by heaven! and above it, there is also nothing better, except that in addition one *feels* it. Mr. Schulrath, Time sits behind us, and reads the calendar of life so cursorily,

* A king's heart is enshrined in a golden case.

and turns over one month after the other so quickly, that I can picture to myself this grave, this moat here around our castles in the air, this fortress-dike, lengthened and extending up to my bed, and that I am shaken out of the sheet into this cooking-hole, as Spanish flies are shaken down and collected. 'Go on,' I would say, 'go on.' I shall either come to old Fred, or to his worms, and therewith *basta!* By heaven, one is ashamed of life, when the greatest men no longer possess it,—and so hallo!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Journey through Fantaisie. Reunion upon the Bindlocher Mountain. Berneck. Man-doubling. Gefrees. Exchange of Clothes. Münchberg. Pfeifstück. Hof. The Stone of Gladness, and Double Parting in Töpen.

HENRY now moved more wings than a seraphim, that he might the sooner be able to fly after his friend. He hastily packed up his writings, and addressed them to Vaduz. The sealed testament of the public notary was delivered over to the local authorities. The certificate of death was drawn up by the latter, in order that the Prussian Widow's Provident Fund Institution might see that it was not defrauded; and he then pushed off, after having bestowed some weighty grounds of consolation and some weighty ducats on the mock widow, who mourned in her striped calico gown, as was proper and becoming.

Let us now—earlier than he did himself—overtake and accompany his deceased friend. In the first hour of his night-walk, confused images of the past and future struggled in Firmian's heart; and it seemed as if for him there was no present, but that between the past and future all was a desert. However, the fresh, rich harvest-month of August soon restored to him his lost life; and when the bright morning came, the earth lay spread out before him softly illumined by a fallen thunder-storm, which now only cast more beautiful lightning-flashes out of the drops on the ears of corn, as though it were silvered by the moon. It was a new earth. He was a new man, who with full-fledged wings

had broken through the eggshell of the coffin. A broad, morass-like, overshadowed wilderness, in which he had been driven about by a long oppressive dream, had melted away, together with the dream; and now that he was awake, he saw far into the Eden. Long, long had the last week especially stretched out the winding ways of sorrow, which give to our little life the false appearance of too much length; in the same manner as by bendings and windings we give a deceptive extension to the short paths of a garden. On the other hand, his lighter bosom, relieved from its old burdens, was swelled by a great sigh, half sadly, half joyously. He had gone too far into the Trophonius-cavern of the grave, and had looked Death too near in the face; and it seemed to him, therefore, as if the country-houses, our pleasure-chateaux, and vineyards, were built and laid out too near the volcano of the grave-hillock with its crater, and that the next night would swallow them up. He alone seemed to have been saved, and to be a man returned from the dead: therefore every human face he met beamed upon him like that of a restored brother. "They are my brethren, whom I left on the earth," said his heart; and a fruitful love, warm as the spring, expanded all its fibres and veins, and it grew to every other heart, knitting it to its own by tender yet firm ivy-shoots. But the dearest remained absent from him too long. He therefore went on very slowly, in order that Leibgeber, of whom he was in advance, both as to road and time, might overtake him before he reached the town of Hof. A hundred times on his way he looked behind, almost involuntarily, to see if he were following and had already come up with him, as though it had been possible.

At last, on a morning when the world glistened from the dew-drop to the silvery cloud, he reached the Fantaisie of Baireuth. But all around was stillness; every breeze was silent, and August had no songsters, either in the shrubs or in the air. It seemed to him as if, separated from mortals, he were wandering through a second transfigured world, where the form of his Natalie might walk beside him with eyes of love and words of the heart, free and unshackled by the fetters of earth, and say to him: "Here you looked up thankfully to the starry night; here I gave you my wounded heart; here we pronounced our earthly separation; and here I was often alone, and pictured to myself the short apparition."

"But here," said he to himself, as he stood before the lovely chateau,—"here she wept for the last time in the beautiful valley on parting with her earliest friend."

Now again it was she only who was transfigured, and he was abandoned upon the earth, and gazed upon her from below. He felt that he should see her no more in this world. "But," said he to himself, "men must love, even though they do not see each other." His whole meagre future would only be lighted by transfigured pictures; but as, according to Bonnet, the tree is planted in the air or heaven, as well as in the earth, and receives its nourishment from both, so is it with every true man in general; and so, too, Firmian lived, in future, more even than heretofore, but with less root-branches of self in the visible earth. The whole tree, with its branches and top, stood in the free atmosphere, and imbibed with its blossoms the air of heaven, where he had only one

invisible male and one invisible female friend to cheer him.

At length the beautiful thin vapour of his dreams condensed into fog. Natalie's grief at his death flashed before him; his loneliness oppressed his heart; and his bosom, made sore by love, longed inexpressibly for a living being to stand there and love him heartily; but this being followed, and sought to overtake him,—his Henry.

"Mr. Leibgeber!" suddenly exclaimed a voice behind him, "stop a moment! I have brought your pocket-handkerchief, which I found down below."

He looked round; and the same little girl whom Natalie had drawn out of the water ran to meet him with a white pocket-handkerchief. As he still possessed his own, and the little one looked at him with surprise, saying he had dropped it an hour ago in the basin, but he had not then had on such a long coat, a gush of joy streamed into his heart. Leibgeber had arrived, and had been below.

With hasty steps, and with the handkerchief in his hand, he hurried on to Baireuth. The handkerchief was moist, as if from the weeping eyes of his friend. He pressed it warmly upon his own, but he could no longer dry them with it, for he pictured to himself how Henry lived in solitude, and proved his own saying, "He who spares and puts armour upon his feelings, preserves them most sensitive; even as the most delicate and susceptible skin lies beneath the finger-nails."

In the hotel of the Sun he heard from the head-waiter, John, that Leibgeber had really arrived, and had left again half an hour ago. Right and left, blind

and deaf, Firmian hastened after him on the road to Hof, in such a tempestuous pursuit of his friend that even the wet handkerchief ceased to occupy his thoughts. It was late ere he beheld him ascending the long hill behind the village of Bindloch—a mountain-road, in the true sense of the word, upon which no haste could be made, either up or down.

Leibgeber laboured up as fast as he was able, that he might overtake the Advocate unexpectedly before he arrived at Hof, perhaps in Münchberg, or in Gefrees, if not, possibly in Berneck, which is only a few post-leagues distant from Baireuth.

But was not all to be ten times better? Did not Siebenkäs, when he was at the foot of the mountain, behold him at last not far from the plain at the summit, and call out his name, though he heard it not? Did he not run with extraordinary rapidity, the handkerchief in his hand, after his slow, mountain-tired friend? And did not the latter, on arriving at the top, turn round by chance to gaze over the sunny landscape, and thence behold the whole of Baireuth, and at length his pursuing friend? And did they not then rush against one another, the one up-hill, the other down-hill, not like two hostile armies, but like two wreathed, sparkling cups of joy and friendship?

Henry soon perceived that many harsh and melting thoughts—time past and future—were struggling together in the bosom of his friend. He therefore sought to appease and reconcile all the naiads of the wear-waves. "Every thing went off divinely, and every one was well in health," said he. "Now you are as free as I am: your chains are knocked off; the world is open before you; jump into it, then, fresh and mer-

rily, like me, and, for the first time in your life, begin really to live."

"You are right!" said Firmian. "I enjoy a meeting like that after death! Serene, still, and warm, reposes the heaven above us."

He had, therefore, not the courage to ask after those he had left behind him, especially the widow. Leibgeber expressed great joy that he had already overtaken him four posts on this side of Hof, which was the more agreeable to him since they could now accompany each other a good while ere they were obliged to part in Hof. This was said merely that he might introduce the parting, which was what he wanted to impress on the mind of his friend.

Now, in order to divert any expression of their mutual emotion, he began his jests upon the dying scenes, which continued, like mile-stones or stone-benches, all along the road to Hof, and which we must all take along with us on this journey, if we will not turn back. He asked him whether the diet, which he had given him in imitation of that which the old Germans, Romans, and Egyptians, gave their dead, had been sufficient. He confessed Firmian must be very pious, since scarcely had he put off the mortal before he arose from the dead; thereby confirming Lavater's doctrine of two resurrections—an earlier one for the pious, and a later one for the godless. "You could not have had a better Archimimus after your death* than myself; and every fly which I saw run about upon your hand was, in my eyes, an apologist of the Romans, who plainly perceived that the creature

* The Roman actor who at the funeral mimicked the dead man by his gestures.

had no business on the hand, and therefore posted a boy with a fly-whisk before every corpse—a practice which I sinfully omitted."

Leibgeber's spirit and body leaped rather than walked. "I am cheerful and free," said he, "as long as I am out of doors: beneath the clouds I have no clouds. In youth the north-wind of life only blows upon one's back; and, by heaven! I am younger than a reviewer."

In Berneck they passed the night between the lofty bridge-piers of mountains, between which formerly flowed the seas which have overspread our sphere with fields. Grand and almighty reposed Time and Nature beside one another upon the confines of their two kingdoms. Between steep, lofty, monumental columns of creation, between firm, solid mountains, the empty mountain-castles crumbled into ruin; and masses of rock and blocks of stone lay strewn about the round green hills, as they were the broken tablets of the law of the first formation of the earth.

"The clergy from hence to Vaduz," said Henry, on his entrance, "must not know that you have exchanged the temporal for the eternal, else they will demand the dues from you which every corpse has to pay in every parish through which it passes. If we were in ancient Rome, and not in Berneck," added he, before the inn, "the landlord would not allow you to enter the house in any other way than through the chimney; and if it were in Athens, you would only need to creep through a hoop-petticoat, the same as if you wished to enter a spiritual office."*

* Those who had been held for dead, and, as such, honoured with a burial, had to submit to both ceremonies: Potter's *Archæology*.

When he was in such a full flow of humour, he could never cease, which distinguished him, to his disadvantage, from myself; and he said it was with metaphors and similes as with gold pieces, of which, Rousseau asserts, it is more difficult to gain the first than the following thousand.

In the evening therefore it was out of his power not to have a conceit, when he beheld the Advocate cutting his nails. "I cannot understand," said he, "now that I see you do it," "why Catherine Vieri, whose nails had to be pared off two hundred and fifty years after her death, could not have performed the operation herself as well as you, now that you have given up the ghost." And when he saw him turn on his left side in bed, he merely observed, that the Advocate of the Poor made his bed rise and fall in the same way as John the Evangelist moves his bed of earth, the grave, even up to the present hour.*

On the morrow a little rain fell upon these flowers of humour. As Leibgeber was washing his lion-haired breast with cold water, the Advocate had seen him put aside a little key, and asked to what it belonged.

"It unlocks nothing," said he; "but it has locked the *plombé cenotaphium*."**

Firmian was obliged to lean out of the window, and dry his eyes unobserved. He then said: "Give me the key: it is the waxen impression of a future one. I will make it the tuning-key of my inner tones, and will hang it up and look at it daily; and when,

* Augustin, Commentar. ad Johan. XXI. 23.

** Thus, or *tumulus honorarius*, was called the *empty* monument, which friends erected to the memory of a dead person whose body could not be found.

perchance, my resolution to improve shall have run down, I will wind it up again with this watch-key."

He obtained it. Hereupon Leibgeber happened to look into the mirror. "It almost seems as if I beheld myself double, if not treble," said he: "one of me must have died—the one there within, or the one outside. Which of us, then, in this room, is dead, and appears afterwards to the other? or do we only appear to ourselves? Eh! you my three I's, what do you say to the fourth?" demanded he; and turning to their two images in the mirror, and then to Firmian, he said, "Here am I too."

There was something terrible for the future* in these words; and Firmian, whose cooler understanding, in the midst of his emotion, made him fear the dangerous growth of this metamorphosing self-reflection in the solitude of travel, said, with tender anxiety: "Dear Henry, if upon your eternal journeys you always remain in future so lonely, I fear it will injure you. Even God himself is not alone, but beholds his universe."

"I can always be treble," answered he, strangely moved by the coffin-key, "even in the greatest solitude, not to take into account the universe;" and he stept before the mirror, and pressed his eye-ball aside with his fore-finger, so that he could see a two-fold image of himself. "But you, indeed, cannot see the third person in there. However," continued he, somewhat more cheerfully, in order to dissipate the clouds from his friend, who was little comforted by his last speech, and he led him, at the same time, to the window,—

* In another novel of the author, *Titan*, Leibgeber becomes deranged.—*Tr.*

"It is still better in the street below; and I there have much more company. I put my fore-finger to my eye-ball, and I have immediately the twin of every one, whosoever he may be, and a double edition of every landlord, as well as of his chalk. No president walks to the assembly to whom I do not give his ourang-outang, and they go before me *tête-à-tête*. If a genius wants an imitator, I take my fore-finger, and a living fac-simile is created on the spot. With every co-operator works a co-operator—adjunct professors are adjoined to adjunct professors—duplicates are given to only sons; for, as you see, I carry my plastic nature, my stamen, my moulding instrument, the fore-finger, with me; and I seldom let a solo-dancer caper otherwise than with four legs, so that he must dangle in the air as a pair of men. But you cannot conceive how much I gain by thus grouping a single fellow and his limbs. Consider, lastly, the increase of the multitude, when I double the number of all who attend funeral processions —strengthen every regiment by a regiment of flugel-men, who all imitate each other's motions—for, as I have said, like a grasshopper, I have the egg-depositing trunk always along with me,—the finger. From all this, Firmian, you may draw the consolatory conclusion, that I enjoy more society than any of you, namely, twice as much; and besides, it consists of people who, aping themselves in all their gestures, afford me a cheap delight by their laughable appearance."

Hereupon they looked one another in the face, but full of affectionate sympathy, and without any unpleasant feeling left by the preceding wild mode of jesting. A third person would have been frightened at their resemblance in this hour, as each was the plaster-of-paris

cast of the other; but to themselves their mutual affection made their faces appear dissimilar: each beheld in the other only what he loved as foreign to himself; and it was the same with their features as with beautiful actions, which inspire us with emotion and admiration in others, but not in ourselves.

When they were again out of doors, travelling on the road to Gefrees, the coffin-key, together with their previous discourse, continually pictured to their minds their last parting, whose death-sickle, with every milestone, approached nearer. Henry, therefore, sought to throw a few rosy beams into Firmian's fog by delivering into his hands an exact protocol of all the daily duties which had been agreed upon between him and the Count of Vaduz.

"It is true, the Count would merely suppose that you had forgotten the conversation; however, it is better so. You have killed yourself like a negro slave, in order to become free and arrive at the gold coast of your silver coast; and it would indeed be damnable if, after your death, you were to be damned."

"I cannot thank you sufficiently," said Firmian; "but you should not render my task still more difficult, and retire, like a hand from the clouds, as soon as you have emptied your own. Tell me, why am I not to see you any more after our parting?"

"In the first place," answered he quietly, "because the public, the Count, the Widow's Provident Fund Institution, and your widow, might discover that two editions of me were extant, which would be a most terrible misfortune in a world where a person is scarcely allowed to sit and sleep *solo* in the first original edition; secondly, I intend to act upon the fool's ship of the

earth several of the clown's parts, which I am not ashamed of so long as not a single devil knows who I am. Ah, I could give you many more weighty reasons! Moreover, it is pleasant to me to cast myself down from the moon upon the earth, and unknown, severed, unshackled, mingle with mankind as a freak of Nature, a *diabolus ex machina*, a strange moon *lithopædium*. Firmian, it is settled. After some years I will perhaps send you a line or two; the rather as the Galatians* put letters addressed to the dead upon the funeral pyre, just as if they were putting them into the post. But now it is decided—*positively*."

"I would not so easily submit," said Siebenkäs, "had I not the presentiment that I shall soon see you again. I am not like you; I hope for two meetings, one below—one above. Would to God that I could get you to die as you did me, and that we afterwards met again upon a Bindlocher mountain, but remained longer together!"

If these wishes should remind the reader of Schoppe in Titan, he will consider in what sense Destiny often interprets and fulfils our wishes.

Leibgeber merely answered: "We must be able to love without seeing one another; and in the end we can only love Love, and that we can both see, daily, in ourselves."

In the inn at Gefrees, as they had plenty of leisure, considering there was nothing to be seen either in or out of the town with its one street, Leibgeber proposed exchanging clothes, in order (this was the good reason he alleged) that the Count of Vaduz, who for years had never seen him in any other dress than the

* Alexand. ab Alex. III. 7.

present, might not perceive any thing in the Advocate to surprise him, but might find every thing exactly as before, even to the shoe-heel with its nails. This fell upon the Advocate's bosom like a broad beam of February sun-shine, that is to say, the thought that in future he should be embraced, as it were, by Henry's sleeves, and clasped and warmed by all his outer relics. Leibgeber retired into the next room, and first threw his short green jacket through the half-open door, calling out, "Frock-coat, come in;" then, after the neckcloth and waistcoat, he threw in his long trousers with leathern stripes, saying, "Short ones, come in;" and, at last, even his shirt, with the words, "Grave-shirt, hither."

The throwing in of the shirt at once afforded the Advocate the clue to Leibgeber's secret feelings. He guessed that he had a higher motive for this transmigration into clothes than merely that of providing an actor's dress for Vaduz, namely, the desire of inhabiting the case or shell which had contained his friend. Not in a whole volume of Gellert or Klopstock's "Letters upon Friendship," not in a whole weekful of Leibgeber's days of self-denial, was there any thing so dear and sweet to the Advocate as this inheritance of clothes. He would not profane the surmise that made him so happy by expressing it; but he was confirmed in his belief when Leibgeber came forth, changed into a Siebenkäs, and, after gazing upon himself with gentle looks in the mirror, laid his three fingers without speaking a word upon Firmian's forehead. This was the greatest sign of his love; and therefore, to my own and Firmian's joy, I mention, that during dinner, though the conversation was about indifferent things, he re-

peated the sign more than three times. How different and various would have been the jests which Leibgeber would have made upon this moulting at any other season, under the influence of other feelings! Only to guess at a few of them: how much use he would have made of the change of binding of their two folio volumes, in order to involve Mr. Hochmüller (the landlord in Gefrees) in the greatest and most amusing embarrassment, from which the polite man could not have extricated himself one minute earlier than until the fourth volume had come to his assistance, which, at the present moment, is only in Baireuth, and not yet in the press. But Leibgeber did nothing of all this; and even of conceits he only delivered himself of a few weak ones, about changelings, and about the sudden French transition of people from *"en longue robe"* to *"en courte robe;"* and he also said, that he would no longer call Siebenkäs a deceased, transfigured being in boots, but in shoes, which was more fitting, and sounded somewhat more sublime.

He observed with particular pleasure, that, what between the old bodies and new clothes, as it were, between two fires of love, his dog Saufinder did not know what to make of it, but often turned away quite puzzled from one to the other: the agreement between the two parties, the clipping of the one, the increase of the other, mystified the poor animal, and he could not comprehend it.

"I value him as much again," said Leibgeber, "for his behaviour to you; believe me, he will not be at all unfaithful to me if he is faithful to you."

He could scarcely say any thing more obliging to the Advocate. The whole way from Gefrees to Münch-

berg, the Advocate, from a feeling of gratitude, exerted himself to reflect upon his friend the sunshine of cheerfulness, into which Henry continually sought to lead him. This was not easy, especially when he beheld his friend trudging after him in his long coat. He made the greatest efforts in Münchberg, the last post-station before Hof, where the corporeal arms by which they clung together were, so to say, to be cut off by a long separation.

As they were proceeding along the road of Hof, more silent than before, Leibgeber, who was in advance, and felt revived by the pine-wood mountain on his right, began to whistle, as was his wont when travelling, gay and sad national airs, most of them in a low key. He said, he did not consider himself the worst city and road piper, and he thought he bore the innate foot-passenger's post-horn with honour. But now, so shortly before parting, these sounds, which seemed to come echoing from Henry's long journeys in former times, and to meet him from his future solitary ones, fell upon Firmian's ear as a kind of Swiss *Ranz-des-vaches*, which penetrated to his heart; and it was fortunate that he was behind, for he could not possibly restrain his tears. Oh, take away music, when the heart is full, if it is not to overflow!

At last he was enabled to give sufficient steadiness to his voice to ask in an unembarrassed tone: "Are you fond of whistling, and do you often do so on the road?"

There was, however, something in the tone of the question which conveyed the idea that the fluting was not so agreeable to him as to the musician himself.

"Always," answered Leibgeber, "I whistle life out; the theatre of the world and all that is upon it, and so forth; much of the past; and, like a steeple-warder of Carlsbad, I also blow in the future. But it displeases you, perhaps? Do I blow false, or whistle against rule?"

"Oh," said Siebenkäs, "only too beautifully!"

Thereupon Leibgeber began again, but with ten times more force and beauty than before, and performed such a lovely, melting mouth-organ piece, that Siebenkäs came up to him with four large strides, and laying his right-hand gently on Henry's lips, while he covered his own streaming eyes with the handkerchief in his left, he said to him in a quivering voice, "Henry, spare me! I know not why, but to-day every tone moves me too much."

The musician looked at him. Leibgeber's whole inner world was in his eye-ball; he then nodded his head several times, and walked rapidly forwards without uttering a word, or turning to look back or to be looked upon. But his hands, perhaps involuntarily, continued to beat time to some bars of the air.

At length they reached the Grub-street or city of the mint, where I sit pasting and colouring these assignats* for half the world, *i. e.* Hof. It is true it is not at all to my advantage that I then knew nothing whatever of all that, at present, half Europe is made acquainted with through me. I was then younger, and sat solitary at home, like a lettuce, with the best will to close into a head, which act of closing nothing hinders so much, both in men and in lettuces, as the

* I am talking of the year 1796.

proximity and touch of the neighbouring plants. It is easier, more agreeable, and more advantageous for a youth to come forth out of solitude into company, (out of the greenhouse into the garden,) than, *vice versâ*, out of the market-place into a corner. Exclusive solitude and exclusive sociality are both injurious, and, with the exception of their order of precedence, nothing is so important as their interchange.

In Hof, Siebenkäs bespoke two rooms of the landlord, believing that Leibgeber would not part from him before the following morning. But the latter, who for some time had been vexed at his own predetermination to part, and then at his fear of it, had inwardly sworn to make the rent between two spirits this very day, and afterwards to run away into the Saxon territory, even if it were at three quarters past eleven at night—but, any rate, to-day. He entered his chamber good-humouredly, unbolted the door that divided it from that of Siebenkäs, and thought of the melodies he had whistled, which still rang in his and the Advocate's head if not in their hearts; but he soon enticed him out of the empty, deaf and dumb chamber into the distracting hurly-burly of the coffee-room; did not remain long even there, but begged his friend to cruise with him round the town, just as the first quarter of the moon stood like a burning lamp above its post on the market-place. They both sallied forth, climbed up to the avenue, and looked down upon the gardens of Hof in the city-moat, which perhaps deserve to supersede artificial meadows, since more frequently than other meadows they are sown for cattle. To this I ascribe the observation made so late at night by Leibgeber, who had been in Switzerland

(for the country adorned and adopted by nature, and disinherited by art, lay stretched out before him), that the inhabitants of Hof resembled the Swiss, whose whole country was an English garden, with the exception of the few gardens in it.

The two continued to describe more extended parallels around the town. They crossed a bridge whence they perceived a grass-grown Rabenstein, which reminded them of that other icy region with its crater, where just a year ago they had parted in the night, but with the sweeter hope of an earlier meeting. Two friends such as these, in similar situations have always similar thoughts. Each, if not the unison, is at least the octave, the fifth, the fourth, of the other. Henry sought to kindle a little light in his friend's dark house of mourning and sorrow, by directing his attention to the bird-pole, which stood like a commandant's flag-staff, or like the burning-stake not far from the place of criminal judicature.

"A king of the shooters," he observed, "has here, alongside of the lever and leaping-pole by which you swung yourself up to be great Negus and great Mogul of Kuhschnappel, his criminal Sinai most conveniently at hand, upon which he can both give his laws and avenge them."

The law of nature by which, according to Buffon, opposite every hill is always found a second of equal height and bulk, comprehends many corresponding heights: for instance, here Rabenstein and throne, in large cities great houses and *petites maisons*, the two choirs in the churches, the fifth story and Pindus, theatres and Professors' chairs.

Since Firmian, lost in sadder resemblances, re-

mained silent, he too spoke no more. He now conducted him (for he was acquainted with the whole country) towards another stone which had a more beautiful name—to the stone of gladness. While they were toiling to it up the mountain, Firmian at length asked him boldly:

"Tell me—I am resigned to it—tell me openly, upon your honour, when do you intend leaving me for ever?"

"*Now*," answered Henry.

Under pretence of more easily ascending the acclivity, which was clothed with blooming, fragrant mountain-herbs, they held such other's hands, and during the toil of the ascent both were squeezed apparently by a mechanical accident. But the roots of sorrow penetrating into Firmian's heart grew with every moment larger, and split it further asunder, even as roots split rocks. Firmian threw himself down upon the grey craggy promontory, which stood isolated on the green height like a boundary-stone, but at the same time he drew his parting brother to his bosom.

"Sit once more quite close beside me," said he.

They pointed out to one another, as friends are wont to do, every thing they observed. Henry directed his attention to the camp of the town, pitched at the base of the mountain, in which nothing was moving but the flickering lights. The river coiled round the town beneath the moon like a giant serpent with a sparkling back, and stretched itself out betwixt two bridges. The pale light of the half-moon, and the white transparent mists of night, raised the mountains, and woods, and earth, into the heavens, and the

waters upon the earth were spangled with stars like the blue night above them, and the earth, as well as Uranus, had a double moon, as it were a child in each hand.

"In fact," commenced Leibgeber, "we can always see one another when we please; we have only to look into a common mirror—that is, our moon-mirror."*

"No," said Firmian, "we will agree upon a time when we will think of one another at the same moment, on our birthdays, on the day of my pantomimic death, and on this day."

"Good," said Leibgeber; "those shall be our four quarter-days."

All at once his hand happened to come in contact with a dead lark, which had probably been killed by the hail. Suddenly he grasped Firmian by the shoulder, and said, as he pulled him up:

"Stand up; we are men! What is the use of all this! Farewell! May God crush me with a thousand thunder-bolts if you ever go out of my head or heart. You will remain for ever in my bosom as warmly as a living heart; and so farewell: and upon the Berghem's sea-piece of your life may there be no wave as big as a tear! Farewell!"

They clung together and wept heartily, and Firmian as yet returned no answer. His fingers stroked and caressed Henry's hair. At last he leaned his cheek

* Pythagoras invented a means by which every thing that he wrote upon a mirror with bean-juice became legible in the moon: *Cæl. Rhodigin.* XI. 13. When Charles V. and Francis I. were waging war with each other to obtain possession of Milan, every thing that happened in the day at Milan could, by means of such a mirror, easily be read on the moon at night in Paris: Agrippa *De Occul. Philos.* II. 6.

only against the beloved eyes,—before his own beamed the wide abyss of night; and his lips, which were turned away from the parting kiss, murmured almost inaudibly, "Farewell, sayest thou to me? Ah! that, indeed, I cannot, when I have lost my truest, my oldest friend. The earth henceforth will be as dark to me as it now is around us. It will be hard for me one day in death, when in my darkness I stretch out my hand to feel for you, and think in my delirium that death is again only simulated as before, and I say, 'Henry, close my eyes,—I cannot die without thee.'"

They remained silent in a convulsive embrace. Henry whispered, "Ask me what you still wish me to say to you; then may God punish me if I utter another word."

Firmian stammered out, "Will you still continue to love me, and shall I soon see you again?"

"Not for a long time," answered he; "and I shall love you unceasingly."

As he endeavoured to tear himself away, Firmian held him fast. "We will look at one another only once more," entreated he; and they bent back, with their faces channelled by sorrow, and looked at one another for the last time, as the night-wind, like the arm of a stream, mingled with the deep river, and both, united, murmured along in larger billows, and as the wide mountains of creation trembled beneath the dim radiance of tearful eyes. But Henry tore himself away, made a motion with his hand, as if to say it was all over, and fled *down* the mountain.

After a short time the spur of pain impelled Firmian unconsciously to follow him, and his inner man, com-

pressed to insensibility by the tourniquet, did not at this moment feel the amputation of his limb. They both pursued the same road, though separated by mountains and valleys. As often as Henry stood still and looked back, Firmian did the same. Ah! after such a sultry storm, every wave freezes to an icy ridge, and the heart lies transpierced upon them. Did it not seem to our Firmian, whilst with this broken heart he traversed the undistinguishable dusky paths, as if all the funeral bells were tolling behind him;—as if life were flying away from him? and when, in relief against the blue sky, he beheld a black storm-tree* which rested on the stars like a bier for the future, was it not natural that a voice should exclaim within him, "With this foot-rule of vapour destiny measures you, your earth and your love, for the last coffin?" From the distance never varying between himself and the form he had observed, Henry at length became aware that it was following him, and only halted when he halted. He, therefore, resolved to wait in the next village, where his stopping would not be perceived, for the shape that was creeping after him. In the next village, Töpen, which was situated deep in the valley, he awaited the arrival of the pursuing undistinguishable being in the deep shadow of a gleaming church. Firmian hastened along the broad white road, stupified by sorrow and blinded by the moonlight, and paused near the friend he had parted from. They stood opposite one another, like two spirits over their corpses, and each deemed the other an apparition, as the superstitious believe the noises made by those who are buried alive to proceed from ghosts. Firmian hesitated, fearing that his be-

* A long cloud with streaks like branches, which announces a storm.

loved friend would be displeased, and from afar he lifted up his trembling arm and stammered forth, "It is I, Henry," and went towards him. Henry uttered a cry of sorrow, and threw himself upon the faithful bosom, but his oath chained his tongue, and thus the two wretched or blessed beings, mute, blind, and weeping, pressed their two throbbing hearts once more closely together; and when the speechless moment, full of anguish and rapture, was past, an iron cold one tore them asunder, and Fate seized them with two almighty arms, and flung the one bleeding heart to the south, the other to the north, and the dejected silent corpses pursued slowly and solitarily the widening path of separation in the night.

And why, then, does my own heart break,—why, long before I came to this parting, could I no more staunch my overflowing eyes? Oh, my good Christian, it is not because in this church those now rest and decay who once lay upon thy heart and mine!—no, no, I have become used to it now, in the black magic of our life, to see skeletons suddenly spring up in the place of our friends. I know that *one* must die when two embrace;*—that an unknown breath blows the thin glass which we call a human bosom, and that an unknown cry again breaks the glass. It is no longer so painful to me as it once was, ye two brothers sleeping in the church!—that the hard, cold hand of death struck you away so early from the honey-dew of life, and that you expanded your wings and disappeared. Oh, ye have either a sounder sleep, or more friendly dreams, or a brighter waking than ours! But that

* The superstition is that of two children who kiss without being able to speak—the one must die.

which agonises us in every gravehillock is the thought, "Ah! how much I would have loved thee, good heart, had I but known thy death beforehand!" But as not one of us can take the hand of a corpse, and say, "Thou pale image, I have at least sweetened thy fleeting life; I never gave thy faded heart any thing but pure love, pure joy;" as we all, when at length Time, Sorrow, and Life's winter without love have beautified our hearts, must step with useless sighs up to the forms that lie overwhelmed by the earth-fall of the grave, and say, "Alas, that I can no longer possess you and love you, now that I am better and gentler! Alas, that the good bosom is now hollow and broken in, and no longer contains a heart which I would now love better, and gladden more than before!"—what is left to us but a vain sorrow, a dumb repentance, and unceasing bitter tears? No, my Christian, something better is left us—a warmer, truer, more beautiful love towards every soul that we have not yet lost!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Days at Vaduz. Natalie's Letter. A New Year's Wish. Wilderness of Destiny and of the Heart.

WE meet our Firmian again, who, after his departure from the world, like officers after theirs, had risen to a higher grade, that is to say, to the rank of an Inspector, in his inspector's dwelling at Vaduz. He was now obliged to force his way through so many tangled holly-brakes and thorny hedges, that, amid his labours, he forgot he was so alone, so quite alone in the world. No man could overcome and endure solitude if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

In his intercourse with the Count he had only to appear what he was, and then he most resembled Leibgeber. He found in him an old man of the world, who, living alone, without wife and sons or female domestics, covered and adorned his grey hairs with the arts and sciences, the longest and latest enjoyments of a joy-exhausted existence. He loved nothing else on the earth (always excepting the act of joking upon it) but his daughter, with whom Natalie had wandered and revelled among the stars and blossoms of her youthful days.

As he had exerted all his powers of soul and body in his earlier days to climb and carry off the prizes

from the highest and most slippery *cocagne**-trees of pleasure, it was natural enough that he should come down from them with both elements of his being somewhat faint and exhausted. His mental life was now a sort of nursing and lying in a tepid bath, from which he could never rise without a cold fit of shivering, and into which fresh warm water had continually to be poured. The keeping of his word, which with him was a point of honour, and the greatest happiness of his daughter, were the only unbroken reins by which the moral law had ever restrained him; for he looked upon all its other bonds more in the light of flower-chains or pearl-strings, which a man of the world ties together again so often in the course of his life.

As it is easier to simulate lameness than an upright carriage, it was consequently less difficult for Siebenkäs to act the part of the dear lame devil, his Leibgeber. The Count was only struck by the natural white paint upon his face, by his sorrowful countenance, and by a number of inexpressible little deviations, variations, and aberrations from Leibgeber; but the Inspector helped his liege out of his dream by remarking, that he hardly knew himself any longer, and that he had become his own changeling ever since he had been ill, and had seen his college-friend Siebenkäs depart this life in Kuhschnappel. In short, the Count was obliged to believe what he heard: who could ever dream of such an absurd story as that which I here narrate? Even if my reader had then stood by in the room, he must still have believed the Inspector rather than myself, were it only that the Inspector re-

* "Mât de cocagne,"—a smooth high mast, at the top of which are prizes for successful climbers.—*Tr.*

collected more of his former conversation with the Count—it was true, he learnt it from Leibgeber's journal—than did the Count himself. However, since he had to act the part of man of business and feoffee of his beloved Henry, he was obliged to exhibit two qualities in a high degree—cheerfulness and good temper. Leibgeber's humour was stronger in colouring, bolder in drawing, and had a more poetical, universal, and ideal compass* than that of Firmian; therefore the latter was obliged to raise his chamber-voice into a choir-voice, in order to imitate him at least, if not to come up to him. And this appearance of a cheerful humour changed at last into a real one. In consequence, too, of his fine feeling and his friendship, Henry's magnified, bright image, upon whose head the halo of beams intertwined with the laurel-wreath, was always borne before him on his path of life, as upon a Moses-pillar of clouds, and every thought in him whispered, "Be glorious, be divine, be a Socrates, if only to do honour to the spirit whose emissary thou art." And to which of us would it be possible to take the name of a beloved person, and, under this name, to be guilty of sin?

No one in the world is so often cheated—not even

* "Therefore I foresee that Leibgeber's pastoral letters in these 'Flower-Pieces' will be unendurable letters of defiance and challenge for most of my readers. Most of the Germans—this cannot be denied them—understand a joke, not all understand raillery, and very few humour, least of all such as that of Leibgeber. Considering, therefore, that it was easier to change a book than the public, my first intention was to have falsified all his letters, and to have substituted more intelligible ones. However, it can always be so arranged, in the second edition, that the counterfeit letters shall be inserted into the text, and the real ones subjoined as an appendix." This was not rendered necessary: but, heavens! how can first editions make such egregious blunders, and misestimate so many readers, to whom second editions afterwards make the sincerest and warmest acknowledgments?

women and princes—as the conscience. The Inspector deluded his in some such manner as this: "In earlier years his name had really been Leibgeber, just as he now signed himself; he also assisted the Count enough. Besides, could any one be more resolved than he was to relate every thing to the latter exactly as it happened, even to a hair, as soon as it was in his power? It was easy to foresee that such a humorous juridical forging, and such a picturesque deception, would surprise him more agreeably than all the necessary truths founded on reason and *responsa prudentum;* not to mention the Count's joy when he discovered that the same friend, and humorist, and jurist, was to be had two-headed, two-hearted, four-legged, and four-armed, in short, *in duplo.* He must also observe that his lies were more those of necessity than lies in jest; inasmuch as he touched upon the past conversations and circumstances of Leibgeber most unwillingly and as seldom as possible; whereas he spoke more freely and more frequently about his own immediate affairs, which excluded no truth."

So is, *not* the Inspector, but *man.* The latter has an indescribable love of halves—perhaps because he is a colossus standing with outstretched legs upon two worlds—namely, of half romances—of the half "franco" of selfishness—of half proofs—of half learning—of half holydays—of hemispheres—and consequently of better halves.

During the first weeks his new labours, of every sort, concealed from him his sorrows and his longings, at least as long as the sun shone. The first addition to his pleasure, however, was made by the Count's satisfaction with his juridical knowledge and punctual

labours. The latter once even said to him, "Friend Leibgeber, you keep your previous promise bravely. Your insight and punctuality in business is an additional honour to you; for I confess freely that, with all my respect for your other talents, I had some unpleasant misgivings on this head: for, like your Frederick II., I separate business altogether from conversation; to all that respects the former I exact the most scrupulous and punctual attention."

Thereupon Firmian thought and rejoiced within himself—"Thus far, at least, I have turned aside some blame from my dear friend, and acquired some praise for him, which, had he pleased, he could easily have acquired for himself."

After such a pleasure of self-denial, a man always desires to enjoy new pleasures of self-denial and to make new sacrifices; like children, who, after having once given, will never cease giving. He unpacked his selection from the Devil's Papers, and gave them to the Count, saying quite openly, that he had composed them. "In this I do not deceive him in the least," thought he, "notwithstanding that he ascribes them to Leibgeber; for I have now no other name."

The Count could not read and praise the papers enough; and, what particularly pleased him was, the true zeal shewed by the author in allowing himself to be directed in the right path of satire by his two countrymen, the British twin-constellation of humour, Swift and Sterne.

Siebenkäs heard his book praised with so much pleasure, and smiled with such delight, that he really looked like a vain author, while, in fact, he was nothing but a lover of his Henry, upon whose name and

form, in the Count's soul, he had been able to conjure a few more laurel-crowns.

But this little pleasure was indeed needful, as some consolation and cordial for a life which, cold and overshadowed, flowed on from week to week, from month to month, between steep shores of piled-up acts and documents. Alas! he heard nothing better, with the exception only of the good Count, whose extraordinary kindness would have made his heart beat still more warmly had he but been able to thank him for it both in his own and in another's name—he heard nothing better, I say, than the waves of his life, which sometimes murmured. He again found himself daily in the hard position of a critic, which he had been before—obliged to read what he had to criticise—formerly authors, now advocates. He looked into so many empty heads—into so many empty hearts; in the former he beheld so much folly, in the latter so much blackness. He perceived how much the common people, when travelling to the Egerian fountain of juridical inkstands to cure themselves of bladder-stones, resembled the frequenters of Carlsbad, in whom the hot spring brings out all the hidden diseased matter upon the surface of the skin. He saw that most of the old and worst advocates, in this one respect only, bore a beautiful resemblance to poisonous plants, that, like them, they are not half so poisonous in their youth and period of bloom, but, on the contrary, much more harmless. He saw that a just judgment was often as injurious as an unjust one, and that appeals were made against both. He saw that it was an easier, and, at the same time, more unpleasant thing, to be a judge than to be an advocate, but that neither of them were

losers by an injustice; since the judge was as well paid for a judgment set aside as an advocate for a lost lawsuit; and that they therefore lived as comfortably upon the fall of justice as Schaffhausen upon the fall of the Rhine; that, in the treatment of dependents, the principle of grooms was applied, who consider the curry-combing half the horse's food; and lastly, he saw that no one was more ill-used in the affair than he who witnessed it, and that the devil never carried off any thing less frequently than—devils.

Amid such labours and views the tender veins of the heart contract, and the open arms of the inner man are paralysed. The overburdened man scarcely has the desire to love, far less the time. We always love and seek *things* at the expense of *persons;* and the man who *works* too much must *love* too little.

Poor Firmian listened each day to the prayers and wishes of his tender soul on one single spot alone, namely, upon his pillow, and the pillow-case was his white handkerchief, waiting for his wet eyes. Over the whole of his former world rolled a deluge of tears, and nothing floated above it but the two faded funereal chaplets of departed days, Natalie's and Lenette's flowers —the petrified medicinal flowers, as it were, of his sick soul—the border-plants of desolated beds.

Living, as he did, so far away, and not in any corner of the elliptical vault, he could learn as little of the imperial market-town as of Schraplau—of Lenette and Natalie nothing. He merely saw in the Messenger of the Gods and Advertiser of German Programmes that he had died, and that the critical institution thereby found itself deprived of one of its best and most diligent co-operators, which *necrologium* rewarded

the Inspector earlier than any German scholar, and not later than the Olympian conqueror Euthymus,* to whom, by a decree of the Delphic oracle, sacrifice and divine worship were adjudged even during his lifetime. I know not to what ears the German Fama most loves to blow her trumpet—whether to deaf ears or to long ones.

And yet Firmian preserved, in the ice-mouth of his heart, that so yearned for love, and in the wilderness of his solitude, one living, blooming flower, and this was, Natalie's parting kiss.

Oh! if ye but knew—ye who suffer an unceasing hunger because of our insatiableness—how a kiss which is a first and a last one blooms throughout a whole life, as the everlasting double rose of the silent lips and glowing souls, ye would seek and find longer joys. That kiss established in Firmian the spirit-bond, and eternalised love in its season of blossoming; the silent lips still continued to speak to him; the spirit's inspiration was wafted still from breath to breath; and however often in his nights, from behind his closed eyes, he let Natalie part from him with her sublime sorrows, and disappear in the dark shrubbery-paths, he was yet never tired of the parting, of the sorrows, and of the love.

At last, after the lapse of six months, on a lovely winter's morning, when the white mountains, with their snowy crystal woods, were bathing, as it were, in the rose-blood of the sun, and when the wings of aurora, more widely expanded, laid themselves upon the sparkling earth, a letter flew into Firmian's empty hand, as if wafted in advance by the morning wind of a future

* Plin. H. N. VII. 48.

spring. It was from Natalie, who, like every one else, supposed him to be the Henry of former days.

"Dear Leibgeber,—I can no longer control my heart, which has daily yearned to melt or break before yours, only that it might disclose to you all its wounds. Once at least you were my friend: am I quite forgotten? Have I lost you too? Oh, surely not! It is only that you cannot speak to me for sorrow, because your Firmian died upon your heart, and still reposes in the cold of death upon the aching spot. Oh, why did you persuade me to accept fruits which grow upon his grave, and which, as it were, will open his coffin for me every year?* The first day I received them was a sad one—sadder than any before. You will perceive in a little new-year's wish, addressed to myself, which I enclose, that one passage refers to a white rose-tree in my room from which I gathered a few white roses in December. My friend, now attend to a request, which is the motive of my writing this letter—it is my warmest prayer for sorrow, for still greater sorrow; then I shall have consolation. Send me—since no one else can, and I know nobody—a circumstantial detail of the last hours and minutes of our beloved friend; tell me what he said, what he suffered, how his eye became glazed, and how his life ceased; I must learn all, every thing that will pierce me to the heart. What can it cost you and me but tears? and they refresh a sick eye. I am your friend

"NATALIE.

"P. S. Were I not restrained by so many circum-

* Refers to the widow's pension.

stances, I would make a pilgrimage to his place of residence in person, and collect relics for my soul; although I will not answer for any thing if you are silent. I congratulate you upon your new appointment, and I hope to be able to do so some day by word of mouth. My heart will at length so far heal as to enable me to visit my dear friend at her father's house, and to see you without too much pain at the resemblance which you bear to your now *unlike* buried beloved friend."

The pretty poem was in English verse, as follows:

"The new year opens wide its gate:
Between the redly rising sun
And morning vapours standeth Fate,
And hath the new year's task begun.

He stands upon the dead year's tomb,
The days obedient round him bow,
To scatter light, to scatter gloom;
Say, Natalie, what prayest thou?

Oh, not for joys; alas! their bloom,
That in my heart no home could find,
A moment shed a sweet perfume,
Then died, and left their thorns behind.

Where sheds the sun his warmest beam,
The heavy thunder-cloud doth grow;
Our light is nothing but the gleam
Cast from the sword of coming woe.

Oh no! I ask for joys no more;
They make the thirsting heart so drear,
With tears alone it floweth o'er,
For nought but sorrow fills it here.

Oh, Natalie, consider still—
All coming Time to Fate doth bow;—
He gives the good—he gives the ill—
'Tis thine to ask. What wishest thou?

I ask no love; for whoso presses
Upon his heart love's fair white rose
Is wounded e'en while he caresses,
And never more those wounds will close.

The life-warm tear of joy, which threw
Upon its cup a brighter dye,
Too soon grows cold, and then, like dew,
It melts away into a sigh.

At dawn of life, in beauty proud,
Fair as Aurora, love appears;
Oh, enter not the radiant cloud,
For it is built of mist and tears!

Ah, no! no love, no love for me;
Of nobler sorrows I would die,
Beneath a loftier poison-tree
Than the low myrtle gasping lie.

Almighty Lord of all is Fate—
Thou kneelest at his footstool now—
Oh speak to him, ere yet too late,
Say, Natalie, what wishest thou?

Not e'en for friends—no more; we stand
All side by side o'er hollow graves,
And when together, hand in hand,
Our mutual love life's sorrow braves,

Behold, the treacherous vault gives way,
And claims the loved one for its own;
And I with frozen days must stay,
Above the filled-up pit—alone.

No, no, not here; but when the breast
Is wed to stern decay no more;
When friends shall meet in cloudless rest
Upon the everlasting shore;

Then shall my heart more warmly beat,
More gladly weep the unfading eye;
The lips that cannot pale repeat
The words of love, and breathe its sigh:

'Oh, come to me, beloved soul,
To-day we'll love without a fear,
Nor seek our rapture to control—
There is no death to part us here.'

Has Earth then nothing—nothing left
To lift the shadow from thy brow?
Oh thou—forsaken and bereft,
Bethink thee yet; what wishest thou?

For patience and the grave—deny,
O silent Fate, not that; first take
The tears away, then close the eye;
First soothe the heart, then let it break.

Once when beneath a lovelier sky
The spirit spreads its buoyant wing;
When in a purer world on high
The new year dawns, new joys to bring;

When all shall meet and love again,
Then shall my wishes be confess'd;
Yet no—e'en then I must refrain;
I should already be too blest."

What language could depict the internal speechlessness and stupefaction of her friend after he had read the paper? He still held it, and gazed upon it, though he could no longer either see or think. Alas! the icebergs of the glacier of death advanced further, and filled up one warm *Tempe* after another!

The only bond by which Firmian, in his loneliness, was now attached to humanity was the rope which tolled his death-knell and let down his coffin. His bed was nothing but a broad bier; and if ever he had

a moment of joy, it seemed to him as if he committed a robbery on the withered leaf-stripped heart of another. The stem of his life, like that of many plants,* sank continually lower, and its top became the hidden root.

On all sides yawned the abyss of a difficulty; and action was as dangerous as inaction. I will lay before the reader the difficulties or resolutions, in the order they presented themselves to his soul. In man, the devil always rises up sooner than the angel—the bad resolution sooner than the good one.** His first was not moral, namely, to answer Natalie, and to relate the story of his death—that is, to tell her lies. We find the mourning-robe as beautiful when others put it on for us, as it is warm when we put it on for others.

"But I shall burden her beautiful heart," said his, "with a new sorrow by thus continuing to wound it by a lie. Ah! not even my real death would be worth so much grief. I will rather keep silence." But then she would naturally think Henry was angry, and that she had lost this friend likewise; yes, she might even take a journey to the imperial market-town, and, standing before his gravestone, bear it as an additional weight upon her oppressed and trembling soul.

Both ways were exposed to the danger of her coming to Vaduz, and then he would have to turn the

* In ranunculuses the lowest part of the stalk sinks every year deeper into the earth to replace the root, which rots away.

** In enthusiasm the order is reversed. If you desire to know your firmly established principles of moral worth with much greater certainty than you can learn them from resolutions and actions, you have only to pay attention to the joy or sorrow which first arises in you, like a flash of lightning, on the occasion of a moral call of duty, a piece of news, a disappointment, &c., but again immediately disappears, conquered by further reflection. What large pieces of the old corrupting Adam do not we often find!

written lies, which he had spared himself, into spoken lies. One other way yet lay open before him—the most virtuous, but the steepest. He could tell her the truth; but even if Natalie were silent, with what danger was this confession not fraught in his present position? and in Natalie's eyes a crooked yellow light would fall upon his good Henry, especially as she knew nothing which would reveal the magnanimity of his views and deceptions. Nevertheless, his heart suffered least upon the insecure road of truth, and at last he remained firm in this resolve.

CHAPTER XXIV.

News from Kuhschnappel. Anticlimax of Girls. Opening of the Seventh Seal.

I AM quite distracted by the thought that though we accept and honour a bill drawn on us by virtue, we yet never pay it without so many renewals and days of grace, while the devil, like Constantinople, will never hear of any.

Firmian made no further objections but those of delay; he only deferred his confession, and thought that as Apollo is the best consoler (*paraclete*) of humanity, and as Natalie had shewn the basilisk of sorrow its own picture in the mirror of poetry, it would naturally be killed by the image. Thus are all virtuous impulses weakened in us by the friction of our inclinations and of time. Another letter again threw all the scenes of his theatre into confusion. It came from the Schulrath Stiefel.

"High noble-born, especially highly to be respected Mr. Inspector,—Your honour will recollect but too well, that according to the last will and testament of our mutual friend, the late Advocate of the Poor, Mr. Siebenkäs, Mr. Heimlicher von Blaise was to pay over his inheritance, and, moreover, as you know, to your worthy self, in order that you might remit the moneys to the widow. In case of refusal, the late testator declared he would appear as a ghost. Be that as it may,

thus much, at least, is the general gossip of the town, that for some weeks past a ghost, in the shape of our late friend, has really pursued the Heimlicher every where, who has become so bedridden in consequence, that he has taken the holy sacrament, and really resolved to deliver up the above-mentioned moneys. I now beg to ask you whether you will first receive them, or whether, as is almost more natural, they shall not be delivered at once to the widow? I have yet to mention, that, according to the will of the testator, I married the latter, the late Madame Siebenkäs, some time ago, and she is now pregnant. She is an excellent wife and housekeeper: we live in harmony and peace. She is no Thalæa,* and she would give her life for her husband as gladly as he would give his for her; and I often wish for nothing so much as that my predecessor, her good never-to-be-forgotten first husband, Siebenkäs, who sometimes had his little whims, could be a spectator of the happiness in which at present his dear Lenette is swimming. She weeps for him every Sunday when she passes across the churchyard; but, at the same time, she confesses that her lot is at present much better. I have had to learn now, for the first time, alas! the wretched condition in which her late husband lived, with respect to his purse. How willingly would I have assisted him and his wife, as becomes a Christian, had I known it! If the deceased, who now possesses more than all of us, can, in his glory, look down upon us, he will certainly forgive me. I humbly

* Thalæa, the wife of Pinarius, under the government of Tarquinius Superbus, was the first who quarrelled with her mother-in-law, Gegania: Plut, *in Numa*. German history will perhaps some day make still more honourable mention of the first wife who did *not* quarrel with her mother-in-law; at least, a German Plutarch should be on the look-out for such a one.

beg for a speedy answer. One cause of the delivery of the inheritance may also be, that Mr. Heimlicher, who, on the whole, is a righteous man, is no longer baited by Mr. von Meyern; they have quite fallen out with one another, as the whole town knows; and the latter has broken off his betrothal with five ladies in Baireuth, and is now about to enter into the bond of holy wedlock with an inhabitant of Kuhschnappel.

"My wife is as angry with him as Christian love permits; and she says, when he meets her, she is like a huntsman when he meets an old woman in his path in the morning; for he was the cause of much needless vexation between her and her husband; and she often relates to me with pleasure how finely you, most esteemed Mr. Inspector, oftentimes unhooded this dangerous man: however, he does not venture to set his foot in my house.

"For the moment, I will defer a yet more detailed request as to whether you will not fill the vacant place of the late gentleman as co-operator to the Gods'-Messenger of German Programmes, which, I may say, is taken with approval in the gymnasia and lycæa of Swabia, as far as Nuremberg, Baireuth, and Hof. There is rather a superfluity than a want of wretched programme-botchers; and you, therefore—pray believe me, it is no flattery—are just the right sort of man; one who would know how to swing the satirical scourge over such frog-spawn in the Castalian springs as verily few others could do. My wife also adds her most heartfelt greetings to the highly-esteemed friend of her late husband; and I remain, in the hope of a speedy answer, your honour's most devoted,

S. R. STIEFEL, *Schulrath.*"

By great sorrows the human heart is protected against small ones—by the waterfall against the rain. Firmian could now only remember, and suffer, and exclaim to himself, "Then I have lost you quite—for ever! Oh! you were always good; it was I only who was not so. Be happier than your lonely friend, whom you justly mourn every Sunday."

He now attributed the whole fault of his former matrimonial lawsuits to his satirical humour, and ascribed the failure of joys to his own cloudy weather. But he was now more unjust to himself than he was formerly to Lenette.

I will instantly make a present to the world of my thoughts upon the matter.

To girls love is the sun's propinquity—yes, it is the transit of every such Venus through the sun of the ideal world. In this period of the higher style of their souls they love all that we love—even science—and the whole better world within the bosom; and they despise what we despise—even clothes and news. In this spring, these nightingales sing up to the time of the summer-solstice. The wedding-day is their longest day. Then the devil fetches away, not every thing indeed, but every day a little bit. The bass-bond of marriage ties the poetical wings; and the marriage-bed is for the imagination an Engelsburg and a prison with bread and water allowance. I have often followed the poor bird of paradise, or peacock of Psyche, in the honey-moon, and in this moulting-season picked up the glorious feathers of the wings and tail, which the bird scattered abroad; and afterwards, when the husband thinks he has married a naked crow, I shew him the bunch of feathers. How explain this? Thus: Marriage

overspreads the poetical world with the rind of the real world; as, according to Descartes, our earthly sphere is a sun overlaid with a dirty bark. The hands of labour are awkward, hard, and full of callosities, and find it difficult to continue to hold or draw the fine thread of the ideal woof; therefore, among the higher ranks, where women in lieu of work-rooms have only work-baskets, where they turn the little spinning-wheels on their laps with the finger, and where love still endures in marriage—frequently even towards the husband himself—the marriage-ring is not so often as among the lower orders a Gyges-ring, which renders books, and all the arts of music, poetry, painting, and dancing, invisible. Upon heights, plants and flowers of all kinds, especially female plants, become stronger and more spicy. A woman is not able, like a man, to protect her inner castles of air and of magic on the outer side exposed to the weather. To what, then, is the wife to cling? To her husband. The husband must always stand near the liquid silver of the female spirit with a spoon, and continually skim off the scum which covers it, that the silver glance of the ideal may continue to glitter.

But there are two species of husbands—Arcadians, or lyric poets of life, who love for ever, like Rousseau, even with grey hairs. Such are not to be controlled or comforted when, in the female "flower-wreath," bound with gilt-edges, on turning over the little work, leaf by leaf, they no longer see any of the gold, as is the case with all gilt-edged books.

Secondly, there are shepherd-swains and pastors of scabby sheep—I mean master-minstrels, or men of business, who thank God when the enchantress, like

other sorceresses, is at length transformed into a grumbling house-cat, which destroys the vermin.

No one has more *ennui* and fear (and therefore some day I will direct the compassion of my readers to the circumstance in a comic biography) than a fat, pompous, weighty bass-singer of a man of business, who, like the Roman elephants in former times, is forced to dance on the slack-rope of love, and whose loving gestures and play of features I find most perfectly imaged in the marmot, who, when first awakened from his winter's sleep by the warmth of the room, finds it so difficult to get into the way of moving. With widows alone, who are less desirous of being loved than of being married, a heavy man of business can begin his romance at the point where all romance-writers terminate theirs, namely, upon the step of the marriage-altar. Such a man, built in the simplest style, would have a load taken from his heart if any one would love his shepherdess for him, in his name, so long until he had nothing else to do in the affair but to celebrate the wedding; and no one would have more pleasure in relieving them of this burden or cross than myself. I wanted to advertise myself in the public papers (but was afraid it might be taken for a joke), and announce that I was willing to swear platonic eternal love to all endurable girls whom a man of business has not even the time to love—to make them the necessary declarations of love as plenipotentiary of the husband; and, in short, to lead them, as *substitutus sine spe succedendi*, or as company-cavalier, on my arm, through the whole uneven land of love, until, on the borders, I should be able to deliver over my charge, ready prepared, to the *sponsus* (bridegroom). This

would then be a love-making, rather than a marriage, by ambassadors. If, in accordance with such a *systema assistentiæ*, any one would wish to employ the writer of this article as feoffee and principal commissary even in the honeymoon itself, as some love also occurs at this period, he must be man of sense enough to make the condition beforehand, that . . . . . .

In Siebenkäs' Lenette, without his being to blame, the ideal isle of the blessed had immediately sunk down miles deep before the marriage-altar. The husband could not help it; but neither could he prevent it. In short, dear Mr. Education Councillor Campe, you should not strike with your ferula so loud upon your writing-desk, whenever a solitary female frog croaks forth something, in the nearest pond, which may be put into an annual. Ah! do not tear away from the good creatures who embroider the most lovely dreams, full of fancy-blossoms, on the empty web of life, the short ones of a sentimental love! They will, as it is, too soon be awakened, too soon; and neither I nor you, with all our writings, can put them again to sleep.

Siebenkäs answered the Schulrath the same day, in a few short and hasty lines. "He was very glad," he wrote, "that he had kept to the letter of the testament and of the laws; and he herewith enclosed him a power of attorney to receive the money. He merely begged him, as a great scholar, who often understood such matters less than he thought he did, to let the business be transacted by a lawyer, since, without jurists, the *jus* is of no avail—often, indeed, of very little even with them. He had no time to review programmes—

not even to read them; and he begged to present his respects to his wife."

It is not unpleasant to me that all my readers have of themselves discovered that the ghost, or supernatural Wauwau, or Mumbo-Jumbo, who had drawn the inheritance-booty out of the claws of the Heimlicher von Blaise better than the troops of the judicial courts, was no other than Henry Leibgeber, who availed himself of his resemblance to the late Siebenkäs to play the *revenant*. I need not, therefore, tell the reader what he is already acquainted with.

When a man has crawled up a steep Alp with the hands of a tree-frog, the first prospect he obtains from the summit is frequently into a yawning precipice. Firmian beheld an abyss below him. He was obliged to abandon his former resolution—I mean, he dare not now say a word to his Natalie of his resurrection from the charnel-house, not a syllable of his continuance after death.

Alas, the happiness of his Lenette, who had two husbands—though quite innocently—would then be placed upon the tip of a tongue. His would be the fault—Lenette's the misery.

"No, no," said he. "Time, by degrees, will deposit dust upon my image in Natalie's good heart, and draw out the colours."

In short, he was silent: the proud Natalie was also silent. In this terrible situation, close to the hard eternal knot of the play, he passed his hours on the theatre, full of anxiety. Over every charm of spring the raven-flight of cares threw its juggling shadow, and poisonous dreams obtruded on his slumber like a mildew. Every night of dreams cut asunder the falling

planet-knot, and with it his heart. How would Fate save him from this reek, this suffocating gas of anxiety? How would it heal the finger-worm in his wedding-ring finger? By taking off his arm.

One long evening the Count, before going to bed, was as cordial and open to him as it is possible for men of the world to be. He said he had something very pleasant to communicate to him, but must first be allowed to make a remark. It had struck him, he continued, that the Advocate was much less cheerful and humorous, since he had entered upon his office, than he was wont to be in former days. On the contrary, if he might be permitted to say it openly, he was often downcast, and too sentimental; and yet he himself had formerly asserted (but this was the other Leibgeber) that he would rather hear a man curse at a misfortune than lament over it; and that a person might have his feet sticking in the winter-snow, and yet have his nose in the spring, and even in the snow smell a flower. "I forgive it readily; for I think I guess the cause," added he.

But his pardoning was not quite true; for in this he was like the great generally, inasmuch as all strong feeling, even love—but most especially sorrow—was tiresome to him; and a hearty hand-squeeze of friendship was almost as bad as a tread on the toes. He desired that sorrow should pass by him smiling, and wickedness laughing, or, at most, laughed at; as, in fact, the coldest men of the world resemble the physical man, in whom the greatest warmth is about the region of the diaphragm.* Consequently the former Leibgeber—this tempestuously windy, and, at the same time,

* Walter's Physiology.

serene blue sky—would naturally be more agreeable to the Count than the pretended one.

But how differently did not this reproach, which we read so quietly, affect our Siebenkäs! He held himself to blame for this sun-eclipse of his Leibgeber, caused by sun-spots not his own, but which, owing to his position, proceeded apparently from himself; and he looked upon them as such heavy sins against his dear friend, that he felt it an absolute necessity to do penance and confess.

The Count now continued: "Your sensitiveness cannot only have reference to the loss of your friend Siebenkäs; for since his death you have not spoken of him as warmly to me as you did before, during his lifetime. Pardon me this frankness."

Thereupon a fresh pang at the darkening of his Leibgeber clouded his brow; and he could scarcely control himself sufficiently to hear his patron to an end.

"But with me, best Leibgeber, this is no reproach; on the contrary, an excellence. One should not grieve for ever for the dead. If we are to grieve at all, it should be for the living. And you may leave off doing the latter next week; for then my daughter is coming; and" (this he spoke with peculiar emphasis) "she brings her friend Natalie along with her—they met on the road."

Siebenkäs jumped up hastily, stood firm and speechless, held his hand before his eyes, not as a screen to his feelings, but as a protection from the light, in order to overlook and pursue the piled-up cloud-masses of thoughts which rushed against one another, before he made his answer.

But the Count, who, thinking he was Leibgeber, misconstrued him in all things, and ascribed his sensitive metamorphosis to his hopeless love for Natalie, begged him, before he spoke, to hear him to an end, and accept his assurance of the pleasure it would give him to do all in his power to retain the lovely friend of his daughter in his neighbourhood. Heavens! what a confusion thrice confounded the Count made of what was so simple?

Siebenkäs, blown upon tempestuously from new quarters of the compass, was obliged to beg one minute's time for deliberation; for the peace of three souls was now at stake. But he had scarcely made a few hasty paces through the room, when he again stood firm, and said to himself: "Yes, I shall do right!" Then he begged the Count to give him his word of honour to preserve inviolate a secret he was about to confide to him, which neither regarded or injured himself or his daughter in the least.

"In that case, why not?" answered the Count; for whom the revelation of a secret was as the clearing away of a forest before a fine expansive prospect.

Then Firmian opened his heart, his life, and every thing. It was a stream let loose, which rushes into a new channel, and is not yet to be measured with the eye. Many times the Count detained him by a new misunderstanding; for he had only invented the love of Natalie to the real Leibgeber as seeming to him probable, and had not heard a word from any one about the true love she bore to Firmian.

It was now the turn of the astonished Count to surprise the Advocate. Among the many expressions which, under such circumstances, his face might have

worn—offended, angry, shocked, embarrassed, enraptured, cold—the only expression was one of the greatest contentment.

He was particularly pleased, he said, that he had noticed and taken umbrage at so many little things; and that in some respects he had not thought too well of Leibgeber, in others with too blind a partiality; but most of all, he was charmed with the good fortune of having in this manner a double Leibgeber, and of knowing that the traveller was not grieving for a dead friend.

Let no one who has seen a bright order-star sparkling upon an old, extinguished breast, be surprised at the tranquillity of the Count. When our old man of the world looked upon the shuttle of this friendly chain flying to and fro, the love and sacrifice on both sides, and held the bright Raphael's tapestry of friendship that had been woven by them in his hands, and looked upon it, he received, for the first time in so many years, a new enjoyment; for he found that he had hitherto been sitting in his front box before a living comic historic drama, of which he himself finely developed the plot, and which at any moment could be enacted over again in his head.

His Inspector also became for him a new being, full of fresh entertainment, by his having gone off the stage, changed his dress, and stepped again into the room in the character of the pseudo-late Siebenkäs, who in future could not narrate to him too much of the narrator himself.

He who has enjoyed the bliss of remaining truthful can understand the pleasure it gave Siebenkäs to be enabled once more to express himself without restraint

upon all that concerned himself, Henry, and Natalie, inasmuch as he now, for the first time, felt the full weight of the burden he had cast off—of working out the jesting deception of a minute into the drama of a year, containing three hundred and sixty-five acts. How easy it was for him now to make known to the Count that, before the arrival of Natalie, whom he would neither continue to deceive, nor yet could undeceive, he would depart, and betake himself straightway to the imperial market-town Kuhschnappel!

As the Count listened to him with surprise, Firmian told him all the motives that urged him to go: a longing desire to visit his tombstone and unhallowed grave, in order, as it were, to make expiation—a longing to see Lenette from afar, himself unseen, perhaps even to see her child quite near—a longing to hear the true account of the happiness of her married life from eye-witnesses; for Stiefel's letter had wafted the flower-ashes of former days into his eyes, and opened the leaves of the sleeping flower of his conjugal love—a longing to wander about the theatre of his former oppressed condition erect, now that his burden was cast off—a longing to hear in the market-town some news of his Leibgeber, who had lately been there—a longing to celebrate the month of his death, August, in solitude. He had been treated like the vine, from which in August the leaves are plucked off, that the sun may shine more warmly upon the grapes.

In a word—for why adduce many reasons, since, when all that is required is a will, there cannot afterwards be a lack of reasons?—he departed.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Journey. The Churchyard. The Ghost. The End of the Misery, and of the Book.

I PERCEIVE every day more clearly that I and the other 999,999,999* men are nothing but little things filled with contradictions, with incurable nullities, and with resolutions every one of which has its opposing muscle (*musc. antagonista*). We do not contradict others half so often as ourselves: this last chapter is a new proof of it. The reader and I have hitherto only laboured to conclude the book; and now that we are about to do so, it is much against the will of both of us. I shall at least do something, if, to the best of my ability, I in some sort conceal its end, like the end of a garden, which is also full of flower-pieces, and say one or two things which, at any rate, will lengthen the work a little.

The Inspector hastened, with the fortress of a muscular, full breast, into the open air, among the ears of corn. The nightmare of silence and deceit no longer weighed upon him so heavily: the avalanche of his life had melted away, at least to a third of its size, beneath the sun of his present good fortune. His having become electrically plated with a rich income, and even the increased number of his occupations, had

* One thousand millions crawl upon this sphere.

charged him with fire and courage. His appointment was a mountain, traversed by so many veins of gold and silver, that he was already enabled in this first year to send anonymous subscriptions to the Prussian Widow's Provident Fund Institution, in order first to halve his fraud, and finally make amends for it, by annulling it altogether.

I would not bring this act of duty before the eyes of the public at all, had I not to fear that Kritter, in Göttingen, who refers the closing of this fund to the year 1804, or even more moderate calculators, who place its last unction in the year 1825, might take advantage of my Flower-pieces to lay the death-dance of the Widow's Fund to the charge of the Inspector. I should then extremely regret having mentioned the matter at all in my Flower-pieces.

He did not take his way through Hof or Baireuth, and the romantic roads of his former journeys, fearing lest the hand of Fate, which sows behind the clouds, should conduct his apparition-body towards Natalie; and yet he cherished a slight hope that the same hand would lead him so that he might chance to meet his Leibgeber, as the latter had been cruising lately in the waters of Kuhschnappel. As it was, he had put on again, while on the road, the shirt, jacket, and whole exterior body which he had received from him in exchange in the inn at Gefrees; and the dress was a mirror, which continually shewed him his absent friend. A Saufinder, like Leibgeber's, which lifted up his head in a forester's house to look at him as he passed, sent a thrill of joy through his heart; but the dog's nose knew him as little as its master.

However, the nearer he approached the mountains and woods, behind whose Chinese church-yard wall lay his two empty houses—his grave and his room—the closer did anxiety draw its drag-net about his heart. It was not the fear of being known (owing to his present resemblance to Leibgeber this was impossible); indeed he would have been taken for his own ghost and prophet Samuel sooner than for the still living Siebenkäs; but, besides love and expectation, there was another cause of his anxiety, by which I myself was once oppressed while travelling among the Herculanean antiquities of my childhood. The iron bands and rings which had cramped my bosom in childhood, when, helpless and inconsolable, the little man trembles before the sorrows and pains of life and death, tightened round it once more. We then stand midway between the footstool we have cast away, the hand-cuffs and foot-chains which we have burst asunder, and the lofty, rustling liberty-tree of philosophy which conducts us into the free open battle-arena and into the coronation-city of earth.

On every bush, near which he had formerly strolled during his poor, empty, vintage-autumn, Firmian beheld the cast-off skin of the snakes hanging, which had formerly coiled about his feet.

Remembrance, this after-winter of the hard, cruel days, fell in the happier season of his life, and these dissimilar feelings—the pressure of his former fetters and his present atmosphere of liberty—generated a third sentiment, which was bitter, sweet, and anxious, at the same time.

In the twilight he went slowly and attentively

through the streets of the town, strewn with scattered ears of corn. Every child that passed him with the evening beer, every dog he recognised, and every familiar sound of the clock-bells were full of fossil-impressions of joy-flowers and passion-flowers, whose originals had long ago crumbled to decay. As he passed by his former abode he heard the creaking and rattling of two stocking-looms. He took up his quarters in the hotel of the Lizard, which cannot have been the grandest hotel of the market-town, since the Advocate got his beef there upon a pewter plate, which, according to the cuts and marks received from a fac-simile of his own knife, had inscribed itself a member of his pawned plate-committee; however, the hotel possessed this advantage, that Firmian could occupy the little rooms on the third story, whence he was enabled to establish an observatory, or mast-head of observation, upon the study of Stiefel, which was situated lower, on the opposite side of the way. But his Lenette did not come to the window. Oh! if he had seen her, he would have knelt down in the room for very yearning and sadness! However, when it became very dark, he only saw his old friend Pelzstiefel hold a printed paper out of the window against the light of the sunset sky —probably a proof-sheet of the Advertiser of German Programmes.

He was surprised that the Schulrath seemed so worn and thin, and wore a crape round his arm. "Perhaps the poor child of my Lenette is already dead!" thought he.

Late at night he crept out to the garden whence

not every one returns, and alongside of which lies the hanging Eden-garden of the next life.

In the churchyard he was secured against the approach of spectators by the ghost-stories by which Leibgeber had forced his inheritance out of the hands of his guardian. As he could not approach his empty subterranean bed at once, he first passed by the grave of the woman who had died in child-bed, upon the then dark but now grassy hillock of which he had planted the wreath of flowers, that was to have given an unexpected pleasure to his Lenette's heart, but gave her, on the contrary, an unexpected sorrow. At last he came to the bed-curtains of the grave-siesta—to his grave-stone, the inscription of which he read with a cold shudder.

"Suppose this stone trap-door lay upon your face, and covered the whole dome of heaven?" said he to himself; and he thought of the clouds, the cold, and the night, that reigned around the poles of life—the birth and death of man—as round the poles of the earth. He now looked upon his mockery of the last hour as a sin. The moon was overcast by the mourning streamer of a long dark cloud. His heart was oppressed and softened, when suddenly something bright, that glittered near his grave, attracted his attention, and caused a revulsion in his whole soul.

There he beheld a fresh lately-covered grave in a wooden painted frame, somewhat like a bedstead. Upon these coloured boards Firmian read, as long as his streaming eyes would permit him, the following inscription:—

"Here reposes in God
WENDELINE LENETTE STIEFEL,
Born Egelkraut of Augsburg.,
Her first husband was the late Advocate of the Poor,
Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs:
She entered into the holy bond of wedlock, for the second time,
with the Schulrath Stiefel of this place, Oct. 20, 1786;
And, after passing three-quarters of a year with him in a peaceful union,
She died in child-bed, July 22, 1787,
And lies here with her little still-born daughter,
waiting for a happy resurrection."

"O thou poor one! thou poor one!" He could think no more. Just when her day of life was brighter and warmer, the earth swallows her up, and she carries nothing to the grave but a hand roughened by labour, a face furrowed by the bed of sickness, and a contented but empty heart, which, pressed down into the hollow ways and mine-shafts of earth, had seen so few flowery meadows, so few stars. Her sufferings had always enveloped her so closely, darkly, and gigantically, that no picturing imagination could soften and beautify them by the shifting colours of poesy,—as no rainbow is possible when it rains over the whole sky.

"Why have I so often pained you—even by my death,—and shewn so little indulgence to your innocent humours?" said he, weeping bitterly.

He threw a worm that crept and curled out of the grave, far away, as though it had just come, after having satiated itself, from the beloved cold heart. Whereas it is satiated by what at last satiates us—earth. He thought of the mouldering child, which laid its withered thin arms around his soul, as if it were his own, and to whom Death had given as much as a god gave to Endymion,—sleep, eternal youth, and immortality. At

last he tottered away from the place of mourning, his heart not lightened, but fatigued by the tears he had shed.

When he entered the hotel, he found a woman in the public room singing to the harp, accompanied by a little flute-player. The burden of her song was: "Dead is dead, gone is gone!" It was the same musician who had performed on the harp and sung on New Year's-eve, when his Lenette, *now* laid low and appeased, had buried her grief-worn face in her handkerchief, weeping, and forsaken.

Oh! the fiery arrows of the tones pierced hissing through his wounded heart. The poor fellow had no shield.

"How terribly, incessantly, I then tortured her!" said he; "how much she sighed! how silent she was! Oh! if thou couldst but look down upon me from above, now that thou art certainly happier! Couldst thou but see into my bleeding soul, not to forgive me, no, but only that I might have the consolation of suffering for thy sake! Oh, how differently would I behave towards thee now!"

Such is the language we all use when we have *buried* those whom we have tortured; but on the same evening of affliction we cast the javelin deep into another bosom that is still warm. Alas, for us weak ones with strong resolutions! If the cold senseless form, whose festering wounds, inflicted by ourselves, we expiate with penitent tears and resolutions to do better, were this day again to appear amongst us, new-created and blooming in youth, and remain with us,—alas! only in the first week should we press the newly found, dearer soul forgivingly to our bosoms; and after-

wards, as before, we should pierce it with the old sharp instruments of torture. That we should thus act towards our beloved dead, I deduce from the fact, not merely of our hardness towards the living, but of our acting over again in our dreams, when the lost forms revisit us, all that we now repent. Far from me be the wish to deprive a mourner of the consolation of repentance, or of the feeling that he loves the lost being more deeply and better,—I would only weaken the pride that may be built upon this repentance and this feeling.

Later in the evening, when Firmian beheld the sunk and grief-worn countenance of his old friend, whose heart possessed so little more on earth, looking towards heaven, as if seeking there, among the stars, the friend of whom he had been deprived,—sorrow pressed the last tear from his wrung heart, and in the madness of grief he even accused himself of being the cause of his friend's sufferings, forgetting that before the latter could forgive, he would have to thank him. He awoke, fatigued by the sorrow he had endured, that is, with that bleeding away of the feelings which at last melts into a sweet fainting and longing for death.

He had lost every thing, even that which was not buried. He dared not visit the Schulrath, for fear of betraying himself, and thus endangering the peace of the innocent man, by staking it upon a dubious chance; for Stiefel would never have been able to reconcile his orthodox conscience, nor yet his feelings of honour, to his marriage with a woman who was already a wedded wife.

But he could visit the hairdresser, Merbitzer, with

less danger of betraying himself, and carry away from him a richer treasury of news. Besides, together with the bands of love, the scythe of death had cut asunder all his chains and knots: he could now injure no one but himself by taking off his death's mask and shewing himself uncorrupted to others, even to his sorrowing Natalie; and he was the more impelled to do so, as, on every lovely evening, and after every good deed, his conscience demanded of him the interest in arrears of the still unpaid debt of Truth, and refused to grant any further respite. His soul also swore, like a god to his soul, that he would only linger this one day, and never return again.

By his lameness, the hairdresser immediately knew that it could be no other than the Inspector of Vaduz, Leibgeber. Like posterity, he heaped the thickest rosemary crowns upon his former lodger, Siebenkäs, and declared that the present tenants of his room, good-for-nothing stocking-weavers, were not to be compared with the late gentleman; adding, that the whole house cracked when they stamped and creaked above stairs. He then informed him that the late gentleman had fetched away his wife within the year; that the latter could never forget Merbitzer's house; that she often came at night in her mourning dress, in which also she desired to be buried, and conversed with them about her change of life. "They lived together," said the hairdresser, "like two children," *i. e.* she and Stiefel.

The conversation, the house, and lastly his own apartment, now so noisy, revealed nothing but the deserted places of his destroyed Jerusalem. Where his writing-table had stood, there was now a stocking-

loom, &c.; and all his inquiries concerning the past were like the relics of a conflagration collected together in order to rebuild the burnt-down pleasure-houses from their phœnix-ashes. Hope is the morning red of joy, and memory its evening red; but the latter is so apt to drop down as faded grey dew, or rain, and the blue day, promised by the red, breaks indeed, but in another earth, with another sun. Merbitzer unconsciously cut deep and wide the split in Firmian's heart, into which he grafted the sundered blossom-twigs of by-gone days; and when, in conclusion, his wife related that, after receiving the last sacrament of the sick, Lenette had inquired of the evening-preacher, "Shall I not join my Firmian after my death?" Firmian turned away his breast from these unwitting dagger-thrusts, and hastened away, but into the country, that he might not meet any one whom he would have to deceive.

And yet he longed for a human being, even though he could not find one anywhere but beneath his lowest roof in the churchyard. The murky and sultry atmosphere of the evening called into being all sorts of melancholy wishes. The heavens were overspread with scattered unripe fragments of a thunder-cloud, and in the eastern horizon a muttering storm already flung its blazing pitch-torches and full clouds upon unknown regions. He went home; but as he passed the high railings of Blaise's garden, he thought he perceived a figure dressed in black, resembling Natalie, slip into the arbour. He now, for the first time, paid attention to the information previously received from Merbitzer, that a few days ago a noble lady, in mourning, had made him shew her all the rooms in his house, and

had lingered particularly in that of Siebenkäs, making at the same time all sorts of inquiries. It was not at all improbable, indeed it was quite consistent with Natalie's bold and romantic manner of thinking, that she should have come out of her way on her road to Vaduz, especially as she had never seen Firmian's dwelling-place, and the Inspector had returned her no answer. Rosa, too, was married; and Blaise had become reconciled to her since the visit of the apparition; and what could be more natural than that the anniversary of Firmian's death should stimulate her to undertake a pilgrimage to his last place of refuge?

The mind of her friend consequently dwelt on the thought of her during the whole evening with feelings of painful fond recollection, for she was the one only unshrouded star that still beamed on him from the overcast sky of his former days. It now grew dusk, and there was a cool breeze. The thunder-storms had already spent their force in other lands; lurid, broken clouds alone remained, as if glowing half-consumed firebrands piled one upon the other in the sky. He now went, for the last time, to the spot where death had planted the red carnation, cut off together with its bud; but, as in outward nature, the heaviness of his soul was lightened, and the atmosphere was fresher; tears had diluted the first bitterness of his sorrow. He could now feel with softened grief that this earth is not the building-ground of humanity, only the spot where it is fitted and fashioned.

In the east a long blue streak, with rising stars, gleamed above the fallen thunder-clouds. The moon, the light-magnet of the sky, reposed like a fountain of

beams upon the foil of a split cloud, and the widespread veil melted away, and moved not.

When Firmian, on nearing the beloved grave, raised his drooping head, he perceived a black figure resting on it. He stopped short—gazed more piercingly; it was the form of a woman, who looked fixedly at him, with a face cast and frozen in the ice of death. On approaching still more closely, he beheld his beloved Natalie, quite overcome and unconscious, leaning against the painted railings of the grave; her lips and cheeks were overspread with an ashy hue from the autumn-breath of death—her open eyes saw nothing; but the tear-drops that still hung from them shewed that she had lately been alive, and that she had taken him for the apparition of which she had heard so much. In the excess of her sorrow above his tomb, she had longed, in the strength and loneliness of her heart, for the vision to appear; and when she saw him come, she believed that Fate had granted her desire, and then the iron hand of freezing horror grasped her, and squeezed the red rose to a white one. Oh, it was her friend who was most unhappy; his tender, unsheltered heart was crushed between two worlds, which rushed together. With a wailing, pitiful voice, he cried out, "Natalie! Natalie!"

Her lips opened convulsively, and a breath of life gave warmth to the eye; but when she saw the dead man still standing before her, she closed her eyes again, and exclaimed, shuddering, "O God!"

In vain did the sound of his voice call her back to life. No sooner did she look up than her heart froze again at sight of the terrifying apparition near her, and she could do nothing but sigh, "O God!"

Firmian seized her hand, and cried out, "Angel of heaven, I am not dead—I did not die—only look at me! Natalie, dost thou no longer know me? O merciful God! punish me not so terribly; deprive her not of life through me!"

At length she slowly opened her languid eyelids, and saw her old friend trembling at her side, weeping with terror, and his changing countenance distorted by the poisonous stings of agony. He wept more, but, nevertheless, felt a gleam of joy as she still kept her eyes open, and smiling upon her with a painful expression of sympathy, he said, "Natalie, I am still upon the earth, and suffer as much as you do. See you not how I tremble on your account? Touch my warm human hand! Are you still afraid?"

"No," she said, languidly; but continued to look shyly at him as upon a supernatural being, and had not courage to ask an explanation of the riddle. He assisted her, with gently flowing tears, to rise, and said, "Oh, quit this place of sorrow, innocent one! too many tears have fallen upon it. My heart has now no further secret to keep from yours. Ah, now I can and will tell you all!"

He led her out over the silent dead, through the back gate of the churchyard; but she still hung heavily and languidly on his arm as she ascended the nearest hill, and continually shuddered; only the tears which joy, relief from terror, grief, and lassitude, conjointly pressed from her eyes, fell like warm balsam upon her chilled and sorely wounded heart.

Upon the height so painfully gained, the sufferer seated herself, and the black forests of the night, railed in by white harvests, and crossed by the moon's silent

sea of light, lay spread before them: Nature had touched the subdued pedal of midnight, and near Natalie there stood a beloved one, risen from the grave. He now related to her Leibgeber's entreaties, the short history of his mock-death, his residence with the count, all the desires and sorrows of his long solitude, the firm resolve he had taken rather to fly from her than to deceive and wound her beautiful heart, either by word of mouth or by writing, and the revelation he had already made to the father of her friend. The narration of his last moments, and of his final separation from Lenette, made her sob as though it had all been real. Many thoughts thronged upon her mind, but she merely said, "Ah, you only sacrificed yourself for the happiness of others, not for your own; but now you will lay aside and make amends for all your deceptions."

"All, as far as I can," said he; "my bosom and my conscience will again become free. Have not I even kept the oath I made to you, not to see you until after my death?"

She gave him a gentle smile.

They both sunk into a dreamy silence. All at once, as she placed a mourning-cloak* butterfly, which was paralysed by the cold dew, upon her lap, he was struck by her own mourning attire, and inquired, somewhat hastily, "But you, I hope, are not in mourning for any body?"

Alas! she had assumed it on his account.

Natalie answered, "Not now;" and looking at the butterfly compassionately, added, "A few drops and a little cold paralyse the poor thing."

* A day-butterfly, having black wings with white borders.

Her friend thought how easily destiny might have punished his boldness by paralysing the more beautiful, but equally mourning-clad being at his side, who, indeed, had already trembled in the night-frosts of life and in the night-dew of cold tears; but love and sorrow prevented him from answering her.

They remained silent, mutually occupied in divining one another's thoughts, and lost half in their hearts, half in the sublime night. The wide ether had absorbed all the clouds—only those of the sky, alas! Luna, with her saintly halo, like a glorified Madonna, inclined herself from the serene blue towards her pale sister on earth. The stream flowed on unseen beneath a low fog, as the stream of time flows beneath the mists of countries and nations. Behind them the night-wind had laid itself to rest on a swelling, rustling bed of corn, inlaid with blue corn-flowers; and before them, in the valley, lay the reaped harvest of the second world, precious stones, as it were, in their coffin-settings, which had become cold and heavy by death.* And, in contrast to the sunflower and mote in the sunbeam, the pious humble man bowed as moonflower towards the moon, and played in its cool ray as a moonbeam mote, and felt that beneath the starry sky nothing was great but our *hopes*.

Natalie leant upon Firmian's hand, to assist herself in rising, and said, "I am now able to go home."

Without getting up, or even addressing her, he held her hand fast, looked upon the dry prickly stalk of the old rose-bud she had given him, and pressed the thorns into his fingers unconsciously, and without feeling them. His laden bosom heaved with deeper,

* Qualities of the genuine jewel.

warmer breathings, glowing tears hung in his eyes, and the moonshine trembled before them like a falling rain of light. A whole world lay upon his soul and upon his tongue, and overwhelmed both.

"Good Firmian," said Natalie, "what do you want?"

He turned his open fixed eyes towards her gentle form, and pointed down upon his grave: "My home there below, which remains too long empty; for the dream of life is dreamed on too hard a bed."

As she wept too much, and her face, suffused with an expression of heavenly mildness, came too near him, he became confused, and continued, with the bitterest and most heartfelt emotion, "Are not all my dear ones gone, and are you not also about to go? Ah, why has torturing Fate placed the waxen image of an angel upon all our bosoms,* and therewith lowered us into the cold grave? Alas! the soft image dissolves, and no angel appears. Yes, indeed, you have appeared to me; but you disappear, and time will crush your image upon my heart, and my heart too; for when I have lost you, I shall be quite alone. But farewell! Once at least I shall die in earnest, and then I will appear to you again, but not as I did to-day, and nowhere but in eternity. Then I will say to you, 'O Natalie, I loved you there below with infinite sorrows; repay me for it here!'"

She was about to answer, but her voice failed her. She raised her large eyes, filled with tears, to the starry heavens, and attempted to rise, but her friend held

* Waxen images of angels were formerly placed in the grave on the breast of the dead.

her, with his hands bleeding from the thorns, and said, "And can you then leave me, Natalie?"

Hereupon she rose with a noble effort, looked up towards the sky, brushed away the tears which overflowed her eyes, and her soaring soul found a tongue. With hands folded in prayer, she said, "Thou all-loving One! I have lost him, and have found him again! Eternity is upon earth! Make him happy through me!" and her head sunk tenderly and languidly upon his, and she said, "We will remain together."

Firmian stammered out, "O God, thou angel! In life and death thou shalt remain with me."

"For ever, Firmian," said Natalie, still more gently; and the sorrows of our friend were over.

THE END.

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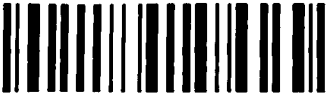
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